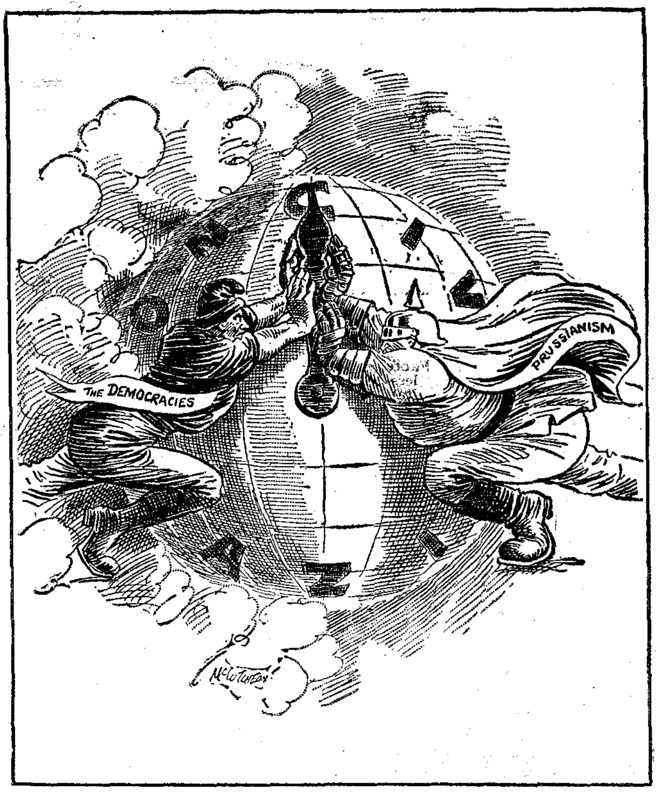

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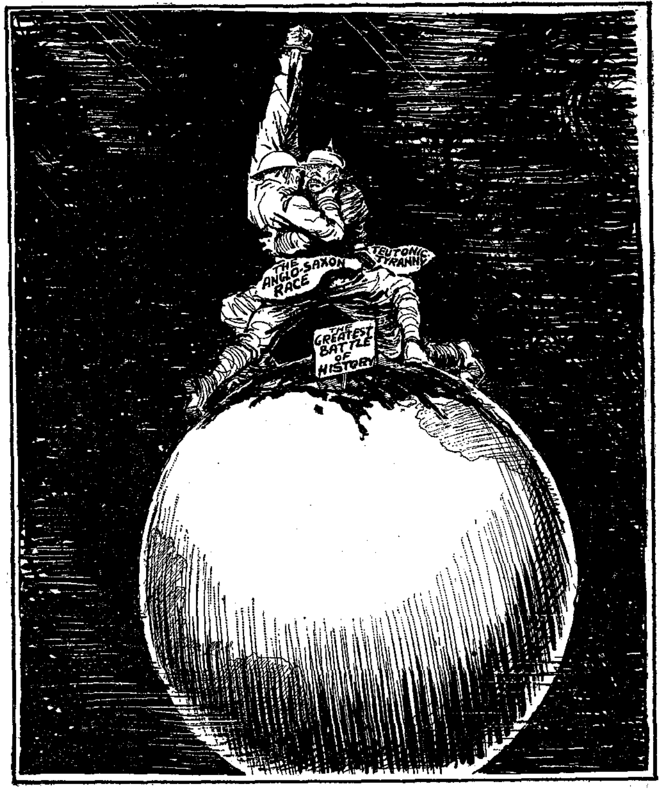
SETTING THE CLOCK.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*



THE CRISIS.

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Republic.*

"FORCE TO THE UTMOST, FORCE WITHOUT STINT OR LIMIT."

both the Atlantic and the Pacific is to be forthwith employed for the transport of troops to France," writes Herbert Bayard Swope in his Washington dispatch to the New York *World.* And he adds that England is also putting many of her big troop transports at our service for the same purpose. In Washington there is a general "speeding up," reports David Lawrence in the New York *Evening Post.*

But in the meanwhile the immediate emergency on the Western front had been met dramatically and effectively by our Government's agreement to brigade American battalions with British and French divisions. This, declares Lloyd George, is "one of the most important decisions of the war." "In fact," he affirms, "the issue of the battle might very well be determined by it." And he goes on to explain just what this means and why it was necessary, incidentally revealing the fact that our efforts thus far have not been up to the Allies' hopes and expectations:

"In America there is a very considerable number of men in the course of training, and the Allies looked forward to having a large American army in France in the spring. It has taken longer than anticipated to turn those soldiers into the necessary divisional organizations. If America waited to complete these divisional organizations it would not be possible for these fine troops in any large numbers to take part in this battle in this campaign, altho it might be very well the decisive battle of the war.

"This was, of course, one of the most serious disappointments from which the Allies had suffered. It is no use pretending that it was not one of our chief causes of anxiety. We depend upon it largely to make up the defection of Russia. For many reasons —reasons, perhaps, of transport, reasons connected with the time it takes, not merely to train troops and their officers, but to complete the necessary organization—it was quite impossible to put into France the number of divisions every one had confidently expected would be there. Under the circumstances, we, therefore, submitted to the President of the United States a definite proposal. We had the advantage of having the Secretary of War in this country within two or three days after the battle had commenced. Mr. Balfour and I had a long conversation with him upon the whole situation, and we submitted to him certain recommendations which we had been advised to make to Mr. Baker and the American Government.

"On the strength of the conversation he submitted proposals to President Wilson, with the strong support of Premier Clemenceau, to enable the combatant strength of the American Army to come into action during this battle, inasmuch as there was no hope of its coming in as a strong separate army. By this decision American battalions will be brigaded with those of the Allies. This proposal was submitted by Lord Reading, on behalf of the British Government, to President Wilson, and President Wilson assented to the proposal without any hesitation, with the result that arrangements are now being made for the fighting strength of the American Army to be immediately brought to bear in this struggle, a struggle which is only now beginning, to this extent, and it is no mere small extent that the German attack has been held up. It has stirred up the resolution and energy of America beyond anything which has yet occurred."

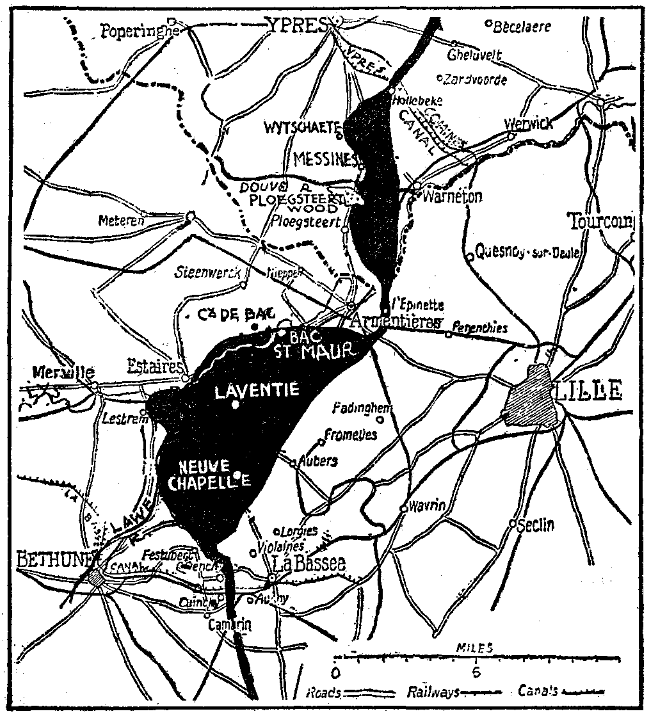
"In plain English," says an English paper, "the Americans will be available as drafts to fill up the gaps in French and British units." "In a true spirit of soldiership and comradeship," it adds, they "will merge their national pride in the common stock of courage for the public good." And in the Philadelphia *North American* we read:

"No one will pretend that this revolutionary plan will not be a disappointment to many Americans. From the time when the people of this country devoted themselves to the war for civilization, they have looked forward to the day when an American Army should take over a section of the front and carry the flag of the great Western Republic into battle on equal terms with those of European democracies.

"Yet the logic and value of the American action immeasurably outweigh any sentimental regrets. Not since this nation declared its high purposes in entering the war has there been a decision more momentous and inspiring, not only for the Allies and for all supporters of the common cause, but for the people of this Republic. It marks the final and inevitable mobilization of democracy, without which it must be subjugated by the power of militaristic absolutism.

"Americans who feel disappointed because their Army is to be virtually dissolved and merged with others must face the fact that this is the result of the long refusal to prepare for national defense. . . . . .

"But America, as well as the Allies, will benefit. It was always a measure of insurance that our troops, before facing the merciless tests of the battle-field, had to pass the scrutiny of experts trained in the three-year struggle; and now we know that they are to meet the ordeal under guidance which guarantees that there will be no disasters due to inexperience or recklessness or lack of equipment. As to the matter of national pride and sentiment, is there an American living who will not consider it an honor that our troops are to fight by the side of the Britons of Ypres and Arras, the French of the Marne and Verdun? Beyond that, the action symbolizes and proclaims that America is in the war to the end, her uttermost strength and resources irrevocably pledged to the cause for which the Allies so long fought alone.



WHERE GERMANY'S SECOND BLOW FELL.

The areas here shown in black were taken by the Germans on April 9 and 10. On the following day the British evacuated Armentières.

"And, in truth, no military achievement could have lifted so high the prestige of America as this act of unselfish cooperation. The responses of the French and the British show how deeply the hearts of those nations are touched by the proof of America's chivalry.

"Above all, the decision honors the principles for which she fights and hastens their triumph. For when the great democracies, united spiritually in defense of a common faith, testify to their comradeship in ideals by unity in battle the march to victory has begun."

Addressing Parliament on the Man-Power Bill—a measure necessary, he said, to enable England and her allies to weather the hurricane—the British Premier made this important statement concerning the military situation when the Germans launched the great offensive on March 21:

"Owing to the growth of the strength of our armies in 1917, when this battle began the combatant strength of the whole of the German Army on the Western front was only approximately, tho not quite equal to, the total combatant strength of the Allies in infantry. They were slightly inferior in artillery.

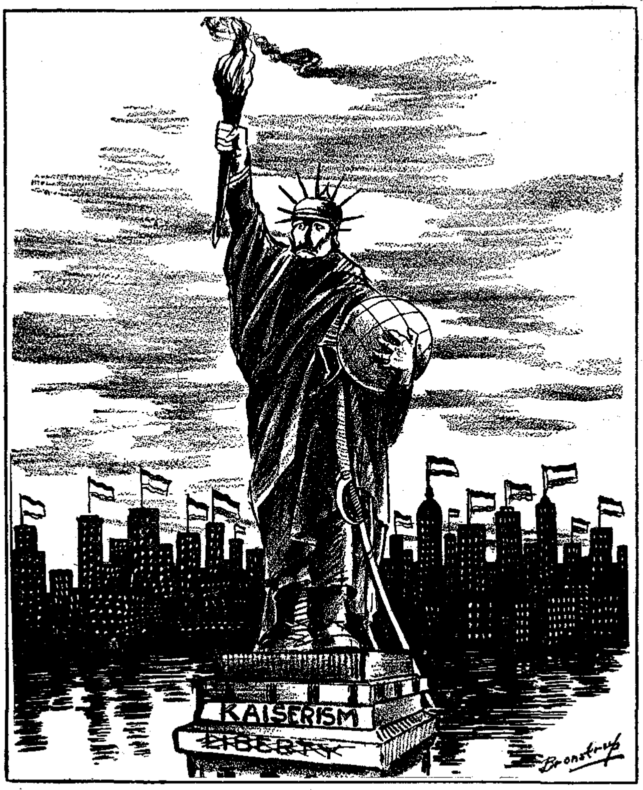
"They were inferior in cavalry, they were considerably inferior, and, what is very important, they were undoubtedly inferior in aircraft."

The German attack, he said, was made by about ninety-seven divisions, and "its object undoubtedly was the capture of Amiens and the severance of the British and French forces." In the beginning "the enemy broke through between our 3d and 5th armies, and there was a serious gap, and the situation was retrieved owing to the magnificent conduct of our troops." In this crisis, it seems, the 3d army, commanded by General Byng, covered itself with glory, as did the French reserves rushed up to stop the gap caused by the retirement of General Gough's 5th army. Altho the end of two weeks' fighting found the position "for the moment stabilized," Lloyd George warns us against underestimating Germany's "great initial success." To check this success and to meet a second blow that was expected, troops were rushed across from England. "No such large numbers of men ever passed across the Channel in so short a time." These reserves included boys under nineteen. All artillery and machine guns lost have been replaced, he says, and "there is an ample reserve of ammunition both in this country and in France." Moreover, "our aircraft strength is greater now than before the battle." Admitting that British losses have been heavy, he says:

"It is too early to state yet with accuracy our losses, because in the case of a battle over such a wide front, fought with such intensity for over a fortnight, with vast numbers of men engaged, the losses sustained must be considerable. The claims of the enemy as to prisoners have been grossly exaggerated, and Field-Marshal Haig has assured me that they were quite impossible from the figures at his disposal, and which he showed me, and the enemy's claims seem quite preposterous from the statement he made to me.

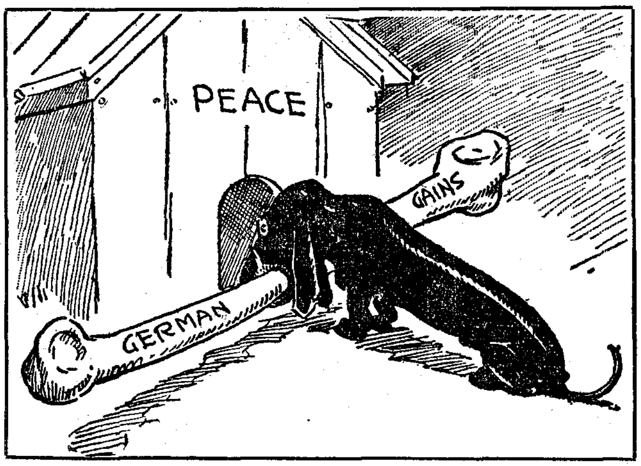
"But still our losses are very great and our reserves have been called upon to a considerable extent to make up the wastage and refit the units, and if the drain continues on this scale, a drain on the resources of reserves and of man-power, it must cause the deepest anxiety, unless we take immediate steps to replenish it."

"We have already raised in this country for military and naval purposes nearly 6,000,000 men," he says, but "there are still seven or eight months within which the fighting can continue, and everything depends upon keeping our strength right to the end, whatever the strain upon our resources may be." It is necessary "not merely to have men, but to have them quickly." He therefore proposes "to raise the military age up to fifty, and in specific cases to fifty-five," to annul certificates of exemption, to withdraw more men from British industries, and to extend the draft to Ireland, together with Home Rule. "Nothing," he declares, "could justify such drastic action except an overwhelming emergency precipitated by a great military crisis."



THE KAISER'S DREAM.
—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

WE ACCEPT THE KAISER'S CHALLENGE



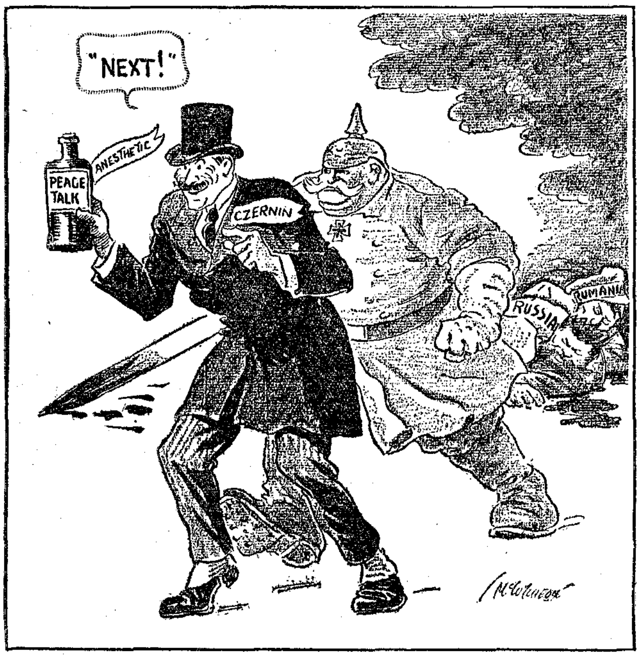
GERMANY'S PROBLEM.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

IMPERIAL GERMANY HAVING TAKEN THE SWORD and still trusting to the sword alone, America is to-day pledged to see that German power "shall perish with the sword." As President Wilson said at Baltimore, this nation's response to the German challenge of sheer force is to be "force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." "The hearty support of every element of American citizenship worthy of the name," to use one newspaper phrase, was promptly pledged to the President in a universal chorus of editorial approval and congratulation, only qualified by occasional regrets that he had not spoken sooner. This address of the President's, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* is confident, will set at rest all "the foolish peace talk" that "sweeps like a wave over this country every time a German or Austrian statesman deals out a dose of soothing sirup to his own suffering people." "If in the intrigue-ridden confines of Berlin there has persisted an opinion that the United States is not in earnest, these unequivocal sentences," declares the New York *Sun*, "will dispel it; if in craven or in traitor, here or abroad, there has been belief that the United States might compromise with dishonor or strike a perfidious bargain with the betrayers of humanity, it can endure no longer." We must use the argument of force, the New York *World* declares, because it is the only argument which the military masters of Germany understand, "and there can be no peace until Prussianism is beaten with its own weapons." Now for the first time, exclaims the New York *Tribune*, exulting in the President's militant words, "we grasp the sword firmly and trust wholly to the justness of our quarrel"—"Germany's *Gott* help *Deutschtum!* We are coming." President Wilson, we read in a Washington dispatch, has adopted as his own Mr. Lloyd George's famous "knock-out" slogan. "Force to the utmost, force without stint or limit," is said to be construed by our army and navy officers to mean that they are to strike the enemy by every means known to the arts of modern war. "When the second anniversary of our entrance into the war shall be celebrated on April 6, 1919," the Kaiser, the Philadelphia *Record* is confident, "will have a much more vivid impression than now of the power of the 'force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit,' in the hands of a nation of more than 100,000,000 free people, led by a fearless President."

When President Wilson's Baltimore address was received in Berlin it was promptly described as "a propaganda speech for the new American war-loan," but one which "is the best possible propaganda for our own loan, since it shows what it would mean for Germany to lose the war." German newspapers have used the President's words as proof of the vindictive purposes of Germany's enemies. But on this side of the Atlantic there is not wanting hope that some German minds will be imprest by Mr. Wilson's promise of even-handed justice to the German people and his avoidance of "the weak language of hatred or vindictive purpose."

The President calls attention, in his anniversary address, to the opportunity which had been given Germany's rulers to show the justice and moderation of their war-aims. But after the fair speech at Brest-Litovsk the military masters "who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution" soon showed in Russia, Finland, the Ukraine, and Roumania what they meant by justice and fair play. "They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion." And now, when they feel their check on the Western front to be final, if "they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?" Their purpose would be to erect upon the ruins of the nations of eastern Europe a commercial empire which would "ultimately master Persia, India, and the peoples of the Far East." America can never accept a peace involving such a program—a program repugnant to all our ideals, a program whose success would mean that everything America "has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind." "Preposterous and impossible" as such a thing seems, is it not, the President asks, "what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved?" "Even in this moment of utter disillusionment," the President would not judge harshly, but simply on the basis of what Germany has actually done. He can not mistake the answer which the German commanders in Russia gave to his suggestions of a fair peace—which he is still willing to discuss—and he accepts in the name of the nation the German challenge to meet force with force.



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TEAM-WORK.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Here is the answer at once to "the insolence of Germany's war-lords and the more subtle but none the less odious effrontery of Count Czernin," as the Buffalo *Times* remarks. Editors of all parties in London and Paris received the Wilson speech with enthusiasm. Arthur Henderson told a New York *Tribune* correspondent that he supported every word of it. President Wilson, says the London *Daily News*, states the issue with unanswerable truth: "it is, whether the world is to be governed by the German General Staff." A year ago, the Paris *Matin* observes, President Wilson declared war, "and to-day he declares war to a finish." In the *Figaro* Alfred Capus notes how "finally Germany's real character has been revealed to President Wilson as that of a monster nation, existing only by devouring others until it shall devour itself." The *Journal des Débats* points out how resolutely the American President put his actions into agreement with his words, how General Pershing was directed to place all his forces at General Foch's disposal, and to brigade them with other Allied forces in order to render the utmost possible service. Representatives of the Allies in Washington, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, take the speech, in connection with these acts, as meaning political as well as military unity. The Columbia *State* is moved to call President Wilson "the living Voice of this war, as France is its living Soul," and it concludes: "With Wilson as the inspiration, with Foch as the directing genius of the war, and with the unconquerable troops of all the Allies as the resistless enginery of battle, victory is certain."

To many editors the President's confession of "disillusionment" seems the most notable thing in his address. His illusion, writes Mr. C. W. Gilbert in the New York *Tribune*, had been one of "peace without victory"; it had led to the belief that a mere military gesture would be all that would be required of this country; it had kept Bern full of "unofficial" peace negotiators; "it is a formidable illusion that is gone." This declaration of disillusionment, writes Mr. David Lawrence from Washington to the New York *Evening Post*, is the diplomatic turning-point of the war—

> "For nearly a year the President let the Germans and Austrians reach into America with peace speeches, cognizant as he was of the insistence of the American people that every offer of peace be carefully scrutinized and analyzed, so that the war might not be unnecessarily prolonged; but now the Teutonic peace propaganda has killed itself, and Mr. Wilson once more rallies all elements in this country to the united support of the war by showing the duplicity and insincerity of the enemy's peace overtures. . . . . . .
>
> "Just as the President's reliance on moral force has been weakened by the acts of Germany in Russia, just so will that characteristic of America—magnanimity—which Germany might have expected from the United States at the peace table, be similarly worn down by the processes of attrition that spring from the contest of America's brute force and the brute force of militaristic Germany."

Belief that Germany will propose a peace at the expense of Russia, as was suggested by the President, is exprest by a number of newspapers, including the Springfield *Republican* and the Indianapolis *Star*, and Mr. Judson C. Welliver, now representing the New York *Globe* in Washington, considers the reference to Russia as of paramount importance. As Mr. Welliver says:

> "It means that Russia is to get every encouragement from the Entente and America to 'come back.' The Germans have been playing a game which is perhaps better understood in Europe than here. They started the spring drive because of a desperate situation among their populations, intending to win if they could and then dictate a peace at the expense of Russia and Roumania in the East and of Belgium, France, and Britain in the West. If they should fail in the drive, they would make the best possible terms in the West and recoup themselves for a failure there by establishing a complete domination in the East. They imagined they would be able to force these terms, because they assumed that the Western nations would desert Russia and make peace at her expense.
>
> "There will be no such peace program. The President has made this certain. His speech really means more than appears on the surface. A change is coming over the spirit of Russia's restless dreams. There is good reason for the belief that Russia is awakening to a realization of her critical position, and that before very long the Huns will be forced to understand that their schemes of easy conquest in that quarter are doomed."

THE FIRST WAR-LYNCHING

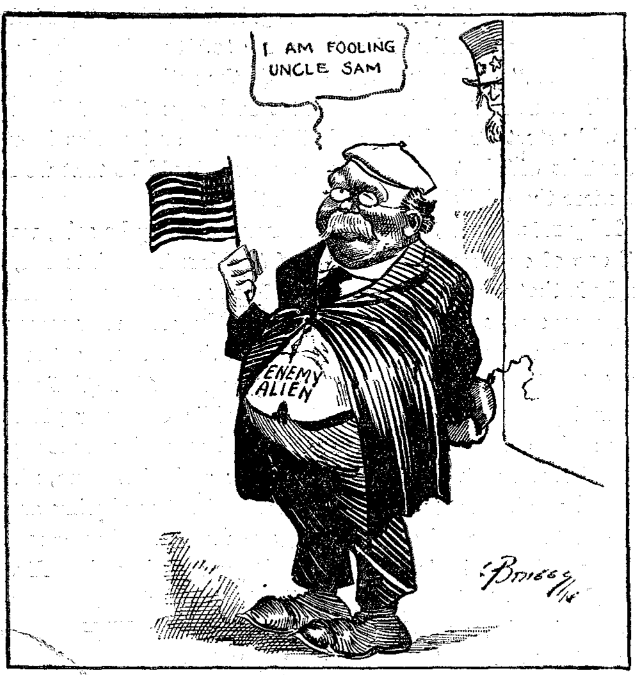
THE ENTIRE GERMAN MILITARY CAMPAIGN is a huge lynching party, perhaps, but many of our newspapers regret that America should descend to the same level even in a single instance, particularly when our very participation in the war aims to lift international relations to new moral heights. The hanging of Robert P. Präger, a coal-miner, by a mob at Collinsville, Illinois, on April 4, is laid at the door of Congress by some who aver that its delay in providing penalties for disloyalty gives excuse to the disorderly for meting out "mob justice." A Collinsville dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* informs us that Governor Lowden's determination to punish members of the mob who lynched the coal-miner for alleged disloyal utterances and remarks derogatory to President Wilson in an address on Socialism to miners at Maryville has placed a different aspect on the affair. Some citizens, we are told, begin to feel that an injustice was savagely dealt out when the mob dragged Präger from the basement of the city hall, where he lay hidden by the police, and after driving him barefoot about the streets, wrapt in an American flag, hanged him. It has been learned he had posted a proclamation proclaiming his loyalty in both Collinsville and Maryville, which are in the coal-belt of southern Illinois. In the proclamation he declared his loyalty to the United States and to union labor, and told of his difficulty in entering the Miners' Union. There were rumors that he had attempted to hoard powder in one of the mines with the idea of destroying it, but a mine superintendent at Maryville is quoted in press dispatches as expressing his conviction that there is no truth in these charges. We read also that at the coroner's inquest the leader of the mob, who admitted he was drunk at the lynching, testified that Präger said just before he was hanged: "All right, boys. Go ahead and kill me, but wrap me in the flag when you bury me."

The Collinsville lynching "is a double stain upon the honor of the United States," the New York *World* believes, for it involves both the violence of the mob and the deficiencies of the Government in dealing with a grave public evil in time of war. A vivid illustration of this contention is found in the remark of the Adrian (Mich.) *Telegram*, that "the body of a poor fool hanging on a tree and a dark spot of blood-guilt on the State of Illinois are the first fruits of our imbecile policy toward disloyalists." Some influential journals in Illinois, where the lynching happened, are strong in their denunciation of the mob and also in their demand that the guilty ones be punished. Lynchings in the name of liberty, remarks the Chicago *Daily News*, do not discourage pro-German agitation. On the contrary, they strengthen it, "even tho Germany itself has deliberately substituted lynch law for international law." The Chicago *Tribune* observes:

> "Severe restraint of sedition is the only protection which the seditionists themselves can be given. Americans must not tolerate the execution of mob violence upon offenders or persons charged with offense. They can not afford to have this stain on the American name, and to avoid it they must insist upon the repression of inflammatory sedition. The safe fashion in which to protect a community from shame and an offender from violence is to handle the situation adequately and moderately in the beginning.
>
> "The responsibility which secure and protected propagandists of anti-Americanism must bear for the inflammation of weak and unprotected persons to offense and of violent and undisciplined persons to attacks upon them is too apparent to need comment.
>
> "There are very serious elements of disorder in the American composition and a very great necessity of handling them with firmness in time and to the prevention of outbreaks of ferocity in retaliation upon damaging or merely provoking offenses against Americanism."

Illinois, whose record for mob murder was the blackest in the Union during 1917, says the Chicago *Herald*, has stained

1918 with a lynching. It matters not that this crime was committed in the name of patriotism, and the killing of this man suspected—falsely suspected, according to present reports—of having uttered seditious remarks is "an outrage which can not be condoned." Then this daily points out that—


I AM FOOLING UNCLE SAM
ENEMY ALIEN
Briggs

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WHEN A FOOLER NEEDS A FRIEND.

—Briggs in the New York *Tribune*.

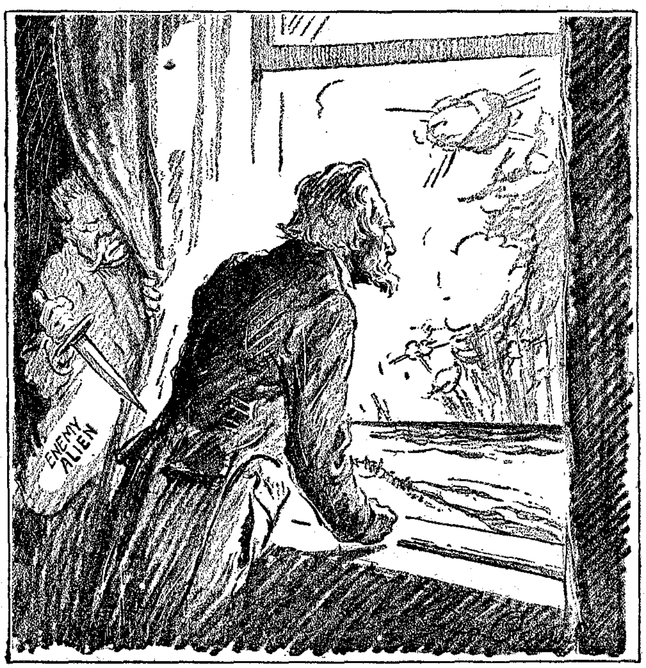
> "Those Americans whose loyalty seeks so quickly to vent itself in killing should also have a decent regard for the plight of Americans in Germany. American prisoners have been taken. More are likely to be taken. Are the brave soldiers in France who may be captured to be made to endure additional hardships by American mobs? We need not delude ourselves into thinking that German mobs will not be stimulated into exacting full vengeance on innocent Americans for all the violence done to Germans in this country. It avails nothing that neither the American Government nor American public opinion forgives mob murder. That disapproval will not be taken into consideration by the German seekers after revenge.
>
> "Finally, Congress should regard the death of this man. The pending bill carrying proper penalties for disloyal Americans should be passed. Thereby the last subterfuge will be taken from those criminal hotheads who refuse to await the orderly processes of the law."

The New York *Sun* maintains that it is preposterous to claim that the lynched man was the victim of Congressional delay in enacting a law for the severer punishment of enemy agents in this country. He was lynched because the State of Illinois, the County of Madison, and the Town of Collinsville failed to provide the protection it is their duty to furnish to every citizen, honest or dishonest, well behaved or criminal. Similarly the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* avers that one honest officer of the law, determined to do his duty, is a match for any mob, and "where lynchings happen it is because the officers of the law are whiter-livered curs than the crowd they ought to suppress." There is wide-spread comment to the effect that German spies and pro-German traitors should be put out of the way, but as the New York *Commercial* says, such sentence should be "in accordance with the law and give Germany no excuse for a retort about our savagery." This view is held by other journals, including the Boston *Transcript*, which pleads for legal executions "not merely for the safety of the country, but for the sake of innocent citizens wrongfully suspected." With the remark that lynchings are rarely if ever the acts of citizens thoughtfully bent on overcoming the defects of the law or the delinquency of those who should enforce it, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* contends that "war-time lynchings are likely to be fundamentally the same as peace-time lynchings," and they should not be tolerated by the governments of the States. America came into the war with clean hands, says the New York *Times*, and they have been soiled by this evil deed of a few persons in Collinsville. The stain can not be washed out unless the Government and the officers of justice in Illinois punish the perpetrators, and "it must be done not only to vindicate the good name of America before the world, but to stamp out lynching as a demonstration of patriotism." The New York *Tribune* says that it is as clear as day that "if the Government doesn't intern alien enemies, many of them will, sooner or later, fall victims to mob violence." Says the Cleveland *Press:*

> "Lynching mobs are not infallible. Often they make mistakes, and these mistakes can never be corrected. Also, the mob is apt to go to the other extreme and mete out punishment too heavy for the crime committed. And mob law breeds defiance on the part of those at whom it is aimed. But it is very likely that there will be mobs as long as the Government handles traitors and spies with velvet gloves and punishes them with slight taps on the wrist.
>
> "Interning profoe cohorts caught in this country in nice, comfortable camps where they are well fed, well housed, and treated as desirable guests, is typically American and humane, but it is a lot like trying to fan out the flames of a burning building with your hand. It not only fails to put out the fire, but spreads the flame.
>
> "A stern and determined handling of militant pro-Germanism in the United States with a punishment which always has fitted treason will do more to prevent repetitions of the Collinsville (Ill.) hanging than any and all appeals to 'reason,' and admonitions to 'let the law take its course.' The law must take a different course than it has been pursuing in its treatment of rabid anti-Americans or there will be other mobs and other men strung up—and some will be innocent!"

The Grand Rapids *Herald* confesses that it is hard for a law-abiding American to applaud a Kuklux Klan, because we have outlived the Vigilante days, and yet "it is equally hard for red-blooded Americans to condemn these outbursts, so long as regular process of the law fails to maintain adequately the home defenses." *The Herald* proceeds:

> "There is no chance for an American enemy, no matter what his disguise or camouflage or propaganda, to escape permanently the outraged judgment of the American people. If the law suffices, the people will readily and peacefully concur. If the law does not suffice, the temper of the people is such that justice will 'clear the track' and insist that the end justifies the means. This is no defense of the mob. But it is a challenge to the law."



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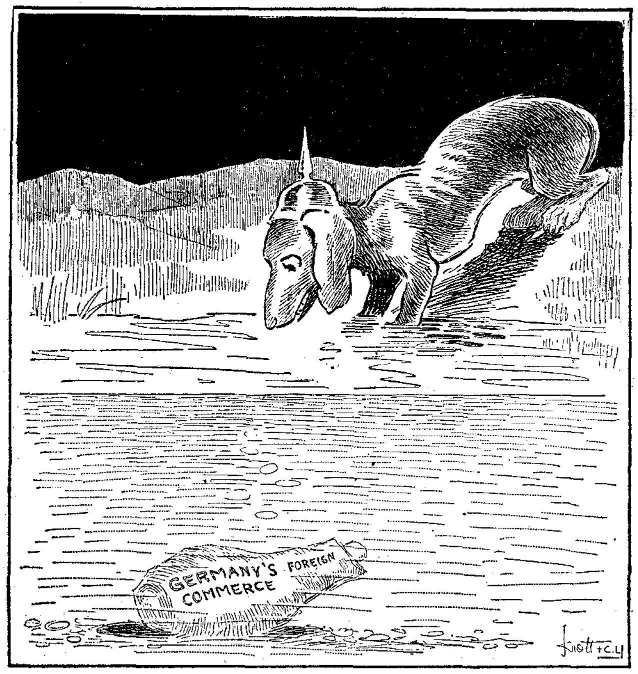
OVER THERE—OVER HERE!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

BOYCOTT SIGNALS TO GERMANY

THE PLAN TO BOYCOTT GERMANY after the war unless the danger of excessive armament is removed by a government controlled by the people, is welcomed enthusiastically in some quarters as an additional weapon against militarism, altho it is true that other observers deplore the project and denounce it as impracticable. The most forward move toward its accomplishment is recorded in the resolution of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, adopted by a vote of 1,204 to 154, which earnestly calls the attention of the business men of Germany to the fact that her present armament and militaristic attitude are the consequence of her government by a military autocracy which is not responsible to the German people, and urges German business men "to cooperate to the end that a disastrous economic war may be averted and that a lasting peace may be made more certain." Whatever the vague power of this warning, says the Boston *News Bureau*, it assuredly plays into the hands of "those still seeking to convince the German people that they are the marked victims of either commercial or political desire to crush." Germany may find many handicaps to her trade after the war, especially from a world-antipathy caused by her conduct, but this journal asks: "Who can put either trust or force in a pledge or prophecy made now—unofficially—in a war of such vicissitudes?" The Springfield *Republican* finds the warning suggestive of a threat, and predicts resentment and angry misinterpretation. Among other journals opposed to the plan is the New York *Times*, which observes:



MEATLESS; LIKE THE DOG IN ÆSOP'S FABLE.
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

"If this war is won, there will be no need of an economic boycott for any purpose. If it is not won, the economic boycott would be useless for any purpose. Every issue which can be imagined, political or moral or economic, is bound up in this war. Talk of an economic boycott is futile against the mailed hand which holds a sword that knows no scruple. We should have to learn the economic boycott from its first principles, as we are learning war from the professors and practitioners of poison-gas and child-murder. When this war is over we shall have had enough of war of any sort, and Germany will have had too much. Peace on earth, good-will to men, is our preference, and that is the reason why we are in this war.

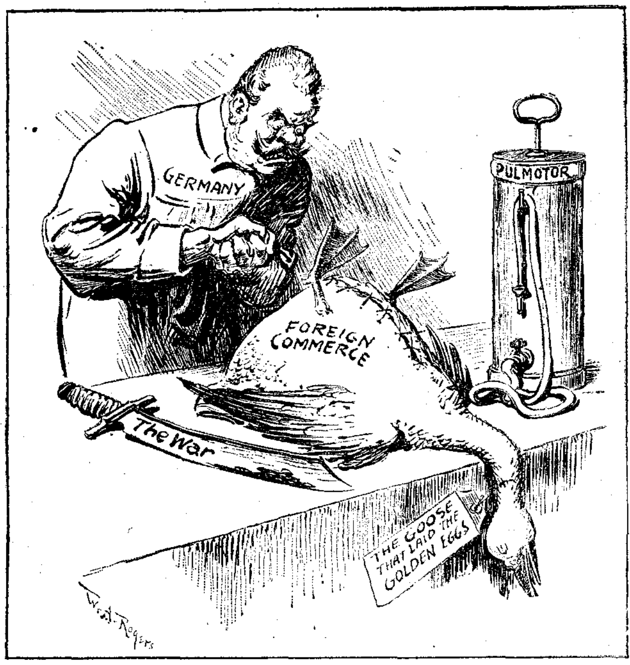
"When peace returns there will be no need to limit Germany's armament. She will be disarmed and handcuffed against evil deeds, provided those voting for the boycott do their duty as those are doing it who vote against the boycott, and from no friendship for Germany. When the moral world is done with Germany, the will to survive on the ruin of others will have been taken out of her, and the desire for an excessive armament will be controlled better than by any boycott."

While the boycott is a relic of barbarism, remarks the San Francisco *Chronicle*, it must be recognized that in this period the use of barbaric methods is "necessary to all while anybody employs them." Therefore it commends the action of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and says that if Germany should retort that she will abolish armies and navies if other countries will do the same, "our answer should be that we shall be more than delighted to trade on that basis."

If by refusing to trade with Germany, as may be said, we cut off one of our largest customers, *The Chronicle* points out, the reply is that what Germany buys of us is mostly raw materials. These we can use ourselves; and while we buy from her some raw materials, we can get potash much easier than she can get cotton. On this point the Rochester *Post Express* quotes the Paris financial journal *L'Opinion* to the effect that while Germany produces iron and coal, she is dependent on Allied countries for many essential raw materials, including copper and aluminum, nickel, cotton, wool, silk, jute, tin, rubber, and fat-producing grains. *The Post Express* believes Germany can not afford an economic war nor will one be forced on her "if she associates herself with other nations to keep the peace." American business men do not want trade wars and economic boycotts after the present war, according to the Chicago *Daily News*, which tells us they sympathize with the President's hope that peace will bring with it a removal of such barriers as retaliatory or discriminatory tariffs and closed doors. But they wisely take the ground that if Germany remains a military autocracy, it would be criminal folly for this nation or any other to provide it with raw materials or swell its profits and refill its war-chest. Says the Chicago *Tribune:*

"Militarism is on the point of justifying itself to the commercial classes of Germany. Militarism has opened up vast new territories and extensive resources for Teutonic development.

"But even if Germany could hold these territories it would probably be years before she could make them as valuable to her as the foreign trade which she has lost. The warning of the American business men may count as more than an idle threat. If the Allied governments, following the principles of the Paris conference, which are reflected in the resolutions adopted by the American business men, enter into a strict agreement to enforce a boycott, it can be made effective and distinctively injurious to Germany. We can not have too many weapons against the enemy, and this is one we should be prepared to use if necessary."



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"ACH, HIMMEL! HOW AM I GOING TO BRING HER TO LIFE AGAIN?"
—Rogers in the New York *Herald*.

A YEAR OF WAR AT A BARGAIN

WHILE NINE BILLION DOLLARS for one year of war, or a million dollars an hour, seems an enormous expenditure for a country whose government in peace time costs perhaps $800,000,000 a year, we are reminded by the Washington correspondents that this is only two-thirds of what our officials had expected our first year of war to cost. And it now looks as tho twelve billion dollars will cover the bills for the current fiscal year ending June 30, as against twenty, which had been talked of. Since expenditures generally have a way of exceeding estimates, this fact may reassure taxpayers and loan-investors that their money is not being wasted, but if any see in this news an excuse for slackening campaigns for more war-funds, they are reminded that war-expenditures are certainly rising, and that they may soon exceed all estimates instead of falling short. While it is true that the war has cost more money than formal Treasury figures show, because of increased expenditures of State and local governments under war-conditions, financial experts are inclined to balance against this the innumerable war-time economies, public, private, and personal, enforced partly by rising costs and partly by organized economy movements. Of the nine billions we have so far spent, about one-half is said to have gone to our Allies in loans, about one-third has been spent for the Army, one-tenth has gone to the Navy, and one-fifteenth to our ship-building program. One-sixth of this money, the Washington correspondents explain, has been raised by taxation and the ordinary sources of revenue, the balance having come from the sale of Liberty Bonds, War-Savings Stamps, and certificates of indebtedness.

The fact that only the comparatively small sum of three billion dollars is asked for in the Third Liberty Loan is attributed to the failure of first-year war-costs to come up to expectations. The war, the New York *Journal of Commerce* explains, is not less expensive than we had expected, but we find ourselves unable to expend our resources as rapidly as we had intended. The New York daily gives several reasons for this condition of affairs:

> "The first is that there was undoubtedly at the opening of the war much tendency to overestimate the quantity of surplus goods that we could part with. It was apparently supposed that by merely placing orders with factories or buyers we could obtain almost any desired quantity of articles that might be called for. Experience has shown that such is far from being the case, and that there is a very distinct limit to the proportion of increase that can be effected in the output of any given factory or enterprise.
>
> "Again, it has been found here, as in Great Britain, that it would be easy by obtaining funds in the form of banking credits, at a rate exceeding the power and the disposition of the public to absorb securities, to raise prices through the very act of placing the orders. There was, in other words, a definite limitation upon the process of buying even the goods already in existence.
>
> "Finally, it has been clear that there was no use in proceeding with one part of our buying program faster than with other parts, but all must move together as elements in a composite whole; otherwise there would be congestion at certain points and progress would be stopt. . . . . . .
>
> "Larger yields of taxes and smaller current outlays make a combination of conditions more favorable to Government financing than any that has lately appeared."

The underestimate of the yield from the new war-taxes seems as striking to the New York *Evening Post* as our underestimate of war-costs. Last fall it was predicted in Congress and by Treasury authorities that the proceeds from the income tax would be $1,201,000,000 and the proceeds from the excess-profits tax $1,226,000,000. Now, says *The Evening Post*, "the calculation of well-posted bankers, based on their knowledge of individual and corporation-tax returns, is leading to the conclusion that the actual combined yield of these two taxes will be $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 in excess of the Washington estimate."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

NOW is the time to defeat Prussia's next war.—*Wall Street Journal.*

ONE of the Kaiser's long-range guns exploded and killed five of its crew. The first German gun with a conscience.—*Detroit Free Press.*

QUITS Kaiser's Army to Become Brigand.—*Head-line.* "Evidently," remarks E. A. B., "here is one sinner who repenteth."—*Detroit News.*

BILL BRYAN hasn't ventured a suggestion how to grow transports and other ships overnight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AS a part of the land of the free and the home of the brave, Wisconsin seems to be 100 per cent. free and 75 per cent. brave.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

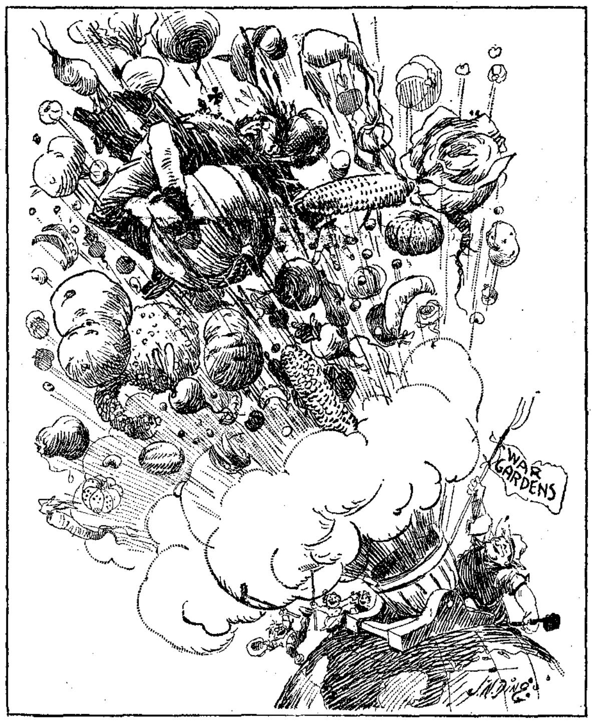
ANOTHER pleasing aspect of this time change is the fact that it will result in the Germans being licked an hour earlier than they otherwise would have been.—*Savannah News.*

THOSE who object to military training in the schools should remember that one of the first principles of public-schooling is to teach the young idea how to shoot. —*Indianapolis News.*

THE Kaiser has been telling the Emperor of Austria about "the great tasks which still await us," and, in the language of the street, the Kaiser said something when he made that remark.—*New York World.*

AUSTRIA'S War Minister has promised von Hindenburg that while he attacks France and England on the West "Austrian armies will guard the Eastern front." Gallant Austria!—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

PRESIDENT WILSON has shown the greatest anxiety to do everything possible to assist the Allies and has left nothing undone which would contribute thereto. —*From an Official British Statement.* Will some one kindly page Senators Lodge and Chamberlain?—*New York World.*



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NOT ALL THE AMMUNITION COMES FROM THE POWDER-FACTORIES.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

A FAMOUS club gains a new and distinguished member when Clemenceau bluntly says, "Czernin lied."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

WHEN Germany doesn't care how many German lives it wastes why should we be so solicitous of the lives of the German spies over here.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IF Wilhelm is not careful he will not have enough men to send back to the East to consolidate his Russian victories.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE Bolsheviki indignantly assert that they want nothing from "capitalistic America," and add quickly, "except some capital." —*Philadelphia North American.*

IT is said that musicians, discussing the case of Dr. Muck, now refer to the Boston Symphony Orchestra as the Swiss Family Higginson.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

IT could be made plainer to Emperor Wilhelm if he knew a little baseball. Thus he could be informed that no score results unless the runner crosses the plate. —*Detroit News.*

A COLOGNE newspaper asserts that bad weather, not the Allies, halted the German drive. It took quite a severe storm, however, to cause a casualty list of between 400,000 and 500,000.—*New York World.*

HOLLAND'S indignation over the commandeering of her ships by the Allies seems to be under a good deal less control than her indignation over their sinking by German torpedoes.—*Philadelphia North American.*

SEEMS established that a Prussian seventy-foot gun can kill seventy women and children in a church seventy miles away, but what's the military value, and the discount for the moral value of the recoil?—*Wall Street Journal.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

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ITALIANS ATTACKING BEHIND A BARRAGE ON THE PIAVE FRONT.

REFLEX ACTION OF THE GERMAN DRIVE

TO THE BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT of the Germans, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg has not lived up to his promise to be in Paris by April 1. Returned travelers have told us that the conquest of Paris by this date had become so fixt an idea in the German mind that it amounted almost to an article of faith. From the German papers we can see that the abrupt halt in the first lap of the German drive is producing a reaction throughout the Fatherland, where the people who have placed all their trust in the sound and fury of the Fatherland party are beginning to find that their idol has feet of clay. Nor are these sentiments confined to the Radical papers, such as the Berlin *Vorwärts* or the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, but we find them exprest in an organ of such high standing as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by the mouth of one of Germany's ex-Ministers, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg. Addressing a crowded meeting at Frankfort, Dr. Dernburg made a strong attack upon the Fatherland party, and said:

> "It is against the foe within as the foe without that we must fight. The whole power of the Fatherland party is in the hands of reactionary despots, the very men who uphold despotic government, unequal suffrage, and class privilege.
>
> "This party has developed into a powerful weapon against progress, with the press of the landowners and the great interests as its organ. Witness the saying of the notorious Herr von Oldenburg-Janushau—'If we get equal suffrage in Prussia, then we have lost the war.'
>
> "We demand more liberty. If international trade is not reestablished, we shall have a hunger peace, for you can take away territory from a state, but you can't compel it to exchange goods with us. A dictated peace, according to the Fatherland model, would make the Entente Alliance permanent. Then the whole world would stand in arms against us and we should have to meet the expense of ever-increasing armaments involving annually some 12,000 million marks. It would not then take two years, as in this war, for England and America to have an army ready. Even now our air service is costing us more than our entire Army did in peace time. A war-indemnity is not to be thought of. Let us put it out of our heads."

Dr. Dernburg then comes out strongly in favor of the no-annexation, no-indemnity theory:

> "The value of the ore that lies in the provinces of Briey and Longwy has been estimated by experts. It amounts to as much as we spend in twenty-five days of war. . . . Colonial acquisitions can hardly be counted as compensations for the cost of war. After sinking enormous capital in German colonies, the net annual dividend is just about the war-expenditure for one day from eight in the morning to six at night.
>
> "A Tirpitz peace would perpetuate present antagonisms and bind this nation to hopeless militarism. We will fight for our existence and will do so until the Fatherland is safe. But what really matters is to find the right word that shall deliver the world from the insanity into which it has been plunged by the Super-Germans and Pan-Germans, the Super-French and the Pan-French, and the Super-English and the Pan-English."

In his paper, the Berlin *Hilfe*, Dr. Friedrich Naumann gives the Pan-Germans a pretty clear hint that unless they produce this long-promised victory, they may look for trouble which he warns them may very probably take the form of revolution. He writes:

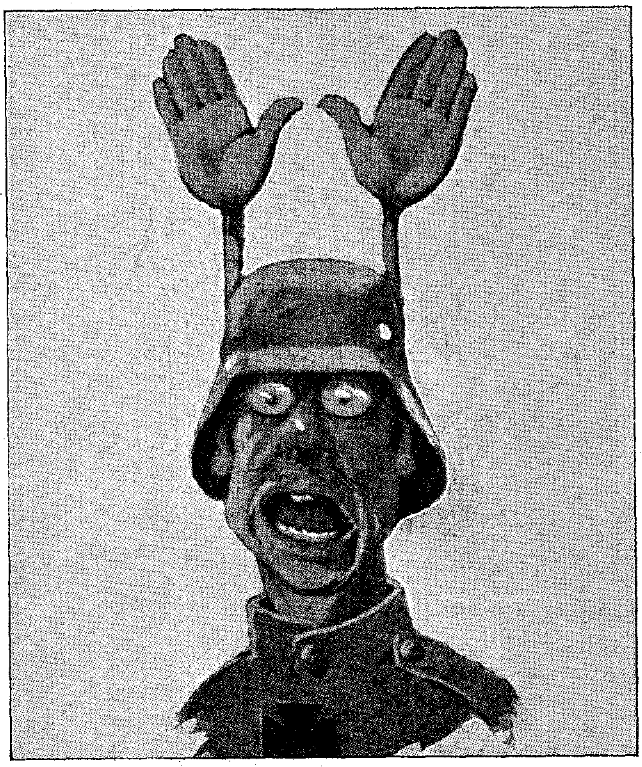
> "Despite all the lessons that the war has taught us, we have not yet become a real nation, as is well proved by the discussions in the Prussian Diet. We still have a House of Lords, or rather, of Junkers, in which the different clans struggle for their existence one against the other, and this primitive turmoil we dignify with the term parliamentarianism.
>
> "The great majority of the German people do not desire revolution if it can be avoided by timely measures. It would be fatal, however, to believe that the revolutionary wave from the east can be stopt either by the police, the censor, or the pressure of the Government. When the caldron is beginning to bubble over there is no means of stilling it except by quenching the fires which are the sources of its agitation, and they can not be quenched by a counter-irritation which would only add to their fuel until the whole system is ablaze."

The Radical press is even more explicit and is beginning to realize that the much-heralded German victory—if it ever comes—will be one of the emptiest description. The Berlin *Vorwärts* warns the Germans that if they expect to live in comfort after the war with the rest of the world, they had better get a hustle on and drop the victor's strut:

> "While the fighting at present is inclining in Germany's favor, none the less after this fight we shall neither be in a position nor shall we have the moral right to treat the enemy on the principle of 'hands on the throat and knees on the chest.'
>
> "The necessity for a political understanding lies behind even the greatest military decision. Such an understanding, however, will be all the easier for us once the poisoned cloud of Pan-German war-lies has disappeared. After this war the German people can only exist if they live as a peaceful, self-governing nation."

WHO CAUSED THE QUEBEC RIOTS?

FURIOUS INDIGNATION with Quebec is exprest by every other province in Canada for the anticonscription riots in the ancient city. French Canada itself is a little ashamed and seeks to throw the blame on other shoulders; one paper, the Montreal *Nationaliste*, even goes so far as blandly to suggest that the outbreak was devised by wicked *agents provocateurs* from Ontario. According to press dispatches the riots lasted from Maundy Thursday till Easter Monday night. Two newspaper offices were wrecked and the Auditorium Annex sacked and set on fire in the hope of destroying the records of the military authorities engaged in applying the conscription act. The records, however, by sheer luck happened on this occasion to be in another building. For the first two days, under the apathetic rule of the Mayor—himself an anticonscription leader—says the Montreal *Star*, the rioters had things their own way, but finally the military intervened with the result that four civilians were killed and eleven soldiers and more than fifty civilians wounded. While *The Star* says "it is almost certain that the disorders were the work of I. W. W. agitators," it stands almost alone in this opinion. Other Canadian papers are almost unanimous in tracing it to the influence of Henri Bourassa, the Nationalist leader. Among the journals expressing this opinion are the Toronto *Globe* and *Daily News*, Halifax *Herald*, Guelph *Mercury*, Kingston *Daily Standard*, Saskatoon *Phœnix*, Manitoba *Free Press*, Winnipeg *Telegram*, Ottawa *Citizen*, and the Hamilton *Spectator*. The London (Ontario) *Advertiser* comes out flat-footed and says:



THE *KAMERAD* HELMET.

They will all be wearing them soon.

—*Esquella de la Torratxa* (Barcelona).

> "Trace the trouble in Quebec to its source and you will come to the editorial offices of *Le Devoir*, the Montreal newspaper edited by Henri Bourassa.
>
> "Bourassa has done everything in his power to alienate Quebec from British allegiance. It has been suggested that to close his newspaper would be to confer upon him a most acceptable martyrdom, but patience has long ceased to be a virtue, and a large portion of the Quebec population has been won away from the moderate policies of Laurier. . . . . . .
>
> "Quebec, under its old leaders, would never have tolerated the affair at Quebec City. But Quebec under a protected Bourassaism has come to be a dreadful menace to the welfare of Canada. And from all quarters of Canada will come a demand that the Government take some action by means of which the inspiration of this antiparticipation movement will be removed to a place where his insidious doctrine will be confined to four bare walls."

The Guelph *Mercury* agrees and calls upon Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, to "remove the menace":

> "How long is the Government going to tolerate this babble of treason and refuse to deal with the leader who stirs up insurrection in an already discontented province. The Union Government is on trial in Quebec and the reign of anarchy is not far distant unless the mouth that screams defiance is stopt. What does Borden owe to Bourassa that he fears to put him under arrest?"

English-speaking Canada calls loudly for the enforcement of the Conscription Law in the Province of Quebec. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* trenchantly remarks:

> "The Government will doubtless be admonished by the oracles of claptrap that the trouble in Quebec City requires delicate handling. We agree, if by 'delicate handling' is meant the kind of handling the deft hangman makes a specialty of. The insurrectors may repent, but the Government must not therefore relent. The incident can not be regarded as closed until the ringleaders and their aiders and abettors are rounded up and sternly punished. The law they have defied and violated is one on which the people of Canada have by an overwhelming majority freshly set their stamp of approval."

Farther out in the west the Saskatoon *Phœnix* insists that Quebec bear her fair share of the burden:

> "Canadians in other provinces are not looking for trouble, but if they are invited to settle the French question in Canada by force against a rebellious spirit it will be done. The French have certain constitutional rights which will not be interfered with except for good and sufficient reason. But it is well to remember that the British North America Act is not incapable of amendment as demanded by the people of Canada. Should Quebec continue sullen and unwilling to co-operate in the war, the entire question of race, language, and national unity may have to go into the melting-pot, and if that happens there should be little doubt concerning the result. *The Phœnix* is decidedly in favor of a national policy broad enough for French and English, but only on condition that French and English shall alike bear the burdens of national duty."

The Toronto *Globe* bluntly states that the malcontents in Quebec derive their support from those whose position makes it their duty to support authority:

> "This traitorous agitation has not been seriously combated, if we except a few speeches in the larger centers of population, by French-Canadian public men. No organized, province-wide attempt has been made by the leaders in Church or State to instruct the people in their patriotic duties and in the real issues of the conflict. On the contrary, several members of the hierarchy have recently praised the British-hating Bourassa, who has daily distilled his poison into the minds of his more ignorant countrymen."

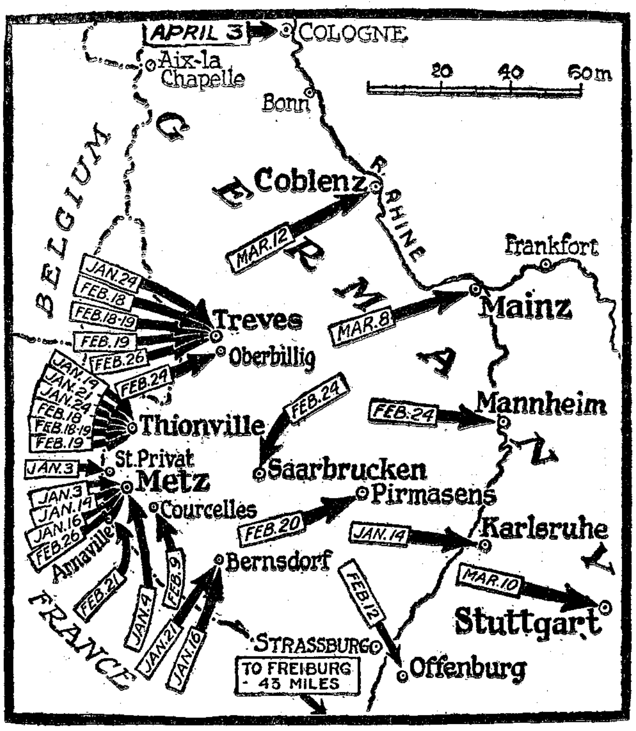
Turning to the French press, we find Mr. Bourassa not a little perturbed at the trouble he is accused of stirring up. In his paper, *Le Devoir*, he writes:

> "We implore our compatriots, not as we did at the commencement of the agitation of last summer and during the course of the last elections, not to play into the hands of *agents provocateurs*, to remain calm and to guard carefully against the creators of disorder and the initiators of useless violence. We implore the Government to act in accordance with the seriousness of the situation and the wisdom which it requires."

The offices of *L'Evénement*, of Quebec, were wrecked by the mob, and consequently this paper is not in the sweetest of humors. It bitterly attacks Mr. Bourassa and says that "his articles are of the most criminal and seditious character and have done an irreparable wrong to the French-Canadians." *L'Evénement* concludes with the significant remark that "Quebec will bitterly rue the day when she placed herself in opposition to the rest of Canada."

TASTING HIS OWN MEDICINE

CLEAN AND HONORABLE IDEALS of warfare have long prevented the British from taking reprisals for the aerial bombardment of open towns. Now, however, we learn from the English papers that a definite policy of reprisal has been inaugurated and vengeance is exacted for each air-raid made by the Germans. The London *Evening Standard*, in an editorial headed, "Good News from the Rhine," says:



BRITISH AIR-REPRISALS.

These towns have been bombed by the British in reprisal for German air-raids on open cities in England. In Cologne 248 were killed.

—*Daily Mail* (London).

> "The recent bombing of Rhine towns suggests that the British Government has entered definitely on a policy which we have always urged may contribute more than any other single factor to bring victory over the main German armies.
>
> "We have always declined to look on the bombing of Germany as a mere act of vengeance or reprisal. True, we should not have started these raids had the enemy refrained; but the moment he began to bomb English towns it was clearly our business, on purely military grounds, to retaliate with compound interest. It was always a short-sighted view that the bombing of dumps close behind the lines was 'military' work, and the bombing of towns 'theatrical' and 'unmilitary.' A dump offers no such target as a factory, and the best that can happen is that a certain amount of finished product is destroyed. But the systematic domination of the main field of German industry is quite another matter. Not only do we condemn the enemy, as he has condemned us in regard to the defense of London, to a great expenditure and direction of energy and material which would otherwise be used at the front; we can also impede very seriously the production of munitions and the enemy's chief lines of communication."

Why the valley of the Rhine has been chosen as the scene of reprisals we are next told:

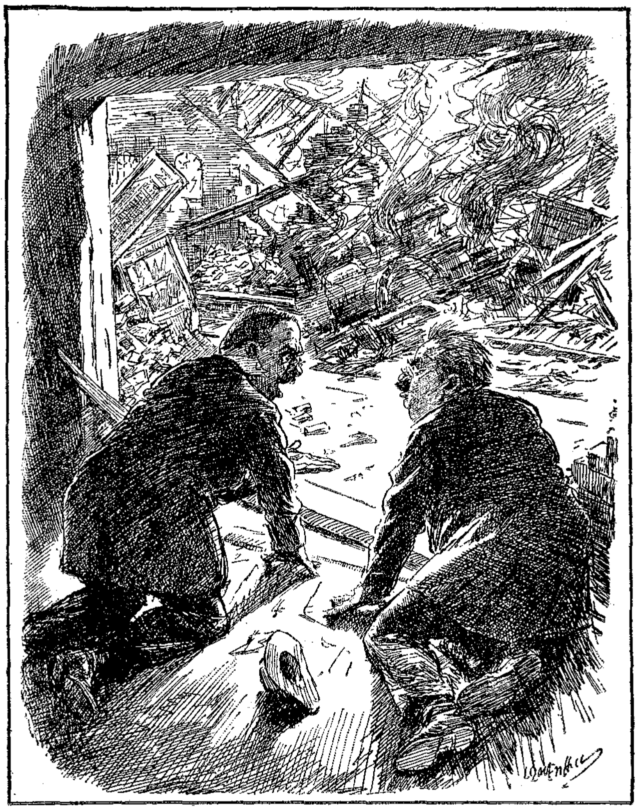
> "There are ten important bridges over the Rhine, and the watershed of that river (including Lorraine) is the chief center of German heavy industry. Eight or nine large towns and many scores of factories which are, in the aggregate, of enormous importance, lie within easy bombing distance of the French lines. . . . . . .
>
> "It requires no great effort of the imagination to realize what the constant menace of aerial attack would mean to this busy region. Apart from the damage done by direct hits, which in the case of factories and railway-bridges is very considerable, the mental and physical strain on the workers has to be considered. At lowest it must constitute a very considerable reduction of the coefficient of production."

Meanwhile, the Germans are afraid that America is sending over a large aerial fleet to bomb the Rhine towns. The *Kölnische Zeitung* tells us that the presidents of the Rhine provinces and representatives of interested cities visited von Hindenburg's headquarters to discuss what should be done. The Prussian Goliath apparently pooh-poohed the idea, for the *Saarbrücker Zeitung* has a little paragraph, which runs:

> "At a meeting of the Düsseldorf City Council, the Burgomaster (Dr. Oehler) made the following communication, based on a discussion which had taken place at General Headquarters as to the best methods of defense against air-raids in south and southwest Germany.
>
> "The authorities have stated that there are no grounds for undue anxiety. The idea largely prevailing that the Americans would make a grand attack on Germany with an enormous number of large planes is declared to have no foundation in fact. It has been expressly stated that there is no danger to be feared from America.
>
> "At the conference . . . there was complete unanimity regarding the measures already taken. It was the unanimous opinion that the rumors and accounts of the number and extent of the air-raids and the damage done had been exaggerated and foolish. Unfortunately there were always gullible people who believed these tales and spread them abroad."

How "gullible" the Rhinelanders can be is proved by the account of a Dutch witness of an air-raid at Mülheim. He writes:

> "On March 12 I was in the neighborhood of a certain big works at Mülheim at ten minutes past noon. Suddenly all the whistles of the factories started blowing, sirens hooted, and in a few seconds there was a great rush of women from the works. 'Good heavens, it is bombs,' they shouted, and promptly scattered in all directions, bolting for bomb-proof shelters. Passenger-trains stopt instantly, as if the current was cut off, and the conductors bolted into the houses. A few people remained just outside the shelters gazing into the sky, which was quite clear.
>
> "Four or five aeroplanes were visible, and presently somebody exclaimed, 'They are Americans.' Another person screamed aloud, 'The Americans are coming.' A Dutchman called out: 'There, now, what did I tell you? I told you the Americans would come sooner or later. Now you see.'"



AN EASY CONUNDRUM.

FIRST WATCHER ON THE RHINE—"These accursed British, our so peaceful and cultured Mannheim to bomb!"

SECOND DITTO—"What devil taught them this frightfulness?"

—*Punch* (London.)

AUTOCRACY FLIRTS WITH ANARCHY

NOTHING OUGHT TO SURPRIZE US that German diplomats do, after the performances we have witnessed, but the spectacle of the representative of Kaiserism luring an anarchist to stir up trouble in a friendly country is one to make men and angels laugh. According to the Madrid *Sol*, the Secretary of the German Embassy in the Spanish capital, a certain Herr von Storrer, hired Miguel Pascual—known to the police as a syndicalist and anarchist—to write and circulate antigovernmental pamphlets. Here is von Storrer's letter, which the *Sol* reproduces in *facsimile:*

> "With reference to the conversation I had with you a few days ago in this embassy, I have the pleasure to inform you that the Ambassador is willing to refund you the cost of printing your fly-leaf. Be good enough, therefore, to inform me of the amount, which, if I remember rightly, you told me was 100 pesetas ($20 at prewar rates)."

Pascual eventually took fright and confessed his share in the agitation to the *Sol*. Here is a summary of his activities:

> "His acquaintance with the Germans dates from the Anarchist Congress at Ferrol in April, 1915, where he made a particularly violent speech. He was immediately invited to call at the German Embassy, where he was received with great cordiality by Herr Grimm, one of the secretaries, and later by von Storrer, First Secretary. Grimm spoke enthusiastically of the close relations existing between the German Embassy and the syndicalists of Barcelona, and offered him (Pascual) assistance for the purpose of extending his anarchist propaganda and giving an impulse to the syndicalist movement throughout Spain. . . . . .
>
> "An anarchist meeting, held in Madrid at the end of 1916, was organized in agreement with the German Embassy. The most violent anarchists took part, and, instructed by the German Embassy, made a combined attack on Count Romanones (who was then Prime Minister). The Germans at that time had Romanones on the brain."

Meanwhile Prince von Ratibor, with characteristic cynicism, admits that von Stohrer's letter is genuine, but excuses the embassy by saying that Pascual's ideas were too advanced and he was subsequently dropt. Commenting on the Prince's statement, *El Sol* remarks:

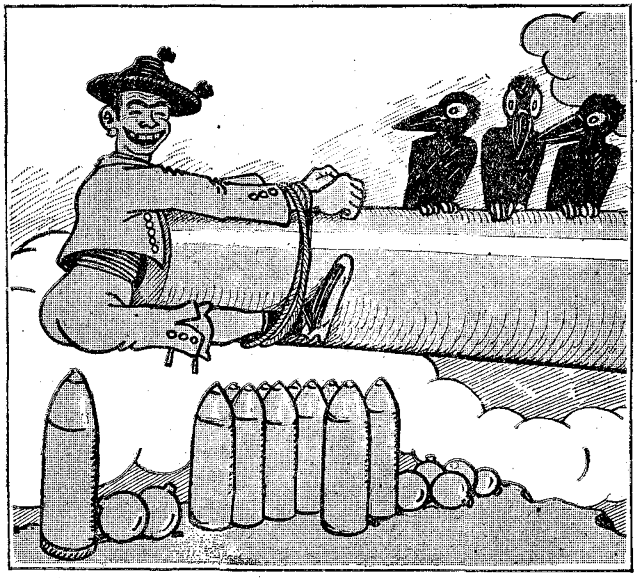
> "Herr von Storrer's letter is, therefore, authentic. Consequently the *personnel* of the German Embassy had relations with a Spanish anarchist, and the anarchist Pascual had a conversation with Herr Grimm, one of the secretaries of the German Embassy, regarding systematic acts of violence. This conversation also coincided with the Germanophil campaign against Count Romanones. The leaflet, the cost of which Herr von Storrer promised to reimburse to Pascual, dealt with domestic policy and attacked capitalism, that is to say, it was frankly Maximalist. After all, it is really intolerable that a foreign embassy should pay the cost of such a leaflet. The German Embassy must surely agree that Spain can never tolerate that funds from abroad shall be used for such propaganda work."

The London *Daily Chronicle* points the moral to adorn this tale:

> "Germanophil Conservatives in Madrid must, indeed, be edified to find that their favorite embassy has been financing anarchists behind their backs. Yet it is only the story of Russia over again. Before the war German influence in Petrograd showed itself publicly on the side of the Czarina and the reactionaries, but secretly there is no doubt that it was also in touch with revolutionary conspirators; during the war it has followed the same dual course. The method is a simple one—cynically simple: in order to weaken and enslave a country, Germany stimulates its extremists on both sides, reactionary and revolutionary; calculating that when it is rotten with the resulting violences and dissensions, it will fall helplessly into her lap. In Russia's case the process is complete; in Spain it is merely in progress; and the Spanish public would do well to ponder Russia's object-lesson."

The Spanish Government has been placed in an awkward position and is anxious to hush the matter up. The Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

> "These revelations, following upon the flagrant violation of Spanish rights by German submarines, have created a profound impression, and obviously place the German Embassy in what in any other country would be an awkward situation. The Government, however, seems inclined to damp the matter down. It has confiscated the *Sol* and all the other papers, including the *Epoca*, which ventured on comment, and stopt telegrams for London and Paris dealing with the subject."



SPAIN'S POSITION.

SPAIN—"Oh, isn't it nice to be a neutral?"

—*Campana de Gracia* (Barcelona).

PITY THE POOR GERMANS—The German people have been led to believe that the Ukrainian peace meant a full market-basket, and in Austria it was described as "a bread peace." Now comes along the Berlin *Statistisches Korrespondenz*, the official organ of the Prussian statistical bureau with a nice little bit of cheerful reading for hungry Germans. It says:

> "Podolia is so densely populated that it has no grain for export. The crops of the Governments of Kief, Volhynia, Kharkof, Tscherniov, and Poltava are just sufficient for the needs of their own population. Even in peace time there was scarcely any surplus. The last potato and hay crops were both bad. Consequently large quantities of corn must be used as fodder. The Ukraine sends forth no dairy produce, the supply being not even sufficient for the demands of the town populations. The stocks of cattle in the Ukraine, with the exception of horses, are very small and there is no hope of any cattle being exported."

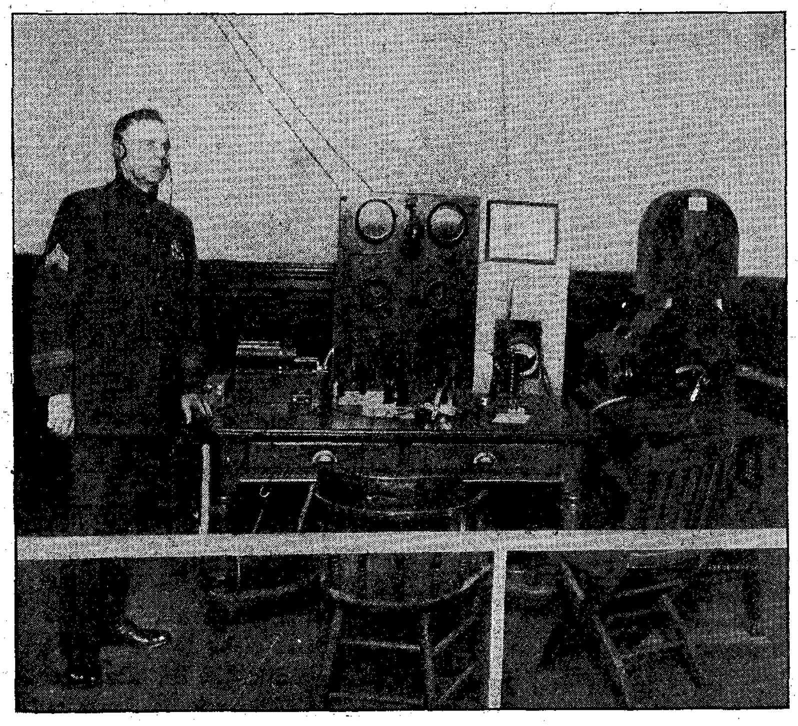
The poignant part of the situation is that even the Austrian forces sent to plunder Ukrainia have to be fed from home. A cable dispatch tells us:

> "That Germany and Austria will not get their much-needed supplies of foodstuffs from the Ukraine, despite the glowing accounts which are used to bolster up the spirits of their hungry peoples, is confirmed by the Bern correspondent of *The Morning Post*, who telegraphs that the German authorities admit these hopes must remain unfulfilled for the present.
>
> "Austria actually is sending flour to the Ukraine to feed her troops operating there, the correspondent adds. This information is published in a local newspaper, which received it from its Czernowitz correspondent under date of March 23. The latter obtained it from members of the military administration, who explained that difficulties had arisen in the export of foodstuffs from the Ukraine, and it was found necessary to send provisions for the Austrian armies in the Ukraine.
>
> "Within the last few days one hundred wagon-loads of Austrian flour had been sent in and other consignments were to follow. This condition is confirmed by a recent speech of the president of the Krakow Municipal Council, who, referring to the danger of famine that was menacing that city, said there were wagons full of flour on the trains traversing Galicia, but only on those going from west to east."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WIRELESS IN POLICE WORK

FOR OVER A YEAR the police of New York City have been using wireless telegraphy in their daily work, and *The Wireless Age* (New York) reports that the innovation has been of great service. Apparatus has been installed at the Manhattan and Brooklyn Headquarters buildings and on the police-boat *Patrol;* and these three stations are thus kept in constant communication. The result is that marine fires have been promptly extinguished, runaway barges pursued and captured, mutinies quelled on shipboard, and wrecks promptly salvaged—all long before news of these events could have reached the harbor police under ordinary conditions of communication. Says a descriptive writer in the paper named above:



WIRELESS STATION IN MANHATTAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

"Previous to the installation of the wireless system it was necessary for the boat to tie up at a dock to enable an officer to communicate with Headquarters or the precinct by telephone. This took considerable time, particularly at night, but now when the boat is away from the pier, and anywhere between Sandy Hook and City Island or Spuyten Duyvil, communication can be instantly established with either Manhattan or Brooklyn Headquarters and orders given or reports received. Occurrences on the water where police assistance is required are frequently reported to Harbor A, or Headquarters, by citizens over the telephone. When the boat is at the pier it is sent to investigate, and often sends a report of the case by wireless to the radio man at Headquarters, who telephones it to Harbor A. When the boat is away from the pier such messages are given to the wireless operator at Headquarters for immediate transmission to the boat.

"A few of the many instances in which this quick communication has enabled the rendering of prompt police service are here mentioned. In each case the boat was away from the pier, but communication was effected as quickly and accurately as if connected directly with Headquarters by a telephone line.

"Two barges broke away from the pier at the foot of East Fifty-fourth Street on May 18 at 4 A.M., and, driven by a strong wind and tide, they swept up the East River and carried three more away from the Seventieth Street pier. The five barges drifted out through Hell Gate, in the way of the fleet of steamers that come in through Long Island Sound early every morning. The *Patrol* was off Staten Island when this information was transmitted by the Manhattan Headquarters wireless station. At 5:35 A.M., Sergeant Ellis, in command of the *Patrol*, reported by wireless that he had found and docked four of the barges and that the fifth had been secured by a tug.

"A fire occurred in the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island about one o'clock in the morning of May 21. The *Patrol* was cruising around the lower bay at the time when it received orders by wireless to proceed to the fire and to stop at the East Fifty-first Street pier for the battalion fire chief. When the fire was extinguished wireless orders were given the boat to resume patrol.

"Richmond Telegraph Bureau, on May 26, at 3 P.M., notified Harbor A of a fire on board a municipal ferry-boat, bound from New York to St. George. The information was wirelessed to the *Patrol* in the East River, and at 3:39 P.M. it was reported by wireless that the fire had been extinguished with slight damage. . . .

"On June 13, at 10:30 P.M., a citizen notified Richmond Telegraph Bureau that a large transatlantic steamer was sinking as a result of a collision with another boat in the Narrows. The *Patrol* was ordered to the scene by wireless, and at 12:15 A.M. transmitted a full report of the accident to Headquarters by wireless.

"A schooner which had grounded near Ellis Island in the evening of June 17 floated at high tide and drifted up the Hudson River with no one on board. Harbor A was notified by telephone and relayed the message through Manhattan Headquarters wireless station. Twenty minutes later a wireless report was received from the *Patrol* that the schooner had been anchored and lighted.

"Harbor A was notified by the pier watchman on June 20, at 9:40 P.M., that a lighter had broken away from the West Thirtieth Street pier and was drifting up the river. The *Patrol*, then off the Statue of Liberty, was notified, and at 10:15 P.M. reported by wireless that the lighter, carrying a cargo of coffee valued at $50,000, had been returned to the pier. . . . . .

"Trouble on a steamship anchored in the harbor was reported by telephone to Harbor A on July 13, at 1:50 P.M. The *Patrol* was sent to investigate and it was found that a member of the crew of the steamship had been seriously stabbed during a brawl. A wireless message for an ambulance to meet the *Patrol* at Pier A was sent to Manhattan Headquarters at 2:10 P.M. The injured man, who subsequently recovered, was brought ashore ten minutes later and sent to the hospital in the waiting ambulance. His assailant was arrested and held.

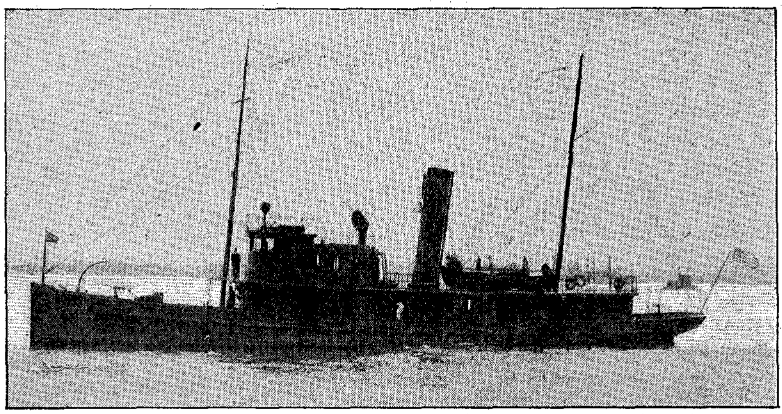
"A three-alarm fire occurred on August 20, at 3:07 A.M., at the foot of Congress Street, Brooklyn. The *Patrol* attended the fire, and at 5:05 A.M. sent the following report by wireless: 'Fire on Pier 26 under control. Steamer *Barrentjetberg* towed out from pier while in flames and anchored northeast end of Governor's Island, where fire was extinguished by steamer *Patrol* and tugs.'

"On August 26, at 6:50 P.M., Harbor A received a report by telephone that three coal-barges were adrift in the East River, off East Tenth Street. The *Patrol* investigated, and three hours later reported by wireless that the barges had been docked at East Eighth Street, where they belonged.

"The *Patrol* has had the honor of conveying from its landing in Jersey City to New York each of the six foreign Commissions that visited this country during the summer. On these occasions use of the wireless equipments between the boat and headquarters enabled the city officials to keep in close touch with the movements of the parties. When a train with the Commission was late, Headquarters was informed by wireless from the boat which was waiting at Jersey City, and when the party boarded the boat a wireless message to Headquarters was relayed by telephone to the Inspector in charge of the line of parade, so that the route could be cleared in time, with the least interruption of regular traffic. Altogether about nine hundred separate messages were exchanged between the three department wireless stations during the first six months of 1917."

GERMANY GETS HER MANGANESE

"THE CONTINUED EXISTENCE of German industry, the German state, and the German people hangs on—manganese!" This statement, according to an editorial writer in *The Iron Age* (New York), was made not long ago at a meeting of the German steel syndicate, at a time when the manganese-supply had become exhausted and no new source was in sight. Now large quantities of high-grade ore have been opened up by the peace treaty with the new Ukrainian Republic, and she is far better off for manganese than we are, for all our supplies of this metal come from Brazil. Its importance is due to its use in steel. The development of some metallurgical substitute is desirable, and it is highly probable that such development has already taken place in Germany, since that country must have been absolutely without manganese for a considerable period. Says *The Iron Age:*



NEW YORK POLICE-BOAT *PATROL*—EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS.

"Germany's manganese problem apparently has been solved—for a time. That this problem has been a serious one is well known. Manganese for steel and munitions is regarded as a metallurgical necessity. Germany's supply by the end of the second year of the war was probably exhausted . . . altho previous to the war she had accumulated large quantities of high-grade ore from foreign sources. What means she has resorted to or what substitutes, if any, have been found in the last year or two are unknown. That her steel has been of inferior grade as a result can not be demonstrated; at least the rain of effective shells has not abated.

"The peace treaty with the Republic of the Ukraine has opened up to Germany large quantities of high-grade manganese ore. These deposits, at Nikopol on the River Dnieper, have yielded one-fifth of the total output of Russia. Of probably more importance to Germany, however, are the manganese-mines of the Russian Caucasus, which before the war produced one-half of the world's supply. By the terms of the treaty Germany forced upon Russia, this territory is again a part of Turkey. Turkey being Germany, these vast deposits are also under German control.

"Before the war only 40 per cent. of Germany's steel output was open-hearth, while 57 per cent. of it was Bessemer. While ferromanganese made only from high-grade ore is essential in open-hearth practise, spiegeleisen is adequate in Bessemer. Therefore, Germany's manganese problem has not been as acute as would have been the case in the United States under similar circumstances, with open-hearth steel so greatly predominating. Germany has abundant supplies of manganiferous iron ores; so has the United States. Germany now has opened up to her vast supplies of high-grade ore. The United States is practically dependent on Brazil. Unless some metallurgical solution is developed, the steel industry of this country will be at a disadvantage as compared with that of Germany; conceivably it might be in peril.

"At a meeting not long ago of the German steel syndicate the statement was made that 'a safe supply of iron and manganese ore must be kept in the foreground at the peace negotiations, for on this hangs the continued existence of German industry, the German state, and the German people.' Temporarily one aim of the war has been attained, or its attainment is in the German grasp."

ALCOHOL AND INSANITY

DRUNKENNESS DOES NOT CAUSE INSANITY, but both are symptoms of degeneracy, we are assured by Dr. Charles W. Burr, of the University of Pennsylvania, in a recently published address. Dr. Burr does not hail prohibition as the great cure for crime, degeneracy, and insanity. Of statistics produced to show how it has decreased social evils, he says:

"One can prove anything by statistics, so they are of no value and I shall not discuss them, tho I could prove by statistics that, since the modern races that have accomplished the most have been drinking, even drunken races, drunkenness is a good thing—a manifest absurdity. The explanation is that these races are inherently superior, and that the only good alcohol did was to be the fool-killer, and hence rid them of their weaklings. The thought of prohibitionists is that alcohol is the cause of degeneration; the fact is, that the craving for alcohol, not its use, is a sign of degeneracy or a symptom of insanity, which itself is a disease of bad protoplasm. No healthy youth craves alcohol, no normal young man wants to be a drunkard, nor does he ever become one. But the degenerate youth does crave drink, does not care whether he becomes a drunkard or not, and gets a sensation from alcohol that the normal man does not get. Prohibition has never been enforced for any length of time and if it could the degenerate would continue to degenerate. The statistics proving the tremendous improvement in prohibition States are fallacious. The hospital statistics are of no value as proving anything, because what type of insanity is most common in them at any time depends upon what is the most recent scientifically fashionable disease. To-day it is *dementia præcox* in most institutions, and the euphemism, 'constitutional inferiority,' is replacing the brutally frank but correct word, imbecility. . . . .

"That drunkenness leads to great evil every one knows, but the way to deal with it is not by prohibition but by public opinion, which is stronger than any law. The wicked railroads and the other criminal employers of labor have, by refusing to employ drinking men, done and are doing more for temperance than all the laws on the statute-books. The real evil of alcoholism is not that it kills its victims, but that they drag down others with them. If its effects could be confined to its victims it would rid the world of useless people and the race would be improved. There is, it is true, one type of degenerate who is made more normal by alcohol and other drugs. I mean that peculiar member of the genus genius who is saner when under the influence of drugs than when sober. Sometimes his work is world-important, work that the world much needs. Now such work is so much needed that I am inclined to think men of his kind should somehow or other be encouraged. They are very rare. In the average man the apparent increase in mental power in certain stages of intoxication is a self-delusion.

"One of the alcoholics who deserves sympathy is the real periodic drinker. He sometimes is a man of unusual ability; he often is a man of good brain-power and morally sound. Prohibition might save him; I do not know. I have not treated enough cases of the genuine disease to draw any conclusions. A very small number, when permanently deprived of alcohol, have suffered from periodic attacks of manic-depressive insanity. But the real periodic drinker is not frequent enough to be the problem in sociology which the common drunkard is."

TO GIVE DOCTORS NATIONAL STANDING

THE STRIKING FACT that American medical men have no legal status abroad was noted in an article recently quoted in these columns. Such status must be regulated by treaty, and the United States, which must be a party to such a treaty, has at present no power to license physicians. A national body empowered to license medical practitioners in all parts of the country can apparently be constituted only through the medium of a Constitutional amendment. This being the case, it is interesting to know that since 1915 a body of this kind has existed on a purely voluntary basis; It examines candidates and awards certificates; and these are now accepted by twelve different States in lieu of their own medical examinations. Twelve others have agreed to take similar action whenever authority shall be granted by their several legislatures. It is hoped that ultimately, in this way, the board's certificates will entitle their holders to practise medicine anywhere in the country, and that the right to practise in foreign countries may also be obtained through reciprocity. From a leaflet containing a paper read recently before the Clinical Congress of Surgeons in Chicago, by Admiral W. C. Braisted, Surgeon-General of the United States Navy, we quote as follows:

"Not only does the examination of this board aid largely in the development of material for the Federal services, but it additionally provides for the future adjustment of the men who are candidates for these services. No one may say how long the war will last. Young men going into the services of the Army and the Navy, or in the reserve corps of either, at the end of the war, retired from military duty, have to decide on a location for their civil practise. Already a number of States have indicated their intention of accepting the licentiates of this board on registration and without further requirements. Other States have legislation pending to satisfy the legal requirements covering a like privilege.

"The fact that six of the fifteen members of the board are in the regular service of the Army, the Navy, and the Public Health service, and others are in the Medical Reserve Corps, makes it desirable that the work of the board in relation to the present war-conditions should be accentuated. It may serve a wider purpose if authorized. . . . . . .

"The board has a particular value to the services—as well as to medical education, in that, from the beginning, it has strest the importance of laboratory tests in bacteriology and in clinical medicine, besides the practical clinical examinations in surgery and in medicine. If its operation is assured by the support of medical-school faculties and by the profession at large, it may, through the advice of those in authority, increase its usefulness as time goes on. With the standardization of medical education, of public-health methods, of hospitals, and their correlated activities, there must be some standard for testing the qualifications of those men who are coming on to take charge of the problems which the future will bring.

"By undertaking examinations at different great centers, this board, cooperating with the faculties of the leading medical schools, will ultimately extend its operation until it may reach a standard, and that the standard at which it aims.

"The test of the graduates of the best schools and the best hospitals will, perhaps, afford some criterion, and the work of the board may point the way to a coordination of the Federal services into a combined educational unit. Already the suggestion has come that the opportunity be afforded for young men to train for a medical military career. This board, which has successfully united the three Federal medical services in a harmonious body working for altruistic standards for these services and for medical education generally, may point the way to a United Service Medical School—a medical West Point or Annapolis—at which men may qualify for medical military service, after a training which will fit them, under exceptional conditions, for such a career."

CONGRESS AND THE COSMIC FORCES

THE INTERATOMIC, cosmic forces, whose existence has been recognized from the days of the lamented Keely even unto the present, have been pursued unavailingly by many hopeful persons. In these days of marvels it is hard to prove a negative in the case of any kind of prospective wonder-working, but repeated failures to catch and tame these interatomic forces have made most of the world mildly skeptical, especially as they have long been the stock in trade of the glib-tongued exploiter. When an inventor, however, who professes to have caged and tamed them offers to demonstrate the fact to a jury of scientific men, at his own expense, and then to present his devices and processes to the Government, it would be foolish not to accept. This, apparently, is what the Congress of the United States has done to Mr. Garabed T. K. Giragossian, inventor. We quote from an editorial in *The Scientific American* (New York):

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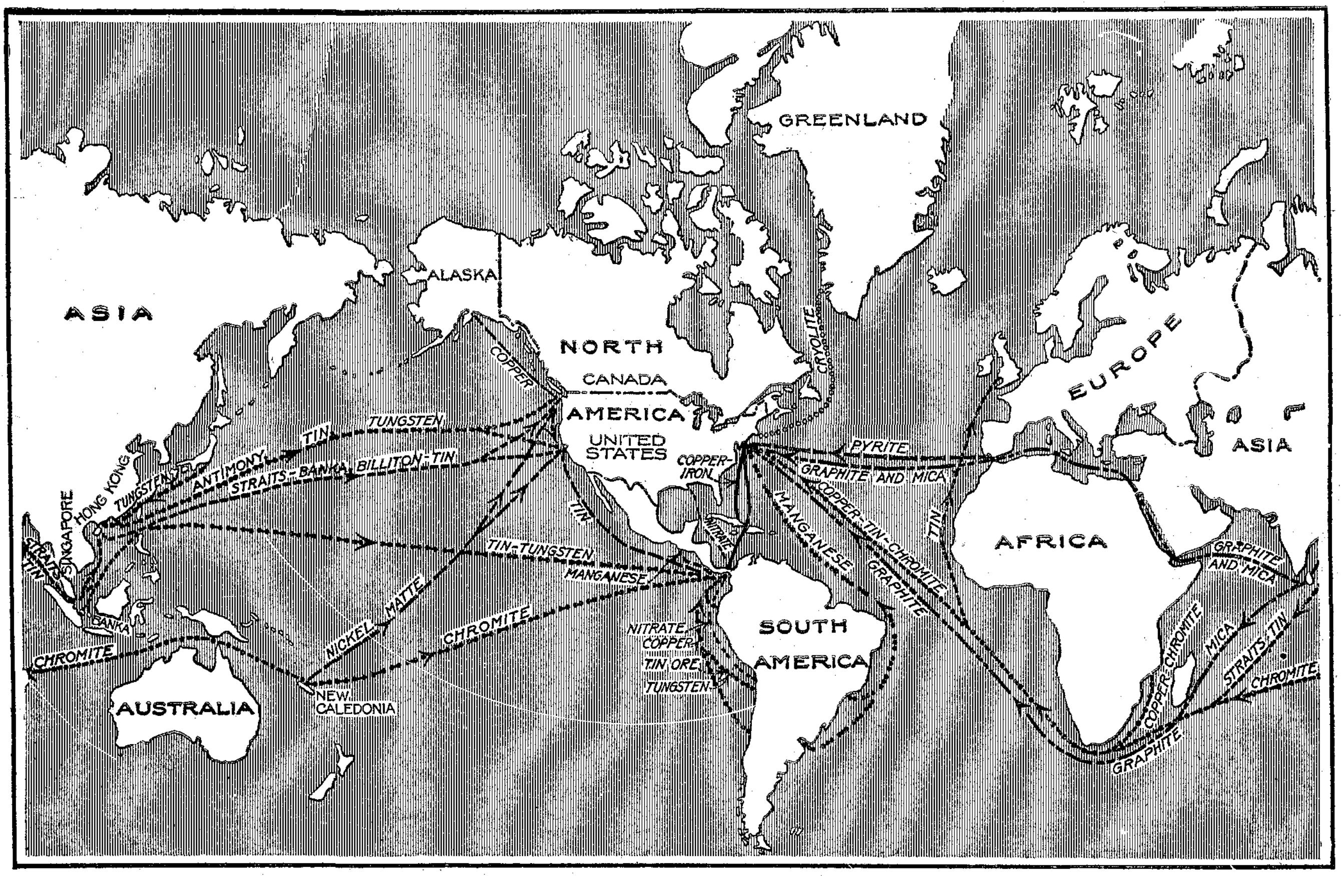
THE INVENTOR OF "FREE ENERGY,"
Garabed T. K. Giragossian.

"This inventor claims to have discovered a way to utilize, without burning of fuel or other expenditure of labor or material, what he calls 'free energy.' He proposes that the Government investigate the matter, at his expense, through fully competent and properly accredited scientists; and he wishes, if their report be favorable, to assign to the United States the rights of use in his invention, to the end that we may employ it to bring about the end of the war.

"Mr. Giragossian has received more attention than is usually accorded to those who bring forward schemes for ending the war at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. . . . [He] came to Washington, he saw, and, with his silver-tongued eloquence, he conquered. So runs the official version. But as a matter of fact, confronted with a proposition like this, there was really but one thing for Congress to do. No matter how absurd it seems on its face, no matter what its source, such an offer can not be flouted. We are entitled to protect ourselves against a man who tries to sell us something; but when he offers to let us decide whether we want what he has, and, if we do, to give it to us—well, there can be no argument. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and we simply have to pay attention. That, indeed, is what we have done; at the present moment a joint resolution of the two bodies of Congress, enacting into law Mr. Giragossian's proposals, is somewhere along the legislative main-line, and will presumably reach in due course the terminus at which the President wipes his pen and attaches his signature. Congress would have done well to apologize less profusely for this action, for apology was not called for.

"Let it be emphasized again and again, however, that this in no way binds the United States to Mr. Giragossian, and, above all, that it in no way constitutes official indorsement or acceptance or approval of his claims. Indeed, what these are is absolutely not known, for the good and sufficient reason that Mr. Giragossian won't tell. In this he is hardly to blame; for if we had a valid invention which would do what he claims his will do, we should probably behave just about as he has behaved. But it is always given to discuss possibilities and probabilities; and we may therefore proceed to this phase of the matter.

"The worthy Armenian, in what little he has said about his invention, as distinguished from the reams of stuff he has had to say about himself, has seemingly attempted to give the impression that he has hit upon some scheme for commercial utilization of the cosmic forces for harnessing the power that makes the world go round and the heavenly bodies move in their paths. 'Free energy' could mean this, and we fail to



WHERE OUR IMPORTED METALS AND MINERALS COME FROM.

see what else it could mean. But until the *protégé* of Boston's distinguished public servants condescends to tell us, in intelligible terms, just what he proposes to do, we can not discuss his scheme adequately. We can, however, point out that almost certainly he is on a par, as far as proper development of working details is concerned, with another Bostonian—or can it be that he himself is the one?—who was anonymously reported to us several years ago as prepared to retard the earth in its rotation and impound the energy thus released.

"Of course, human labor and the burning of fuel and the various other performances which cost money are not a prerequisite to the manifestation of power. Gravity and atomic forces and electricity and magnetism and the tremendous energy of the sun's radiation act all the time, regardless of our will or our works. But when we try to direct one of these forces we have always heretofore had to do so by application of another force, put into play by our will and works in a way that does cost us labor and material. If Mr. Giragossian, with his nondescript collection of character witnesses, as lacking in scientific standing as their *protégé*, wants us to believe that he has found an escape from this stern necessity—well, he asks too much."

TRENCH-CANDLES NOT NEEDED — Women's magazines and Sunday supplements, says *The Forecast* (New York, March), have been urging the wholesale making of candles to be burned in the trenches abroad. The materials were closely rolled strips of newspaper that were afterward soaked in melted tallow or paraffin. It goes on:

"Thousands of these candles have been made, absorbing in their construction many ounces of valuable fats, and now comes a request from the American Red Cross that the following announcement be given if possible as wide-spread publicity as was the item, which set fingers working on something that proves to be impractical because of present conditions: Trench-candles, or ration-heaters, can not be sent to Europe. This decision is based on a cablegram from Major Murphy, reporting the results of investigation in France. They are doubtless useful in the trenches and can be made to advantage by women and children in Europe, but not here, three thousand miles from the front. The cargo space at the disposal of the Red Cross is so limited that only the absolutely essential supplies—surgical dressings, food, warm clothing—can be shipped. Knowledge of this situation must be given wide publicity, since magazines and movies are still urging the production of these articles. Supplies already on hand may be distributed by Red-Cross chapters for local use through the charitable organizations."

HOW METALS MIGRATE

THE PATHS FOLLOWED by imported metals on their way to the United States are shown plainly on a chart prepared and published by *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, March 23) and reproduced on this page. Says this paper:

"With changes so kaleidoscopic as those of the present, movements of ocean-borne traffic change radically from year to year. Thus, imports of zinc ore into the United States from Australia and Spain ceased in 1917, for the reason that the rise in freight-rates no longer permitted them. A considerable tonnage of zinc ore was carried in 1917 from China to San Francisco, and thence overland to the smelters, but that movement also has ceased.

"Ferromanganese is no longer brought from Europe to the United States. On the contrary, Europe wants to obtain it from us. We still get some tin from Singapore via British ports, but to a more and more extent our tin importations are coming directly from Singapore, Banca, etc. In the main, this movement of tin, and similarly of antimony and tungsten, is in ships going to Vancouver and San Francisco. From those ports the commodities are either carried overland or else are taken in ships steaming down the coast and passing through the Panama Canal. However, there is some tin, especially from Banca, and other Eastern products that are carried in ships traveling directly from the Far East to the Panama Canal. From New Caledonia chromite comes to this country both via the Panama Canal and via Cape of Good Hope, but the only smelter which is obtaining nickel matte from that quarter brings it into Pacific ports and thence overland.

"The considerable importation of copper, copper matte, etc., from South Africa comes directly to Atlantic ports. Some products of the Far East, such as graphite and mica, come to New York, both via Suez and via the Cape of Good Hope.

"The largest tonnage of imported minerals coming into the United States consists of pyrites, manganese ore, and nitrate of soda. Among the metals, copper, tin, and antimony stand in about the order mentioned."

NETTLE-CLOTH IN GERMANY

THE REPORT that the German textile-mills are using the fiber of the common stinging nettle to make cloth is received with some degree of reserve by *The Textile World Journal* (New York). The advantages of this material for textile purposes have been set forth by various writers in times past, but apparently not with judgment, *The Journal* thinks, and our information regarding the present use in Germany leaves us in ignorance on some important points. The writer believes that nettle-fiber can be used only for cordage or coarse fabrics, or mixed with other fiber as an adulterant under the pressure of necessity. That any species of nettle could possibly furnish fiber capable of competing with cotton, flax, or wool he does not regard as within the bounds of probability. We read:

"Doubtless some of the claims have come from writers who do not recognize the difference in length between cotton and linen, or understand the capabilities of textile machines. The German state company formed to exploit the common nettle ought to be well informed, but it, when raising capital in 1916, began by likening nettle-cloth to goods made with American cotton. Mixed with wool, the woven product was said to be soft, hardly distinguishable from woolen, much cheaper and more easily dyed. In the common way of company promoters, they lauded their material as suitable for fine purposes, furniture covers, plush, and suitings, altho it is probably a hundred times more fit for the coarsest of uses. While there is reason to believe that nettle-fiber is used in place of better stuff, there is little to show that it is employed upon a really large scale.

"The nettle is being cultivated under the care of a company and the Ministries of War and Agriculture, and their business is to supply plants. These have to be planted individually upon specially plowed land at a time of year when farm labor is wanted for more profitable crops, and to be harvested when the food crops are also ripe. The purchase price is 14 marks per 212 pounds, and out of every 100 pounds of cultivated stalks there can be recovered about 30 pounds of fiber. The yield is three times that of the wild nettle, and the fiber is of coarse bast from between the bark and the wood.

"One of the processes for extracting the fiber is that of Dr. Richter, of Vienna University, who first steeps and then roasts the stems, obtaining a combination of fiber and woody matter that is said to be used in six rope-factories, three jute-mills, and one cotton-spinning mill. The product can by no means be regarded as a fine one and the improved processes mentioned in German newspapers do not suggest high perfection. By adding flax to nettle-fiber, wet spun yarns have been produced up to No. 14 and dry spun up to No. 6. Whether these denominators belong to one scale or another the yarns are coarse.

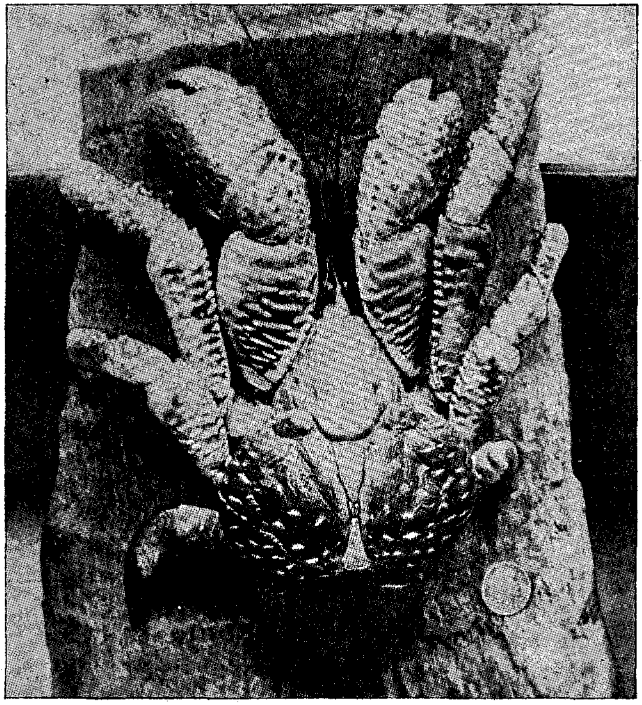
"Nettles have been exploited also in Denmark, where they are harvested in September and October and stacked for the winter. The tops and leaves are removed and the stalks are retted like flax, in a pond for fourteen days, or, alternatively, in hot water for four days. After being dried on the grass the stalks are bruised in a breaker and scutched with a wooden knife. The fiber is then hackled and sent forward for rope-making or spinning.

"The resemblance to the flax processes is obvious, and the description can not be read without a reminder as to the working of another form of nettle. Ramie is the bast of a stingless nettle which has been manufactured extensively in Germany and western Europe. The vegetable gum in ramie is discharged either by putrefaction or by chemical means. The retting process, besides requiring large quantities of water, has proved an almost intolerable public nuisance. The chemical reagent generally employed is caustic soda, an article that is scarce in war-time, and is accountable very often for the ruin of ramie goods.

"We are far from hearing everything about nettle-cloth, and there are certain things that any intelligent man would like to know. Does nettle-culture pay the cultivator? Does the preparation of the fiber, with removal of the straw and bark, cost an excessive sum and create great public offense? When the fiber is obtained does it show marked difference between the butts and the tips? Does the presence of knots in the plant signify trouble in textile working? Is a perfect separation of one fiber from another achieved, and is there trouble with shive and straw in stuff supposed to be clean? When the fiber is spun and woven are the goods exceptionally brittle, and is the buyer liable to find that fermentation in the stock, protracted retting, or chemical reaction has turned the goods tender?

"All or any of the defects indicated by these queries are to be expected, and those who avoid them are entitled to take some credit to themselves.

"If the credit is not taken, then the general presumption that this makeshift material is full of flaws is to a certain extent justified. The direct evidence, such as it is, amounts to no more than that the Germans, Danes, Austrians, and, to a less degree, the Swiss, have found nettle-fiber to be something that can be mixed in with superior materials at a pinch, or that can be converted into cordage and coarse fabrics."



By courtesy of "American Forestry," Washington, D.C.

ROBBER-CRAB CLIMBING FOR HIS DINNER.

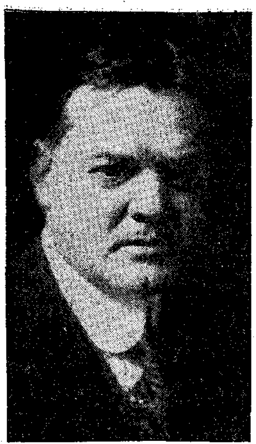
CRAB THAT CLIMBS TREES—That the robber- or coconut-crab really climbs trees is asserted by H. A. Zimmerman, writing in *American Forestry* (Washington). This crab, he says, has been known for some centuries, but until lately doubts have existed whether it actually climbs trees to reach the coconut. He goes on:

"The picture shown here, taken on Christmas Island, should do away with all uncertainty on this point. The appearance of these giant creatures crawling through the woods makes one feel decidedly creepy. The animals are easily frightened, and scuttle off backward at the slightest alarm. They live not only on coconuts, but feed on fruits of various kinds, especially those of the sago-palm, while carrion of all sorts—even the bodies of their own relatives—do not come amiss. At one time, when rats swarmed in the forest at night, the crabs restricted their depredations to the daylight hours; but now that rats have disappeared, even at night, camp utensils are not safe from their claws. In fact, they have been known to carry away cooking utensils, bottles, and clothes. The robber-crab's method of carrying coconuts is to strip them of their husks and then to hold the nut under some of its walking legs, while it retires, raised high on the tips of those legs not used for this purpose. Darwin has graphically described how it tears the husk from the coconuts and hammers on the round depressions at one end until entrance is effected. This crab lives in a hole in the earth under trees, lining its burrow with the fibers of the coconut husks. It has an almost lunglike modification of the gill cavity for breathing air directly, yet visits the sea annually in droves to spawn. In climbing, this crab scarcely uses its large claws, but clings to the tree with the sharp points of its walking legs. It can also climb almost vertical rock faces."

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
and especially designed for High School Use

WHY SEND WHEAT?



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HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food
Administrator.

ANY ONE IN THIS COUNTRY who can get along with less wheat, and is not doing so, is helping the German cause.

Does that statement sound extreme? If so, think over the words of an intelligent but outspoken person who knew the facts in the case: "The person who *knows* he ought to use less wheat, and *could* use less, and *doesn't* use less, ought to be in Berlin or in an internment-camp, for as a loyal American he is a failure!"

Plain speaking, this. But study the situation from every angle, and see whether you think that statement exaggerated.

Here are the angles:

(1) Why the Allies (especially France) must have wheat from us during the next few months.

(2) Why wheat shipped from somewhere else will not do as well.

(3) Why other foods cannot be sent instead of wheat.

(4) Why there is no other way for us to send the wheat required except to reduce our own consumption to a large degree.

(5) Why this should not be considered as a sacrifice but as a great opportunity—to do our duty and to help in winning the war.

1. THE INCREASED DEMANDS UPON US—The Allies have not their own normal before-the-war wheat crops. This has been due to crop failures, to lack of fertilizer, and because the men and horses formerly at work on farms have been transferred to military operations. France and Italy have suffered crop failures. And estimates show that in France wheat crops have been reduced over 53 per cent. from their prewar totals.

Obviously, therefore, France must make up the wheat deficiency from somewhere. *And it must be from us.*

2. THE SUPPLY FROM OTHER COUNTRIES—*Why will not wheat shipped from somewhere else do as well?*

It would; but to-day it is either impossible or unwise to try to get the wheat from other sources. THE CHIEF REASON IS THE WORLD SHORTAGE OF SHIPS. There is wheat in Australia and India, but no ships available to carry it all the way to France, no time to waste on that long haul. Some people say: Why not send wheat from Argentina? Even if that were now possible, would it be wise? The distance to France is twice as great from Argentine ports as from ours. This means that one wheat ship can make twice as many trips from here in a given time as she could from Argentina—can carry twice as much wheat during that period. Putting it another way, with only a limited number of ships available, carrying wheat across from Argentina means that there will be just that many less ships at hand to transport our troops and their supplies across. Thus, *shipping wheat from our ports will result directly in being able to send more soldiers immediately.*

Moreover, the new crop of wheat in Argentina is not yet ready. Canada, needless to say, is already sending every ounce she can. Therefore, if the Allies are to have the wheat they need, it must come from us.

3. WHY SUBSTITUTES CAN NOT BE SENT—Some foods, such as potatoes, occupy too much space in proportion to their nourishment. But people often ask: Why not send corn instead of wheat? The chief reason at present is because *for two months after the first of April corn will not keep during shipment abroad,* for that is the germinating season. Wheat, on the contrary, is a *durable* grain.

And, tho some do not realize it, the Allies have been using much corn in their bread, as high as 30 per cent., a far larger admixture than we have universally adopted.

And every one should realize that to ask the French nowadays to eat more wheat substitutes, such as corn, rice, or oats, is nothing less than loading upon them extra burdens which we might easily shoulder. While the French are under the cruel strain of war—for over three years giving their very heart's blood in fighting for the ideals which mean as much to America as to France—it is brutally selfish to force them to change, by a hair's breadth more than is necessary, the diet they have been accustomed to. The American people, 3,000 miles from the thunder of war, can easily enough use substitutes for wheat, such as oats, rice, or corn. They are just as nutritious. Of course, wheat bread is the most white and moist. But can not ease-loving American men at home give up a little whiteness and moisture in their meals when Frenchmen and Englishmen are giving up their lives? Can not American women change some of their cooking and eating habits while their French sisters are taking the place of horses to drag a plow in order to raise more food? Is it true that American patriotism goes no deeper than cheering the flag?

More than half the families in this country bake their own bread. It is easy enough for them to change their diet. In France the people of each village are supplied with bread from the village bake-shop. Would you ask any woman of those villages to add to the length of her working day, experimenting with substitutes, baking corn bread or cooking rice and oatmeal, with coal at $135 a ton!

4. WHY WE MUST EAT LESS WHEAT—The answer is simple: We must send the necessary wheat. *And the only way to get it to send is, as a nation, to eat less wheat than we used to.* Not merely a little less, a great deal less. In peace we had to feed our own population of over 105,000,000. Now, *in addition,* we have to provide for an extra 25,000,000 people of the Allies. But our last wheat crop was low, and the demands upon it have already greatly reduced the wheat-supply. *Before the war this country used to consume about 42,000,000 bushels of wheat a month. Until the next harvest we shall have to cut, as a nation, to 20,000,000 bushels a month, or less, in order to supply the Allies with what they must have.*

This can only be accomplished if all who are able will eat little or no wheat in any form. "All who are able." This means nearly every one. But the fact that some *can not* or *will not* makes it all the more essential that every one who *can* should cut his use of wheat as low as possible. Many are going without wheat altogether.

5. WHY AN OPPORTUNITY—*Why should going without wheat and sending it to the Allies be considered not as a sacrifice, but as a great opportunity?*

The more wheat we go without, the more we can send. And the more we send, the fewer graves of our boys and the Allies there will be in France. What word is to be applied to those who allow their selfishness to cause the death of others?

Here are your two choices: self-forgetfulness and loyalty to your country and your Allies, or selfish indifference and what amounts to aid and comfort to Germany. Which do you choose?

And if you choose wrong, what are you going to be able to say to our boys when they come home—some of them? And what are they going to say to you?

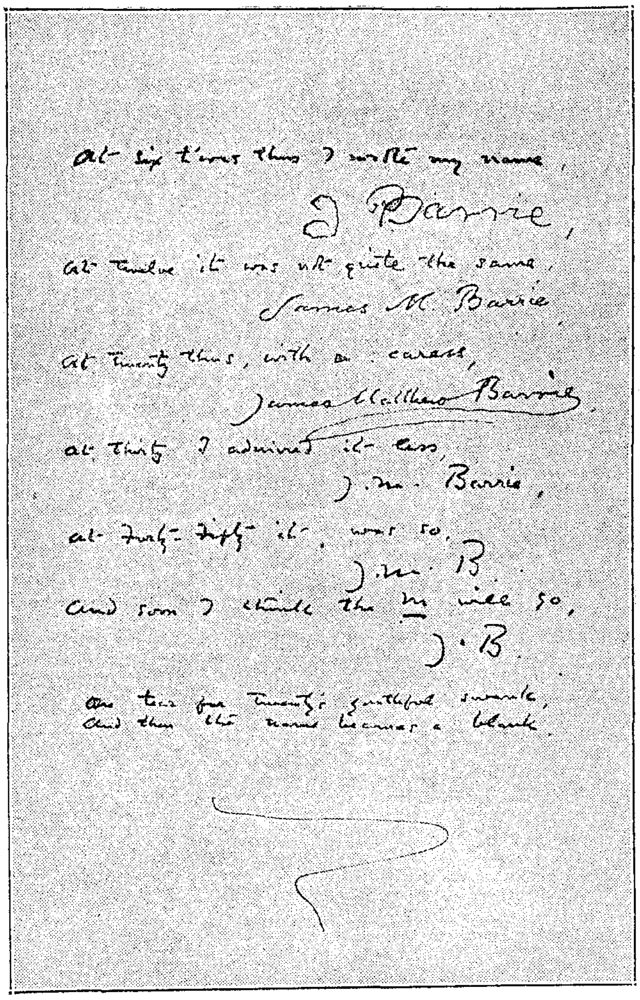
QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *Where is Argentina?*
2. *Draw a map, or diagram on scale, showing how much time is wasted in shipping wheat from there to France?*
3. *Which country raises most wheat: England, France, or Italy?*
4. *Why is it necessary for the Allies to have on hand a reserve of wheat?*
5. *Do you know anybody, either in your family or outside, who does not understand the wheat situation and the reasons why people must eat less wheat? If so, have you tried to explain the matter to them?*
6. *What steps have your family recently taken to cut down their use of wheat?*
7. *How much wheat a week is being used at your house? If you don't know, find out.*
8. *Why is failure to provide the Allies with food a help to Germany? Mention several ways.*
9. *Do you know any one who uses more wheat than he needs and still claims to be helping win the war?*

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERARY GEMS FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS

WHILE WE HAVE BEEN GIVING BOOKS to our soldiers the British have been giving books and manuscripts to their Red Cross. It has developed that some of our gifts must have been accompanied with a sigh of relief as the lumber which had cumbered garrets and cupboards had finally betaken itself on what we cajole ourselves into believing an errand of mercy. What the soldiers could do with government reports, old sermons, and musty works on theology we have not concerned ourselves greatly with asking. Happily a good supply of other readable matter has also gone on to our defenders. Perhaps some of us at a loss how to choose have welcomed Mr. Roosevelt's suggestions of Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" and Scott's "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary." It was not things easily parted with that the British Red Cross has been asking, but things of highest worth that would be a real sacrifice and would bring a high price in a sale to raise Red-Cross funds. Sir James Barrie and Mr. E. V. Lucas were placed at the head of the department of books and manuscripts, and in making his appeal for gifts the former "put a new face on the stereotyped appeal for help when he wrote to *The Times* and crystallized the occasion into a new and unexpected word." So writes Mr. J. P. Collins to the Boston *Transcript*. Sir James pointed to the past crazes for the Hundred Best and the Hundred Worst Books, but "what it now remained for the possessors of libraries to create was the Hundred Best Gaps." It is said that "the way in which collectors of rare volumes and manuscripts have 'caught on' to the idea shows that once again he has touched the universal heart and purse by taking every man in his humor." Mr. Collins writes:



BARRIE'S AUTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.

This bit of autobiography was given by Sir J. M. Barrie to the British Red Cross, and some one who bids high enough in the forthcoming sale will own a unique production from his pen.

> "It has been my pleasure and good fortune not merely to be touched into knocking what Elia would have called an 'eye-tooth' out of my little library, but to be rewarded with a pleasant conversation with both these choice spirits. Whether I chatted with Mr. Lucas in his office or with Sir James in his delightful flat, the verdict was the same. ''Fore Gad,' as Dogberry said, 'they were both of a tale.' The author of 'Over Bemerton's' pooh-poohed the suggestion that anybody wanted to know what he thought of the sale and the war and the Red Cross and the rest of it; all it wanted, to his notion, was to be interested in what there was to buy. The author of 'Auld Licht Idylls' gave me tea, but declined to talk for print, and nothing would move him. He turned over many of the choice things in the catalog to come, and gave me some engrossing talk about the givers and the way in which they had all come together; but the burden of his conversation was the same as Mr. Lucas's—'*go and study the things themselves, and tell your readers what a* chance there is for every one to pick up something rare and beautiful, and paying a little less or more than it is worth, simply for the benefit of the world's benefactors in this war.'
>
> "So I persuaded Mr. Lucas to take me through the roomfuls of books sent in, and altho he has proved himself the finest type of connoisseur and critic in his anthologies and essays, it was almost amusing to find how he deferred to everybody's opinion but his own. He was all enthusiasm for Sir James Barrie's contributions—large-paper copies of 'Thrums' and 'Quality Street,' with delicious inscriptions for the occasion. Here is the longer one, in the latter book:

At six 'twas thus I wrote my name:
  J. Barrie.
At twelve it was not quite the same:
  James M. Barrie:
At twenty, thus, with a caress:
  James Matthew Barrie.
At thirty I admired it less:
  J. M. Barrie.
At forty–fifty it was so:
  J. M. B.
And soon I think the M. will go:
  J. B.
One tear for twenty's youthful swank,
And then the name becomes a blank.

Mr. Collins tried to get Mr. Lucas to talk about his own gifts, but the effort only resulted in a "duel of reticence," but—

> "He drew my attention to a great panoramic book of Chinese drawings on silk; to Queen Alexandra's gift of a fine picture-book with a touching Red-Cross message upon the title-page; the set of her husband's Tudor Translations from Mrs. Henley; a fine set of Burton's 'Arabian Nights'; a Baskerville Milton; a 'Lodge's Portraits'; a complete set of the great 'Oxford Dictionary' as far as it has gone; a third and a fourth folio Shakespeare; a 'David Copperfield' first edition, autographed by Dickens and presented to his friend, Charles Mathews, the actor; an 'Edinburgh' Stevenson; a capital set of the 'Waverley Novels,' an elzevir Bible of 1663; a set of the rattling Surtees books; Dr. Bode's 'Rembrandt'; many fine first editions of old and modern authors, from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' down to Bernard Shaw; thirty-three first editions of George Eliot in one lot; a couple of Klemscott Chaucers (each worth eighty pounds according to present-day market prices); a set of Lewis Carroll's books, including the mathematical pamphlets; King Charles the First's Prayer-book, old and rare editions of Boccaccio and various classics; and a bewildering array of all those old folio and 'elephant' albums of Hogarth and other pictorial masterpieces which are so rarely printed now. In short, altho the Red-Cross books will not compare with the harvest in great and historic sales like those of the Huth and Dunn and Phillips collections, it is rich in desirable things possessing personal and intrinsic associations, and, above all, in this glamour of a great and generous occasion in the midst of an overwhelming war."

The collector of autographs will find here many morsels rich and rare, not only among the holograph letters, but also the presentation copies of the books of famous writers:

"In such a bewildering array it is not easy to know where to begin. But we are safe in noting first the letters, etc., from Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, and (a rare thing this) a complete one from the hand of Marie Antoinette; many by Goethe, Garibaldi, and famous international figures; holographs by Daniel O'Connell, the unhappy Major André, and George Washington (a check made out in favor of Gouverneur Morris); Byron (a poem written just before he was starting for Lisbon); Burns (a poem of three pages to Miss Fontenelle on her benefit); the manuscript of Cardinal Newman's 'Lead, Kindly Light'; Longfellow, one being a verse of 'Excelsior,' and another a letter on Tom Hood's death, describing a visit he had paid him in life, along with Dickens; Lowell letters dealing with Keats, Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning and foretelling the fame of Rudyard Kipling; Charlotte Brontë; Queen Victoria discussing the national feeling about her jubilee, and a letter from that fine spirit, Grace Darling, and all the more to be sought because she died young and had in her lonely and heroic life scant occasion for correspondence.

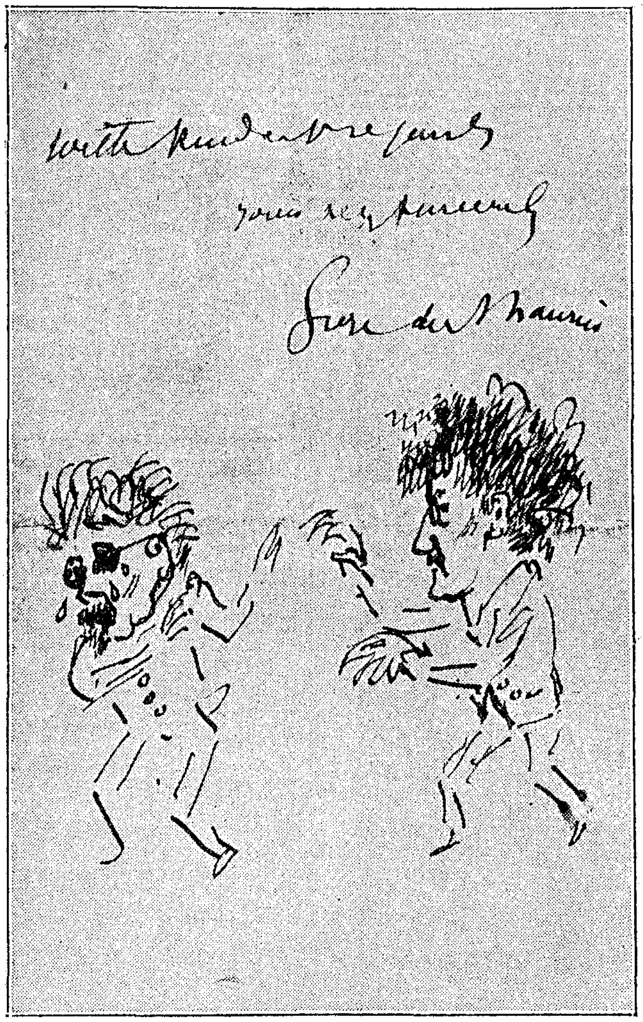
"Here we have (sent by the Premier himself) the manuscript notes of his well-known war-speech to the labor representatives when he said: 'We must go on or go under.' Not far away is the original of Sir Douglas Haig's wired reply to the cabinet's message of congratulation after his victories in the October of 1917.

"One of the treasures is a finely bound copy of Mr. Kipling's earliest little book of poems, 'Echoes,' published at Lahore, and here prefaced by a three-verse poem of inscription 'to Eveyln from R. K.' There are du Maurier letters and a notebook with *Punch* sketches and materials, and a drawing of the author and Whistler coming to blows over the passage in the first edition of 'Trilby' which had to be suppresst. . . . . . .

"The Thackeray letters alone in the sale would make it historic. They are in perfect preservation, all of them, and rich in personal association, voiced with that intimate frankness which was a sterling element in his character and a source of perpetual fascination among his many friends. Here is one of several, which relates a ludicrous and 'awful adventure' in an American hotel, concluding with an amusing comparison to the parallel 'scandal' in the life of *Mr. Pickwick*. It was written to Dickens's biographer, from the Clarendon Hotel, New York, on October 31, 1855, and begins 'My dear old Forster.' It runs:

"'I am likely to do very well with the "(Four) Georges"—fire off to-morrow—every seat in the house taken—fire away four times in the course of the month, putting in an awful sum of money for those girls you're so good to. The welcome and friendliness of the people here touches me and gives me a choky sort of feeling of gratitude. They have more tenderness than we have on our side. . . . . . .

"'I have had one awful adventure and escape—last night at midnight, sir, I got my key at the bar, came into my sitting-room and undrest, and was going to bed when—don't turn the page over abruptly, but think what could have happened—when a sweet voice from within cried out "Georgy!" . . . I'd got into the second-floor room by mistake—like *Dr. Pickwick*—I made a dash at my boots and other garments and fled. It's a mercy I'm here.'"



WHISTLER SHOWING CLAWS TO DU MAURIER.

This memento of the author of "Trilby," to be sold for the benefit of the British Red Cross, recalls the famous quarrel between him and Whistler, who threatened suit if a drawing representing him as *Jo Sibley* was not suppresst from the famous romance.

BANISHED GERMAN BOOKS

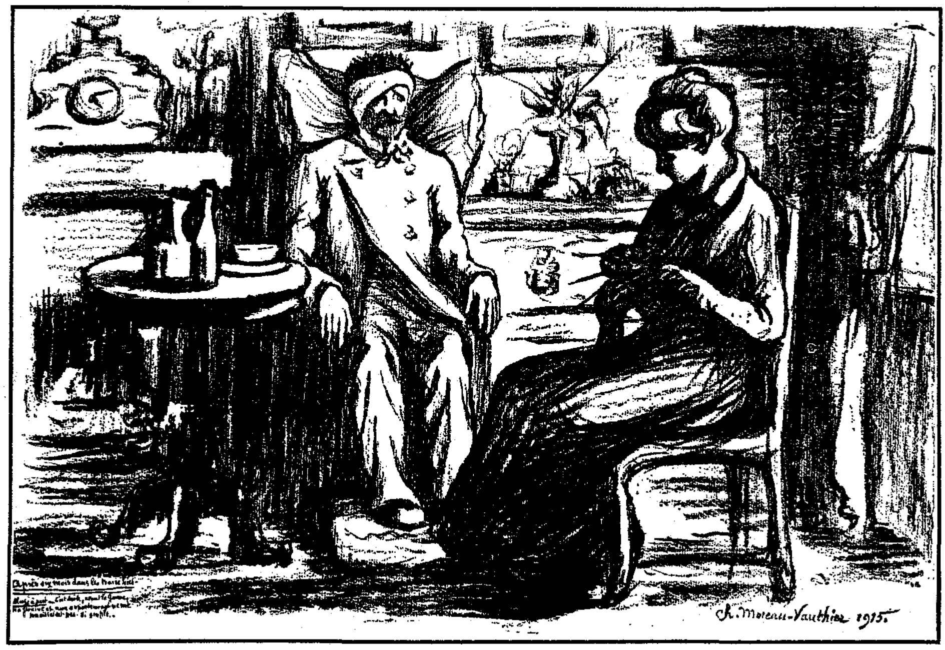
THE PHRASE MOST FREQUENTLY REPEATED in our recent survey of German as it is taught in the schools of America was, "We are not making war upon a language." Some of these speakers will doubtless come to see in time that the language has been making war upon us, tho its weapons have been subtler than powder and shot. Declaration of hostilities long preceded the first days of April, 1917, and we have only just recognized in the twenty-one German books lately excluded from the schools of New York and the notorious "Im Vaterland" some of the guns that have been trained upon us. The fosterers of this warfare have not even tried to conceal the objective at which they aimed. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* quotes from a book called "Krieg," published by Klaus Wagner, in 1906, in which the writer declares: "Not only North America, but the whole of America, must become a bulwark of Germanic *Kultur*, perhaps the strongest fortress of the Germanic races. That is every one's hope who has freed himself from his own local European pride and who places the race feeling above his love for home. Also South America must and can easily become a habitation for German or Germanized races." *The Inquirer* also reprints a paragraph from an article written by Hubbe Schlieden, in the Pan-German-Central organ as far back as 1903. It runs:

"It is, therefore, the duty of every one who loves languages to see that the future language spoken in America shall be German. It is of the highest importance to keep up the German language in America, to establish German universities, improve the schools, introduce German newspapers, and to see that at American universities German professors are more capable than their English-speaking colleagues, and make their influence felt unmistakably on thought, science, art, and literature. If Germans bear this in mind, and help accordingly, the goal will eventually be reached. At the present moment the center of German intellectual activity is in Germany; in the remote future it will be in America. The Germans there are pioneers of a greater German culture, which we may regard as ours in the future. Germans only need to grasp the situation, and the future is theirs. Let them show that they mean to maintain *Deutschtum*, and then emigration may be directed toward America with impunity."

The twelve German-language text-books excluded from the New York schools by Gustav Straubenmüller, acting City Superintendent of Schools, are named by the New York *Tribune*, with some mention of the features that have rendered them objectionable:

"'Writing and Speaking German,' written by Prof. Paul Pope, of Cornell University, published by the Henry Holt Company, was one of the books barred from the high schools in the order issued. This book was attacked by Ambassador Gerard in a speech delivered last December. Among the statements that he found offensive was 'Germany combines the advantage of all the political and religious systems of her neighbors.'

"This book proclaims the imperial doctrine of German supremacy in all things, seeks to inculcate belief in the necessity for German expansion, and praises all things German at the expense of the United States. This book was on the list exposed by the New York *Tribune*. Most of the twelve vanished volumes contained pictures of the Kaiser with upstanding mustaches and his shriveled arm carefully camouflaged as usual. But the most offensive parts of their contents were subtle references to German invincibility and the Fatherland's glory. The other books eliminated were:


A. Moreau-Vauthier 1915.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE WAR.

After six months in the trenches a wounded soldier at home reflects: "This is droll. Before the war neither my wife nor my home seemed to me so attractive."—*Drawn by Moreau-Vauthier.*

Yet French artists, says the writer of the article on the opposite page, "are always serious."

"'Vom Grossen König und Anderen' ('About the Great King and Other Things'), written by Betz and published by the American Book Company.

"'Vom Erster Bis zum Letzten Schuss' ('From the First to the Last Shot'), by Wachenhausen, and published by the Macmillan Company. This book deals with events of the Franco-Prussian War, putting France in an unfair light.

"'Wilhelm der Siegreiche' ('William the Victorious'), by Karl Zastro, published by the Macmillan Company. This book says of Kaiser Wilhelm: 'He lived and fought for his Germany, which he loved more than anything else, up to his last breath. An unequaled soldier and general, he won victories without parallel in the history of all peoples.'

"'Peter Moors's Fahrt nach Sud West' ('Peter Moors's Journey to the Southwest'), written by Gustav Frenssen. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

"'Deutsches Liederbuch' ('German Song-book'), by Hohlfeld; published by D. C. Heath & Co. This included 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and the 'Vaterlandslied,' the closing words of which are: 'We all of us to-day will redden the sword with blood—with the blood of hangmen and Frenchmen! Sweet day of vengeance!'

"'Ein Sommer in Deutschland' ('A Summer in Germany'), by Manley; published by Scott, Forsman & Co.

"'Deutsche Lieder' ('German Songs'), by Scherer and Dirks; published by the American Book Company.

"'First German Reader,' by Walter Krause; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"'German Songs,' by Walter Krause; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"'German Compositions,' by Prof. Paul Pope; published by Henry Holt & Co.

"'Selections for German Compositions,' by Harris; published by Heath & Co."

"Im Vaterland," the book which has received the most reprobation, and, as our recent survey showed, has been practically shelved in a nation-wide disgust, is, according to the Burlington *Hawkeye*, a book in which the *personnel* of the German royal family, together with the late Prince Bismarck, is fully represented so that American children may become familiar with their features and doubtless be enabled to identify the marks of "nobility" which the text so plentifully ascribes to them. The book also does not omit to employ one of the propagandist assertions that has served Germany since the outbreak of the war that the Empire was "surrounded by enemies." An excerpt reproduced by *The Hawkeye* shows a rather childlike admiration and futile servility for all things in the Fatherland that in any but war-times might pass as feebly *innocuous:*

Each state, be it large or small, has its own government, but at the head of all of these states stands the German Kaiser.

Have you seen the Kaiser, Uncle Charles?

Sure, Harry, here in Berlin one can see him very often.

When did you see him last?

On New Year's day as he went to church with his six sons.

Has the Kaiser six sons?

Yes, and also a daughter.

What are the names of each?

The eldest, the Crown Prince, is named Frederick William; the second, Edward Frederick, and the third, Albert. But all these names you will not remember.

Are they all loved?

The Crown Prince is well loved, especially since his marriage and especially since the birth of his nice little son.

Oh, then the Kaiser is also a grandpa. I had always pictured him to myself as being a young man.

He was born in the year 1859, but he looks very much younger than he really is.

How long has he been on the throne?

In the year 1888 he succeeded his father, Kaiser Frederick, as German Kaiser. This great hero, whom all the people called "our Fred," lived only ninety-nine days after he had ascended the throne.

Oh, how sad.

Yes, it was, because he was much loved because of his heroic deeds in the war; because of his science and knowledge he was called the "wise Kaiser."

Of what did the "wise Kaiser" die?

He had a disease of the throat and suffered from it for a long time. But he was a real hero; his motto was, "learn to suffer without complaining." He is our German ideal.

I would like very much to learn more of such a great hero.

His father, the aged Kaiser William the First, was also a great hero. He was an all-around good man, simple, sensible, and sympathetic, as his mother, Queen Louise, always exprest it. And this he remained during his long life.

Was he so old?

Ninety years, and yet he was always so hale and hearty. His motto was, "I have no time to become tired," and because of his old age they called him "the gray-haired Kaiser."

The Frederick was "the wise Kaiser," and William "the white-haired Kaiser," and the present Kaiser one calls the "traveling Emperor," because he does so much traveling.

And has the traveling Emperor also a motto as the others had?

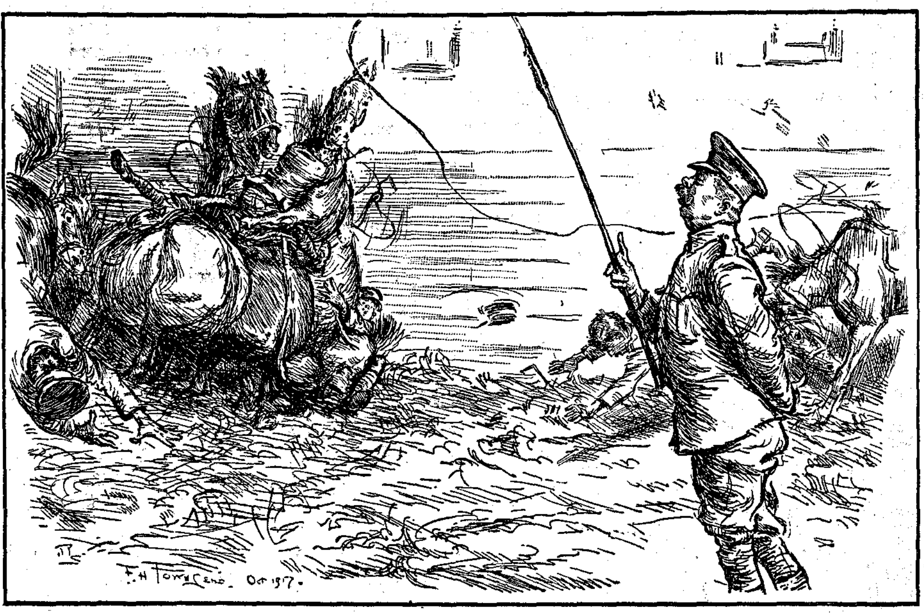
His motto is contained in the words he uttered as he ascended the throne. "As Frederick the Great, he wished to be the first server of the state."

Uncle Charles, one talks so often about the German Empire; what do you understand it to mean?

It is very hard to explain. If you want to know more about it you must be very attentive and orderly. Germany is an Empire. Do you understand that?

OPENING OUR EYES TO FRANCE

THOSE WHO KNOW FRANCE find "nothing more astonishing than the astonishment of those who see in the France of to-day a new and unexpected revelation." This is said by Mr. Havelock Ellis, who might also add that we are further indebted to the French for not rebuking us for our stupidity while we plume ourselves on at last seeing through to the soul of her. Mr. Ellis, speaking in *The New Statesman* (London), more particularly of his own countrymen, observes that "there is certainly no country where we have had more opportunities to show our ability to travel in vain, for there is no country in which we have been more 'traveled.'" Yet the English have gone there carrying their own familiar stock of phrases—"the scornful insular way of calling the French light . . . and they have found what they brought and been pleased or horrified accordingly." Mr. Ellis's distinction between the English and the French shows that one Englishman, at least, penetrates to the heart of the matter, and he does not spare his own countrymen in his analysis of the contrasts of the mental processes of the two peoples. To do this he takes up the two comic papers, *Punch* (London) and *Le Rire* (Paris), which for the past thirty years have shown that "English melancholy is not necessarily serious and French seriousness not necessarily melancholy":



A BRITISH WAR-VIEW.

WIN-THE-WAR SERGEANT—"Remember the golden rule, gentlemen: Keep a leg each side of the horse and you can't come off." —F. H. Townsend in *Punch* (London).

> "It is the method of *Punch* always to avoid vital spots, to go round, searching for humor and whimsicalities, provided they are safely to be found in the sphere of triviality; when *Punch* desires to be serious it is merely solemn and dull. These characteristics are exprest in the qualities of English design, in the niggling methods, the profusion of petty and meaningless touches, the failure to reach bold and beautiful and significant line. One seems to see, indeed, as one looks at a typical English drawing in *Punch*, that prudery is really a technical quality, or rather the absence of a technical quality. *Punch* represents the search for amusement of those whose main anxiety it is to avoid penetrating to the real facts of life, the recreations of a melancholy man who refuses to be serious.
>
> "But the French artists are always serious. So far from wishing to avoid vital spots, it is at such points that they directly aim. All their skill is here; all their comic effect lies precisely in the surprize of audacity with which they succeed in penetrating to some intimate fact of life. Nor is this only in the sphere of sex, as our English minds, brooding secretly on that subject, are prone to think. It is so with all the vital facts, even with death; and the French artist can play daringly with disease and mutilation and death in a way impossible to the English artist."

This seriousness—this precision and courage in finding the sensitive spots of life and penetrating deep—points out Mr. Ellis, is reflected in the French artist's mastery of line, which, in its precision and daring, is the exact technical embodiment of the French moral spirit. Going on:

> "It is noteworthy that the power of line is lacking in English artists save the greatest, and by no means always there, perhaps never found at all in our comic artists, except in Rowlandson. To the French, however, power of line is so native, it is so genuine a transformation of the essential French genius, that we come on the significant fact that the evolution of the bayonet—which is the form it naturally takes in warfare—is more closely associated with France, as even the name indicates, than with any other country, and a more favorite weapon of the French than of any other people. That same quality—to return once more to art—is in the French pen, and it has been peculiarly conspicuous in the French literature of the war. France, it has often been remarked, has produced no war-poetry of any value worthy to compare with the minor, but brilliant and abundant, crop of English verse. English prose literature of the war, on the other hand, it is generally recognized, has been clumsy and helpless at the best, merely good as journalism. There is, indeed, at least one recent book which comes to mind as, at all events, a partial exception, Brett Young's 'Marching on Tanga,' which owes its beautiful combination of qualities to the fact that it is written by an artist who has had a doctor's training in facing precisely and courageously the actual facts of life and death.
>
> "But to the French artist that condition for fine literature comes by no accident of professional training, but, as it were, instinctively and by nature; rather, let us say, by the whole discipline of French life, in whatever field life may be lived. We see it in exquisite beauty in Charles Tardieu's 'Sous la Pluie de Fer,' which combines a breath of Lafargue's delicate fragrance with the incisive daring to face and to describe the unforgetable 'descent into Hell.' But that union of qualities is the mark of the French spirit everywhere, in life as in art, the outcome of French seriousness manifested in the all-embracing tradition of discipline. . . . . . .
>
> "Ten years before the present war a distinguished English surgeon, with a great experience of French hospital patients, remarked that he had never known a French patient, man, woman, or child, to fail in courage. This discipline insures the maximum of high sustained effort, the full flight of heroic daring, in a people of peculiarly sensitive, nervous, and vehement temperament—unchanged in this respect since the Romans first observed them—specially amenable to discipline and specially in need of it. At the same time, a nation made up of more widely varied racial units than any other has by this discipline into a great tradition been to an unusual degree raised above the self-regarding aims, and enabled to cultivate, in a higher and more conscious degree than any other, a concretely realized ideal of humanity.
>
> "'They are perhaps of all nations the most humane,' said Muralt, tho personally he found them less congenial than the English, and it is the humanity of the French which arouses alike their own pride in their nation and conferred on it a magic power to enthral the world. Its potency lies in the fact that while it is an ideal it is also a concrete sense of reality. It realizes not only the immutable sacredness of the great things of life, but the infinite importance of the little things which make life worth living. 'After my own dear country I know no country I would prefer to France,' exclaimed Karamzin, and in every land how many have made the same declaration!"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA CORRUPTING OUR MEN IN UNIFORM

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PHILADELPHIA'S ACCUSER.

The guardian of camp morals, Raymond B. Fosdick, whose report may make Philadelphia dry.

PHILADELPHIA SEEMS TO BE DOGGED by an unenviable notoriety, chiefly through its police department. The recent stigma of conniving at murder is not removed before the charge of dragging the men in the nation's service into drunkenness and vice brings the lash of Secretary Daniels threateningly over the city's head. The City of Brotherly Love is considered too corrupt for our soldiers and sailors to frequent, and an ultimatum was served on her police authorities threatening to establish Federal "dry-zones" so effectively that Philadelphia will become as dry as Newport. Excuses were made that the charge brought by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick was based on unsubstantial evidence. The addresses of some of the houses charged with being disorderly were found to be innocent of such offense. The main contention that the streets were the open avenues of solicitation could not be gainsaid, and Mr. Fosdick, while admitting the possibility of some minor errors, stands by his charges and even adds a later one that Philadelphia has grown steadily worse. In his report to Secretary Daniels, Mr. Fosdick said that sailors and marines in Philadelphia are constantly subjected to the temptations of the social evil and illegal liquor traffic. He said that in the last six months many futile attempts had been made to get action through the local authorities. He gave a list of thirty-seven disorderly houses, twenty-five rooming-houses used by women of evil repute, and six that were headquarters for cadets. He noted that the list was by no means complete, but represented only a small fraction of such places scattered over the city. Every one of them enjoyed "protection." *The Inquirer* of that city quotes a spokesman of the Commission on Training-Camp Activities to the effect that "the first report, in which Philadelphia was characterized as 'the worst vice-center in the country' did not half cover the vice situation here." The mayor of the city is represented by the press as standing ready to initiate prosecutions as soon as the evidence is presented, but seems to insinuate that what has come forward is either insufficient or defective. *The Inquirer* makes a clean confession for the city when it says:

> "In spite of the fact that Secretary Daniels has persistently demanded protection for the men at League Island—thousands of jackies and marines—and that the same protection is desirable for the army boys who come to town; in spite of the fact that protection has been given them elsewhere, Philadelphia has multiplied its dens of iniquity, its streets are crowded with women of the underworld, and liquor is freely supplied behind the red lights and by the 'bootleg' process on the highways.

THE DEFIANT MAYOR.

Charged with protecting Philadelphia's honor, Mayor Smith asks for evidence of violation of law and promises prosecutions.

> "Philadelphia is wide open. Gambling is prevalent. Viciousness is running wild. Thieves and highwaymen stalk abroad. Men and women of the classes who prey upon the public go about their business unmolested. Robberies are so frequent that they no longer provoke comment. District Attorney Rotan spoke the truth when he declared that the police were demoralized. But they have been going from bad to worse. And to-day Mr. Fosdick declares as the result of his inquiry that they are 'corrupt.'
>
> "Of course there is corruption. Gambling dens and resorts of the lowest character can not thrive in any city without the connivance of the police. And Philadelphia has arrived at the stage where protection is afforded, not to the public, not to the troopers, the marines, and the jackies, but to the owners and managers of the vice resorts.
>
> "The condition is the logical outcome of the damnable system of political control that has fastened itself upon the city. Degraded ward leadership looks to the dens for support. This den-supported ward leadership goes to make up the political system that flourishes under the title of contractor-bossism. The system seeks to own mayors, directors of public safety, police superintendents, and detectives. It deals with the denizens of evil. It cares for nothing but votes. Its lawless police officials may pad their pocketbooks by extracting greenbacks from criminals. That is only a feature. The system looks higher. It demands the support for its candidates at the polls of the underworld—and gets it."

The Inquirer is doubtful if many of the dens will be closed because of the report of the commission. It looks forward for "a dramatic performance for temporary effect," and expresses a conviction that the city will have to endure while the present city government controls things. It does make one appeal to patriotism:

> "Experience tells us that Philadelphians will have to put up with robberies, highwaymanship, and protected vice in general until, at the next municipal election, they take matters into their own hands and destroy contractor-bossism and all that it implies and reorganize the police.
>
> "We do not expect the powers to accomplish anything substantial in the way of real house-cleaning. They are not destroying such efficient political allies. But they might at least have a little regard for the nation's sons called into service in the greatest war ever fought between the forces of evil and of

righteousness. It would be a simple matter for the Political Stranglers to pass the word to every gambling resort, to every speak-easy, to every depraved profiteer of a vicious resort, and to every street-walker that hands must be kept off the man in the uniform. They might do that much for their country, anyway."

The Fosdick report seems to be amply substantiated in all essentials by a statement issued by the War-Time Commission of the Inter-Church Federation of Philadelphia. The secretary of the commission is quoted by *The Inquirer* as saying that if the mayor "does not know that vice exists here as charged by Mr. Fosdick, then Mayor Smith shows his utter unfitness for the office he now holds—he is either grossly ignorant or palpably false." He adds that "Secretary Daniels was not bluffing when he threatened to have the Federal Government take the situation into its own hands." The Church Federation has been awake to the evils, as its statement shows:

"For the last six months the War-Time Commission of the Inter-Church Federation of Philadelphia has been studying the problem of vice and liquor-dealing in relation to the soldiers and sailors in our midst. Various courts having jurisdiction in these matters have been visited weekly and the manner of disposing of offenders has been noted. The result of private investigations of the vicious conditions is in our hands.

"We are convinced, after a study of the situation, that there has been laxity on the part of some judges and magistrates in the administration of the law, that a number of policemen have profited by and protected vice, that policemen are hindered in the performance of their duty by interested politicians. Every disorderly resort in the city is known to the police of the district in which they are set to conserve law and order. Their information has been reported in most cases to those higher in authority.

"Little has been done because of partizan political advantage accruing from voting lists furnished by the interested proprietors of evil resorts. It is needless to say we know no faction in our condemnation of existing conditions. We believe the Fosdick Commission, which made the recent investigation, is disinterested, capable, and trustworthy.

"The attempt to discredit its findings by wholesale denial or the correction of certain addresses of the shifting habitués and panders is no answer to the true and main findings. That is the method of the pettifogging attorney for the defense. We have appealed to the administration for the correction of the situation. We were promised immediate and drastic action, but the bad plight remains.

"There is failure somewhere in the moral tone and executive power of those who should inspire and direct the movement for the protection of our enlisted men. Our findings are to be placed in the hands of those who will whole-heartedly carry out a settled, systematic plan of law enforcement. Naturally, we still hope that our civic authorities will perform this task. The Federal authorities can not do this city-wide work of rectification alone. The whole citizenship needs to be aroused. Fear and neglect have paralyzed many who should report the existence of these demoralizing houses and practises to the Director of Public Safety and District Attorney."

The guns of other cities are turned upon Philadelphia, one of the loudest of these being sounded in *The Post* of her sister city of Pittsburg:

"Only a few months ago this same police force disgraced not only Philadelphia, but America and the cause of democracy, by conniving with imported thugs in beating up citizens near Independence Square when they went to the polls to exercise their right of franchise. It is to be questioned if there ever was a more disgraceful incident in the history of the country. The first capital of the nation and the home of the Liberty Bell the scene of murderous obstruction of democracy at a time when American soldiers were crossing the sea to defend and spread the principles of popular government! That practically nothing was done to the faithless officers, nearly all of them being allowed to continue in service as if nothing had happened, makes the conditions reported by the Federal authorities the logical expectation.

"Philadelphia is without an excuse in this matter. The only way its police department can show that it has the least sense of decency or patriotism left is by suppressing the vicious element without delay and keeping it suppressed.

"It is time the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia turned in with relentless fury against the vicious and shameless political system responsible for the disgracing of their city, the State, and the nation."

IS IT WRONG TO HATE THE GERMAN?

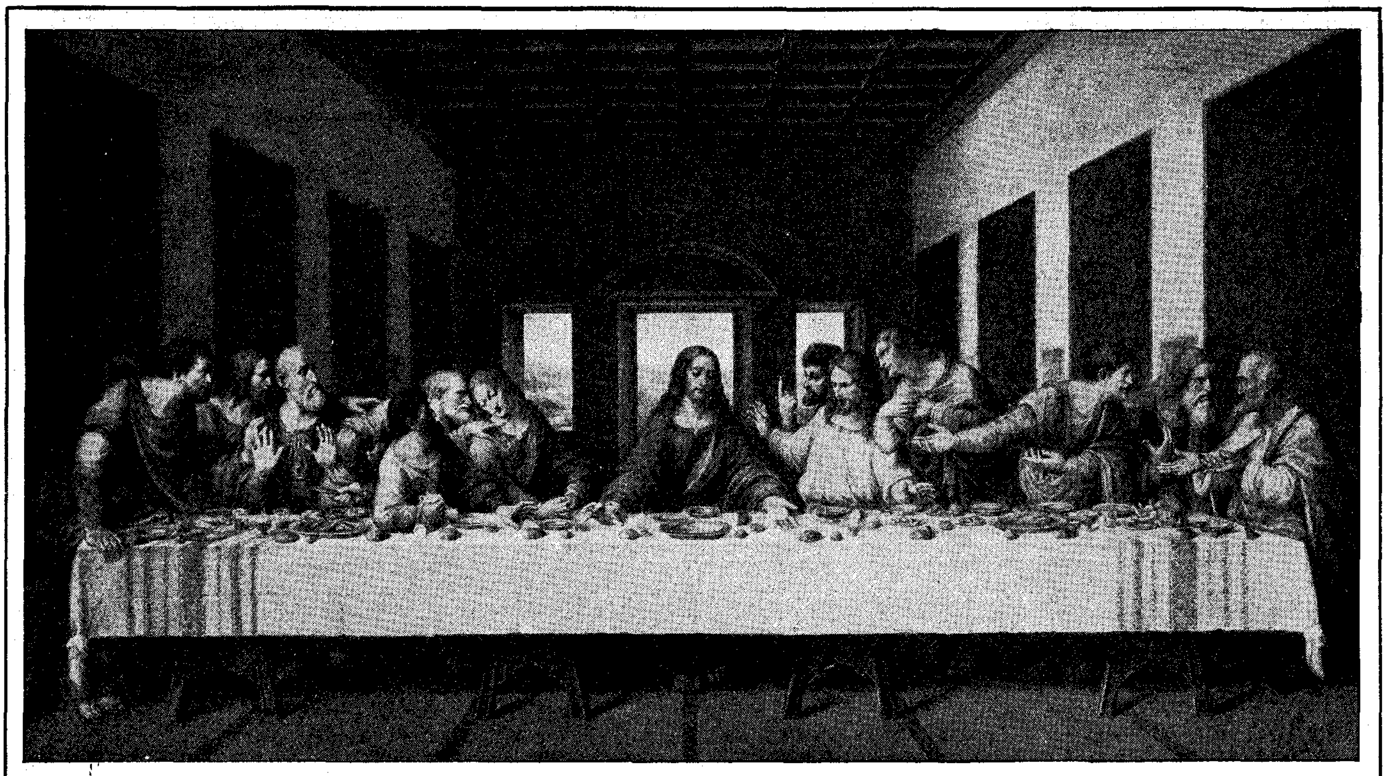
RECONCILIATION may still be a word for some to conjure with in spite of the Western drive and President Wilson's speech in Baltimore. The reconcilers, who are more familiarly known as pacifists, are not so vocal as they have been; but since they have established organs for propaganda it is safe to say they have not wholly abandoned their guns. They will find some aids to reflection in a controversy Mr. G. K. Chesterton is carrying on with Mr. Massingham, the editor of the London *Nation*. Mr. Massingham has been charging the former with being "a victim and exponent of a very horrible thing called Hate," and thereby showing himself a "back-number." Mr. Chesterton admits the Hate, and declares it is only something he shared in common with the editor of *The Nation* and other Englishmen "when the Prussian onslaught on civilization was fresh." In *The Illustrated London News* he writes:

"If this was Hate, every man of us hated; if Hate is wrong, every living soul among us was wrong. I am only too well aware that Mr. Massingham and many other men have in this respect changed. But before I am myself bowed to the earth with shame for having remained of the same opinion for some months on end, I should like to inquire why they have changed. That is the only serious moral question, and it is a very terrible question. For there are only two real reasons possible—either it is because what we hated has grown less hateful, or it is because we have grown less able to hate what is hateful. Is it the former, and does anybody reasonably maintain that it is? Is it because of some great spiritual transformation we have been privileged to watch, and purified by contemplating? Is it because of the tenderness and courtesy with which the Germans are now treating small nations? Is it because of the high and historic loyalty with which they are now observing the old conventions of Christendom? Is it merely that they are now bombing the marbles of Venice with more delicate and artistic discrimination than they showed in shelling the stones of Reims? Is it only that they sank their last hospital-ship more gently than their first merchant vessel or liner? Have they treated Russia in the end any better than they treated Servia in the beginning, and was not their last proceeding at Lille of a piece with their first proceeding at Liége? Is it that the Germans have grown magnanimous and idealistic, or even perceptibly more magnanimous and idealistic? Or is it that we have grown dull, that we have grown cynical, that we care less about a crime when it has become a habit, that we care less about a murder when it is big enough to be a massacre? Is it that we have grown more gross in our sense of honor, more careless in our response to compassion, more base in our conception of the soldier, more cold about the rights of the citizen—in a word, that we have grown more German? Anyhow, that is the real riddle of the change—have our enemies grown better, or have we grown worse?"

Mr. Chesterton goes on to define the purpose of the "higher hatred" as something designed to "insure a violent reaction as a result of what is wrong that shall drastically distinguish it from the results of what is right." That is:

"What we want, and what we are quite right to want, is something that shall convince the enemy of right that he has, to put it at the mildest, made a horrible mistake. Anybody who likes may call it revenge; but the right name of it is expiation. To sum up all that need be said here in analysis of the abstract matter, I need only use the words which the distinguished critic of *The Nation* himself employs. He says that I do not want the typical Prussian to 'become liberal, moderate, and sensible,' but that I only want him to be 'down in the dust.'

"Now the answer is, simply and shortly, this—that if the typical Prussian did become liberal, moderate, and sensible, he would be down in the dust. He would feel he was there if he really appreciated what he had done. But that is not what the friends of reconciliation mean. They mean that the Prussian



IS THIS A REALLY "RELIGIOUS" PICTURE?

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," when submitted to the unsophisticated scrutiny of children, did not seem to carry much of its intended message, which only proves, says a writer, that "the right interpretation of a picture is a matter of education, of knowing the circumstances of its production, and the trend of ideas at the time when it was painted."

shall become liberal, moderate, and sensible, without it even beginning to dawn upon him that he has been illiberal, immoderate, and insane. He is now to make peace, and feel only a shade more innocent than when he made war. He is to maintain that he was virtuous when he sank hospital-ships; but is now so superlatively and superfluously virtuous as to leave off sinking them. He is to repeat that it was good to tear up scraps of paper; and merely add that it is better, and yet more worthy of his beautiful character, to be ready to sign new ones. He is to insist that justice made him butcher poor fishermen; but that mercy now makes him spare them. It means, that is to say, that he is to wear the white flower of a blameless life on the top of his tiara of bloody laurels; that he is to add a spire of self-righteousness to his tower of unrighteousness; that he is to complete his military and imperial and territorial pride with that spiritual pride which is the last insult to God."

WHEN LEONARDO'S MESSAGE FAILED

IN EXPERIMENTAL MOOD, armed with some large photographs of Leonardo's "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," Prof. Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Michigan, descended upon the public schools of a large city to find out, if he could, what impression young folk get from famous paintings. He showed the pictures to one class after another, asking about the former picture such questions as, "What are these men doing?" "What are they saying?" "Why don't they eat supper?" and about Mona Lisa, "Who is this lady?" "What do you suppose she is thinking about?" In order to get an unsophisticated judgment on the "Last Supper," he had to go to the very youngest pupils, as all the older children had seen copies of it. He says: "I had expected that this would be the case, and I was confirmed in an opinion I had ventured some days before, to the effect that this work of Leonardo's has left a more lasting impress upon the untutored mind of America than any other specimen of Italian art." The amusing reactions of the children are given in *The Inlander* (Ann Arbor):

"In answer to the question what the people in the picture were doing, one little girl said that it was a party, an opinion to which all the rest gave their assent. Why, then, it was asked, were they not eating their supper? To this one wise child replied that they were 'not hungry,' and another that they were 'all through.' A third suggested that it was because they had stopt to laugh at something. One eager mite of a girl waved a quivering small hand, and when she was given permission to speak, said solemnly, 'They have long hair'—which I thought about up to the average of contemporary art-criticism. The brightest remark came from one of the boys, who said that they were all 'thinking about heaven'; but that idea, I suspect, was not original.

"Then they were asked about particular apostles. Judas was pointed out and attention called to his expression. Most thought he was a bad man. One said that he looked cross, another that his hair was all mussed up. The last remark was interesting, because it was once the custom of painters to distinguish Judas from the rest by giving him short, wiry hair. Thomas, with his raised forefinger, was saying, 'Come here.' Simon's elevated palms meant, 'This is all I have,' and Matthew's retracted arms, 'Don't go near him.' Peter, starting up knife in hand, was exclaiming, 'Get away!' Most naive of all was an interpretation of St. Andrew. The apostle, who in his astonishment holds up both hands with the palms outward, was supposed to be saying, 'I have ten fingers.' Finally, the question was put, 'Who is the central figure?' There was no hesitation or doubt in the minds of those who raised their hands, and, while the rest solemnly nodded their heads in approval, one tiny child lisped in awe-struck accents, 'George Washington.'

"The older children, altho they recognized the picture and knew its significance in a general way, could not agree on the meaning of the attitudes and gestures. The animated movements of the hands, so characteristic of Italians and southern peoples generally, mystified or misled them. One boy in the fourth grade was very sure that the apostles were using the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. The fact that all were pointing or looking toward the Savior was noticed, but no one could explain it. Peter was fierce-looking and wanted to kill somebody. Several said that he looked as if he was determined to do something. John was thought by some to be fainting. One pupil made the sympathetic remark that John was turning away to hide his tears. Simon's outstretched palms meant, 'I am willing to do it,' and Andrew's uplifted hands, 'Don't talk to me; I don't want to hear you.' One boy mistook Thomas for Peter; said he always had a notion Peter's hair was black, tho he could not say where the idea came from. Others thought that Thomas, with his upraised finger, was about to scold somebody.

"Attempts to identify Judas were singularly unsuccessful.

Thomas, Matthew, Andrew, Bartholomew, even John, were selected by one and another as the bad and guilty personage.

"Mona Lisa was set down as a country girl, partly because her hair 'wasn't fussed up' and partly because of the rural landscape in the background. Her smile, which has baffled so many generations of critics, was by these untrammeled young minds easily accounted for. 'She looks pleasant,' said one of the children, 'because she has been doing good to somebody.' Another thought she was waiting for some one to come. A third excited my curiosity by saying that the sunshine was in her eyes. He meant, however, nothing more poetical than that she had half-closed her eyes because the light hurt them."

It would be hazardous to generalize, Professor Scott continues, until many inquiries of this sort have been made, but he does consider that one fact of a negative kind seems to be pretty clearly indicated—that great paintings are not necessarily self-interpreting. He says:

"The right interpretation of a picture is a matter of education, of knowing the circumstances of its production and the trend of ideas in the time when it was painted. I know that some persons think otherwise. Mr. Timothy Cole, for example, once poked fun at a conversation that he overheard while he was engraving Giorgione's 'Concert.' One observer thought that the picture represented the Three Ages of Man; another that it was a picture of Luther, Calvin, and Melanchthon; a third that one of the performers had broken the string of his violin and was trying to borrow another of the man playing the organ; and so on. This sounds ridiculous, but the laugh is really on the other side. It is the critics, setting up art as a kind of fetish to be blindly worshiped, who should be made the subject of ridicule. The poor visitors who have been hounded into the galleries by fear that they will fail in their obligation to do the proper thing, and who probably have no more idea what they are there for or what the pictures are there for than they have why the Pythagoreans objected to beans—these persons are to be pitied rather than laughed at. They are like savages—if I may be pardoned for saying so—who have been turned loose in a telegraph office. What more natural than they should interpret the click of the instruments as voices of mysterious spirits, or the switchboard as a monster with a thousand claws, or the office boy watering the floor with a tin can as an acolyte performing some mysterious religious ceremony? For one of them by any possibility to hit upon the truth would be nothing short of a miracle, and in art (whatever may be the case in nature) miracles do not happen."

WHERE BOYS ARE WELL BEHAVED—New York boys are better behaved than their near neighbors in Jersey City or Newark. Why this should be so is not apparent, but the city boy here has not only bettered his neighbor, but bettered his own record before the war. A report published in the New York *Sun* by Mr. C. J. Atkinson, executive secretary of the Boys' Club Federation, shows all of this, and the statements are backed up by Judge Franklin C. Hoyt, presiding justice of the Children's Court. "There has actually been a considerable decrease in delinquency" in New York City. In all the warring countries of Europe the problem of juvenile delinquency has become acute, and natural, almost inevitable, causes have been assigned in explanation. Happily America is spared some of the conditions directly contributing to these causes, tho a curious variation in results is noticeable in different parts of the country:

"Boys are worse in Baltimore, Chicago, Hartford, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Jersey City, Lowell, Mass., Newark, Portland, Me., and Spokane. They have bettered their behavior in New York, Denver, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Nashville, Seattle, St. Louis, Topeka, and Worcester. They are about the same in Atlanta, Cincinnati, Dallas, Dayton, Duluth, Kansas City, Memphis, Pittsburg, and Springfield, Mass.

"In Europe, especially within the Central Powers, the increase of juvenile delinquency is reported as appalling. In Vienna the number of crimes committed by boys and girls under 18 in 1915–1916 was 340 per cent. greater than in 1914–1915. In Allied nations the increase in delinquency seems to be anywhere from 35 to 65 per cent. Mr. Atkinson gives the following reasons for this increase:

"'Whatever may be the situation across the water, the fact is that there has been no general increase in the United States. A study of the increase in European countries has resulted in assigning certain very definite causes, the chief of which are: (1) Absence of fathers of large families at the front; (2) increased burdens placed upon the mother in supporting the family; (3) complete darkening of streets necessitated by the airplane raids; (4) curtailing or stopping entirely of boy-betterment activities because of false economy or lack of workers.

"'It is reassuring to note that the first three causes do not obtain here, and that while the fourth condition is already apparent, steps are not only being taken to check it, but to increase greatly the activities for boy betterment.'"

WAR - SERMONS

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY WAR-SERMONS; too many, according to some. Yet to discourage them may smack of a lack of patriotism. A distinction is drawn by a writer in *The Christian Intelligencer* (New York), who warns ministers against palming off a rehash of the day's news, and mixing it with imprecation. What the war really does for the minister is to furnish "material for expounding, illustrating, and enforcing the gospel of Christ." The message of the pulpit, says this writer, "must thunder above the din of battle and come from loftier regions than even an aero-squadron." To preach about the war may mean one thing to one person and quite a different thing to another. Thus:

"A sermon about the war may be merely a reportorial rehash of newspaper talk. It may be a catalog of horrors and a cry for vengeance. It may be a mere bid for popularity. There may be no religion in it, no spiritual interpretation, no lofty insight into the deeper issues of the Kingdom of God involved. It may be an easy way of discharging the preaching function, a ready refuge for indolence and superficiality. To preach about the war may mean the advocacy of the pet theories of fanatic speculative prophets. The war offers plenty of scope to those who do not seem to understand the purpose of their high calling.

"Should ministers preach about the war? Yes, certainly, if they preach like prophets, if they are spiritual seers, if they are deep religious thinkers, if they are true men of God, if they see eye to eye with Christ. If they can enforce the teachings of the Bible by reference to the war, if they can show the myriad applications and implications of Christianity in the light of the great world-tragedy, let them speak. If they can use the world-war to show the penalty of forgetting God, and the bane of ignoring Christ, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the destructiveness of selfishness and materialism, let their voices be unto the sons of men. If they have a new vision of duty, responsibility, and privilege, and a profound sense of immediate and unparalleled spiritual opportunity, the Church and the world must hear it. If they find in the tragic horror of universal strife a commentary on God's Word beside which the International Critical Commentary's conclusions are like a wreath of mist, oh, in that case, let the prophet have the floor and let all the earth keep silence before him. If his windows are open to Jerusalem and he kneels three times a day for commerce with the sky, let his herald voice proclaim the message of the King of Heaven. But let him eschew geography and mathematics and the newspapers and the symbols of recondite prophecy, and let him speak as one who has been the guest of our great Lord Christ."

Paul had a thorn in his flesh, observes this writer, but he did not preach the thorn. The world and the Church now has its thorn in its side; but, speaking for preachers, the thorn is not our theme:

"It is Christ, only Christ, the Christ who alone can remove the thorn or who may allow it still to abide until we drink more deeply of his sustaining grace.

"The war has its place in present-day preaching, but not the place of the first-born. It furnishes material for expounding, illustrating, and enforcing the gospel of Christ. It sheds interpreting light on the facts we are set to preach. It supports the claims of Christ. It is an instantly available commentary on the truth of Scripture. If, as Dr. Burrell has pointed out in his book on 'The Sermon,' a sermon is 'a thrust,' what 'a thrust' every sermon ought to be in these days. What 'a thrust' at sin and what 'a thrust' for Christ. Keep the pulpit high. Let it stand in the sunlight and in the free air of heaven."

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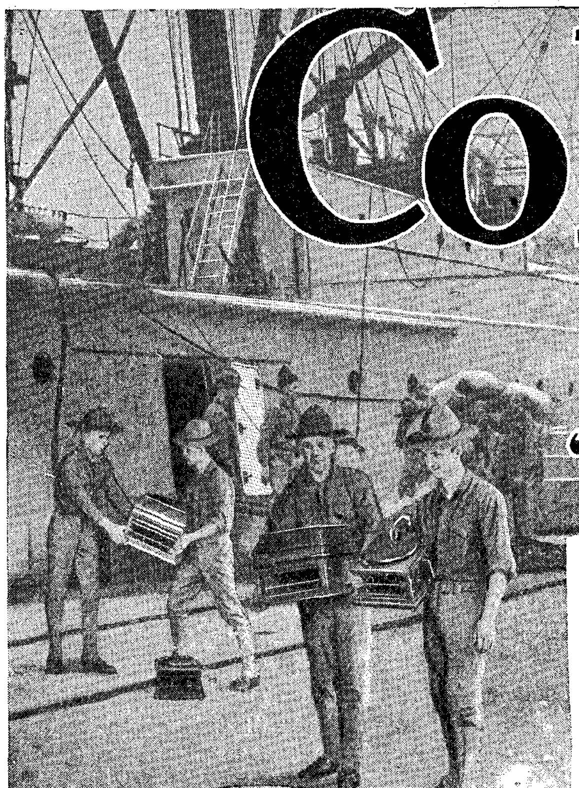

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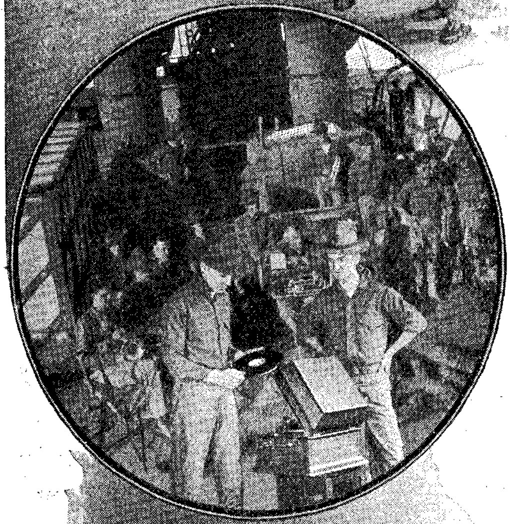

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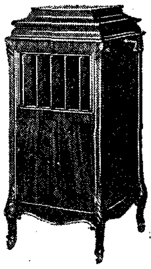

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CURRENT - POETRY

A PERSON with a passion for statistics could find a congenial theme in working out the number of songs inspired by that silent but eloquent gift of God—the tree. Most people would be surprized to find how frequent is this source of inspiration and how often the mere sight of a tree sets the Æolian lyre of the poet a-twanging with the breath of song. Here are a sheaf of tree poems, all of them appearing for the first time during the last few weeks. In his new volume, "Hill Tracks" (Macmillan, New York), Wilfred Gibson gives us these sweetly singing verses:

THE LONELY TREE

By Wilfred Wilson Gibson

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Men talk of forests broad and deep,
Where summer long the shadows sleep.

Tho I love forests deep and wide,
The lone tree on the bare hillside,

The brave, wind-beaten, lonely tree
Is rooted in the heart of me.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Theodosia Garrison has some verses of gratitude in "The Dreamers" (Geo. H. Doran, New York), in which she expresses the road-weary traveler's view of the trees:

SHADE

By Theodosia Garrison

The kindliest thing God ever made
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

She paints a charming picture of the poplars, and we see them, like French noblewomen of the eighteenth century, dancing a stately minuet:

THE POPLARS

By Theodosia Garrison

My poplars are like ladies trim
Each conscious of her own estate;
In costume somewhat over-prim,
In manner cordially sedate,
Like two old neighbors met to chat
Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats—
I fancy still their talk must be
Of rose conserves and Persian cats,
And lavender and Indian tea;
I wonder sometimes as I pass
If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,
I like to think they answer, too,
With that benign assurance born
When youth gives age the reverence due,
And bend their wise heads as I go
As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,
Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green,
And bend with rustling welcome o'er
The many friends who pass between;
And where the little children play
Look down with gracious mien.

The London *New Statesman* gives us the first of two poems inspired by the burst of blossom of the hawthorn in early spring. It runs:

THE HAWTHORN-SPRAY

By Francis Brett Young

I saw a thrush light on a hawthorn-spray,
One moment only, spilling creamy blossom,
While the bough bent beneath her speckled bosom,
Bent, and recovered, and she fluttered away.

The branch was still; but, in my heart, a pain
Than the thorn'd spray more cruel stabbed me, only
Remembering days in a far land and lonely
When I had never hoped for summer again.

That excellent technician, Siegfried Sassoon, sent this poignant fragment straight from the trenches to the London *Spectator:*

THE HAWTHORN-TREE

By Siegfried Sassoon

Not much to me is yonder lane
Where I go every day;
But when there's been a shower of rain
And hedge-birds whistle gay,
I know my lad that's out in France
With fearsome things to see
Would give his eyes for just one glance
At our white hawthorn-tree.

Not much to me is yonder lane
Where he so longs to tread:
But when there's been a shower of rain
I think I'll never weep again
Until I've heard he's dead.

From the Minneapolis *Bellman* come these verses from the pen of one who is at one with nature:

THE STILL TREES

By John Russell McCarthy

I thank you, Elm and Beech and all my friends
That live so wisely on the happy hills,
I thank you for your silence. Even a friend
(Especially a friend) must have his moods,
His long still days of dreaming silence spent
In strange communion with his soul and God.

And you, my friends, have chosen for your silence
The slow lean months of winter. All the burdens
And all the joys of this embattled earth
You dare forget, so that your soul and God
May have their hour of studious solitude.

So I, O friends, who walk among you now,
Go searching inward to the soul in me,
And bend my dreams unto the God we know.
I thank you, Elm and Beech and all my friends
That live so wisely on the happy hills.

Henry Holt, of New York, has brought out "Poems," by Edward Thomas, who is known to many as "Edward Eastaway." Among them we find—

THE CHERRY-TREES

By Edward Thomas

The cherry-trees bend over and are shedding,
On the old road where all that passed are dead,
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding
This early May morn when there is none to wed.

Here is an odd conceit from the London *Nation:*

THE OLD TREES AND THE YOUNG

By Helen Foley

The forest leaves had turned to russet brown,
And the small cedars and the stump firs
Watched horrified,
And called to the oaks, moss-grown:
"How long is't ere the spring and summer dim?"
The old trees shook their heads and, sighing, cried:
"We are so old we can not count the years,
And Time is twisted in our every limb."

At night the winds and growing cold made wars;
Unto the elms whose crested head each rears
Against the stars,
The little birches sighed:
"Where is the sun, the birds that sang to him?"
The old trees shook their heads and, wailing, cried:
"We are so old we can not count the years,
And Age is twisted in our every limb."

At last the young trees quiet grew, outworn;
And all the forest shed its silent tears;
Autumn's last warm day died.
Naked, forlorn,
The aspens shivered in the winter grim;
And the old trees bent their heads and, moaning, cried:
"We are so old we can not count the years,
And Death is twisted in our every limb."

Even the "modern" poet does not disdain so ancient a source of inspiration. Walter Prichard Eaton tells us in *The Century* his emotions on beholding the Piegan Pines in Glacier National Park:

PIEGAN PINES

By Walter Prichard Eaton

I shall be one with these pines
Some happy day.
Dwarfed by the wind and molded by the snow,
They burst pink cones
In a meadow starred with violets.
No sound they hear
But the mountain wind,
The birdlike chirp of the ground squirrels,
The tinkle of ice-water brooks
Across the grass,
The far, soft thunder of outleaping streams
That glide like silver hair down dripping cliffs
From glaciers on the Great Divide—
The hair of *Mêlisande* grown white with peace.
All night I lay beneath the stars
And heard their breeze-borne thunder;
I saw the sun
Blush on the glaciers while the world was dark,
Then pry the gloom out of the hole beneath;
I saw the golden violets
Nod in the rising breeze;
I drank from brooks of melting snow,
And said good-morning to a deer.
I shall be one with these pines
Some happy day.

Some Folks Live Two Days in One

By Starting the Days on Bran

A bran-mixed dainty in the morning means more than most people know. But millions are learning. Now thousands of doctors, in print and in person, are urging the use of bran.

Bran is Nature's laxative—the ideal inner cleanser. It fixes no habit. It is not artificial. It is simply a wheat coat which in flake form acts as roughage.

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A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran. **Pettijohn's Flour**—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Both sold in packages only.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

LUDENDORFF AND HINDENBURG, THE PAIR THE KAISER IS PLAYING TO WIN

"*LUDENDORFF ist dafür.*"

No military question in Germany could have stronger support in any war-argument, for the expression in plain, every-day English runs:

"Ludendorff is for it."

And Ludendorff's opinion, like Hindenburg's "yes" or "no" is final with the German people. Hindenburg is gruff, impatient; Ludendorff polite, cool, suave. Together they make a perfect Teutonic machine. Ludendorff thinks. Hindenburg acts.

But with all his coolness and courtesy Ludendorff can be as positive as the Field-Marshal. A story comes from a Swiss who was in Berlin just before the beginning of the great German offensive, and who tells of violent quarrels between the leaders at General Headquarters—for neither Hindenburg nor Ludendorff is a courtier of the fawning sort—when Ludendorff spoke so violently and with such an air of authority that the Kaiser is said to have risen from his chair, and pounding on the table angrily, demanded:

"General, are you, or am I, Emperor of Germany?"

Ludendorff is said to have replied that he was only a soldier, but more than anything else desired peace.

Hindenburg, the unapproachable, he of the "cruel eye," is a strong admirer of Ludendorff as friend and counselor. Get this close-up of the pair Germany is playing to win as seen by a writer in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> Some years before the great war there sat in a corner at the *Café des Tilleuls*, in Hanover, a solitary old man poring over the newspapers, dry in aspect and disagreeable in manner. To those who approached his table he growled sullenly that he wished to be alone.
>
> In time a well-drest, carefully groomed, and distinguished-appearing military man came into the café. The solitary old man saw him from a distance and his face broke into a smile. He greeted the newcomer with signs of pleasure and affection. The two sat at the table for hours, playing chess and cards and pausing between games to discuss the latest emanations from the Board of Strategy at Berlin and to curse them roundly. The two men were Hindenburg and Ludendorff.
>
> "You're a genius," said Hindenburg, as he rose from the table.
>
> "Only you know it," responded Ludendorff with a laugh.
>
> "The world will know it some day," said Hindenburg.
>
> The chess-player of the Hanover game is to-day the brain of Germany. Hindenburg carries out Ludendorff's ideas because he knows they are good and he wants to carry them out; the others do it because they have to. True, Ludendorff holds only the title of Quartermaster-General, while Hindenburg is in supreme command of all the armies of Austria, Germany, Turkey,

and Bulgaria, but Hindenburg knows that his friend Ludendorff—his friend of more than thirty years' standing—can think faster and with more clarity than he can, and therefore is willing to work along the lines suggested by his subordinate.

Like most of the great men in world's crises, Ludendorff is of the people. His father was of a simple North-German merchant family and was in charge of a farm in Posen. Later the family moved to another farm in Pomerania, where the young Erich went to school. He was not remarkable as a student; in fact, he was rather backward. An aunt says of him:

"His most striking characteristic was his reserve with other children. While the two brothers nearest him in age were glad to play with the other children in the village, Erich held himself aloof. He always kept himself faultlessly clean."

At the age of twelve he entered the military cadet school and was enrolled in a class two years ahead of most boys of his age. He was transferred to a school near Berlin in 1879, and three years later, when seventeen years old, he entered the Army as a subaltern. His rise was rapid. He was an instructor in the military academy for a time, and from 1890 to 1893 spent three years at the Military Academy in Berlin studying, with Russian as his major work. In 1894 he spent a year traveling in that part of Russia where the Czar's armies were defeated with such terrible losses in 1914.

A year later he became Captain of the General Staff, and in 1902 he was Major Ludendorff. In 1911 he became a Colonel. In 1909 he had married Margarethe Pernet, a wealthy widow. Her four sons by her first marriage are all officers in the aviation corps.

Just before the war Ludendorff was given the rank of General-Major and on the first of August he was sent to the Belgian frontier. He helped batter down the forts of Liége. On the morning of August 22, as he was preparing to lead an attack on Namur, word came that he had been appointed chief of the general staff of the East. A special train was sent to bring him to East Prussia, where the Russians were burning and pillaging and pushing remorselessly onward.

Of the two men, Ludendorff is described as presenting the stronger personality. His imagination is fresher, but they form a wonderful combination. Says a writer in the New York *Globe:*

Hindenburg can not create as well as Ludendorff, but he can judge better. He is the cool umpire, the calculator of eventualities. He is not carried off his feet. Ludendorff is the younger man, and now as General Quartermaster at the Kaiser's headquarters he is gradually working his way to a position of political indispensability.

Neither man is a court general in any sense of the word. Both are confirmed monarchists of spotless fidelity to the dynasty, but they do not fawn. They hold their positions, not through court favor, but by the strength of their success. Hindenburg was not in good favor with the court when the war broke out. He once defeated the Kaiser's army in maneuvers in his beloved Eastern provinces, but the court umpire said he didn't. Hindenburg, the story runs, resigned in a letter to the Kaiser in which he said:

"Had it been a war I should have annihilated your Majesty's forces."

When the Russians marched into East

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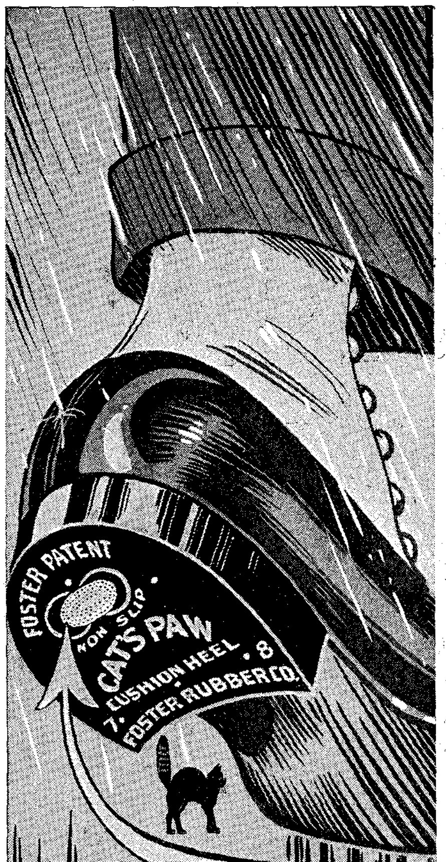

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Prussia, Hindenburg asked for a command. He was overlooked. Three other generals were tried before Hindenburg was summoned to begin the career which brought him to his present position. He asked to have Ludendorff as cooperator, and the cooperation has never separated. For the Kaiser, victories were more important than past scores and he ignored the early letter.

The return of Hindenburg to royal favor strangely enough was the result of his Masurian Lake scheme, which had gained for him the scoffing nickname of the "Old Man of Masuria." This plan of defense against Russian invasion was once considered the dream of a crank. He was constantly maneuvering his troops among the lakes and the interminable chain of morasses until he knew every path and causeway. When the Russians began to overrun the provinces of Eastern Prussia, Ludendorff, who was then in the entourage of the Kaiser, recalled to the mind of the Emperor his friend, the Old Man of Masuria, and his hobby. The Kaiser was at once imprest and sent Ludendorff off to Hanover to fetch Hindenburg from his retirement. *The Post-Dispatch* says:

> Just what happened at the Masurian Lakes and at Tannenberg is still a mystery. There have been stories that 100,000 men were drowned in the swamp. There have been tales of dikes released and men swept away in a rush of swirling waters. All that is known certainly is that a Russian army disappeared. Two weeks later not a Russian soldier, except 140,000 prisoners, stood on German soil. A second Russian army advancing along the Niemen, had been driven back with a loss of 50,000 prisoners.
>
> The following February the feat was duplicated. One hundred thousand prisoners were taken and East Prussia cleared. An incident of this battle was reported in the Berlin papers at the time. Ludendorff had been very active rescuing whole Russian regiments from drowning in the Masurian Lakes.
>
> "Why didn't you let the swine drown?" demanded Hindenburg.
>
> "Oh," retorted Ludendorff, "we needed their boots."
>
> Outside of Germany all the fame has been Hindenburg's. At home his is the name that stirs enthusiasm. But among those who know it is always "Hindenburg and Ludendorff"; never the one without the other.
>
> When Hindenburg succeeded von Falkenhayn as chief of the general staff he at once had Ludendorff made Quartermaster-General. Since that time the two have been at imperial headquarters, always together. They are inseparable both as friends and as comrades-in-arms.
>
> Hindenburg was once surprized to find Ludendorff entertaining the members of his staff with a reading from the "Lorelei." Heine is one of the favorites of the Quartermaster-General.
>
> "Poetry," gasped Hindenburg, snatching the volume from the hands of Ludendorff. "I am amazed. I have not read a line of poetry for forty years. That is why I am no milksop, General," turning grimly to his then chief of staff. "The next time you read aloud try Clausewitz" (a German militaristic philosopher).
>
> Another talent of Ludendorff that Hindenburg didn't relish was the former's proficiency at the dance. Shortly before the war Ludendorff had fallen into disfavor because he had criticized the judgment of the general staff.
>
> "Ludendorff is right," said Hindenburg, "but they will not listen to him because he's fond of Strauss." This was a sarcasm at the expense of the Kaiser, who is no admirer of the composer.
>
> Hindenburg once lost favor with the Crown Prince because he had referred to his Highness as "that charming young lady," but Ludendorff restored the balance by observing that France had once been saved from the English by a charming young lady.
>
> A jest of Hindenburg at the expense of his friend Ludendorff is recorded. At certain maneuvers before the war Ludendorff sent for orders after some hours in the Masurian Lakes, where he had been standing up to his waist in water.
>
> "Tell him," said Hindenburg, "to read Heine."
>
> In the Grand Hall, at Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia, stands a full-length marble statue of Ludendorff. He is an honorary citizen of two towns of East Prussia and the universities of Breslau and Königsberg have conferred degrees upon him. Upon state occasions he wears upon his breast medals given to him by the Kings of Saxony and Bavaria and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as well as by the two Kaisers of Austria and Germany. After the great winter battle of the Masurian swamps, the German Emperor decorated him with the order *Pour le Mérite.*

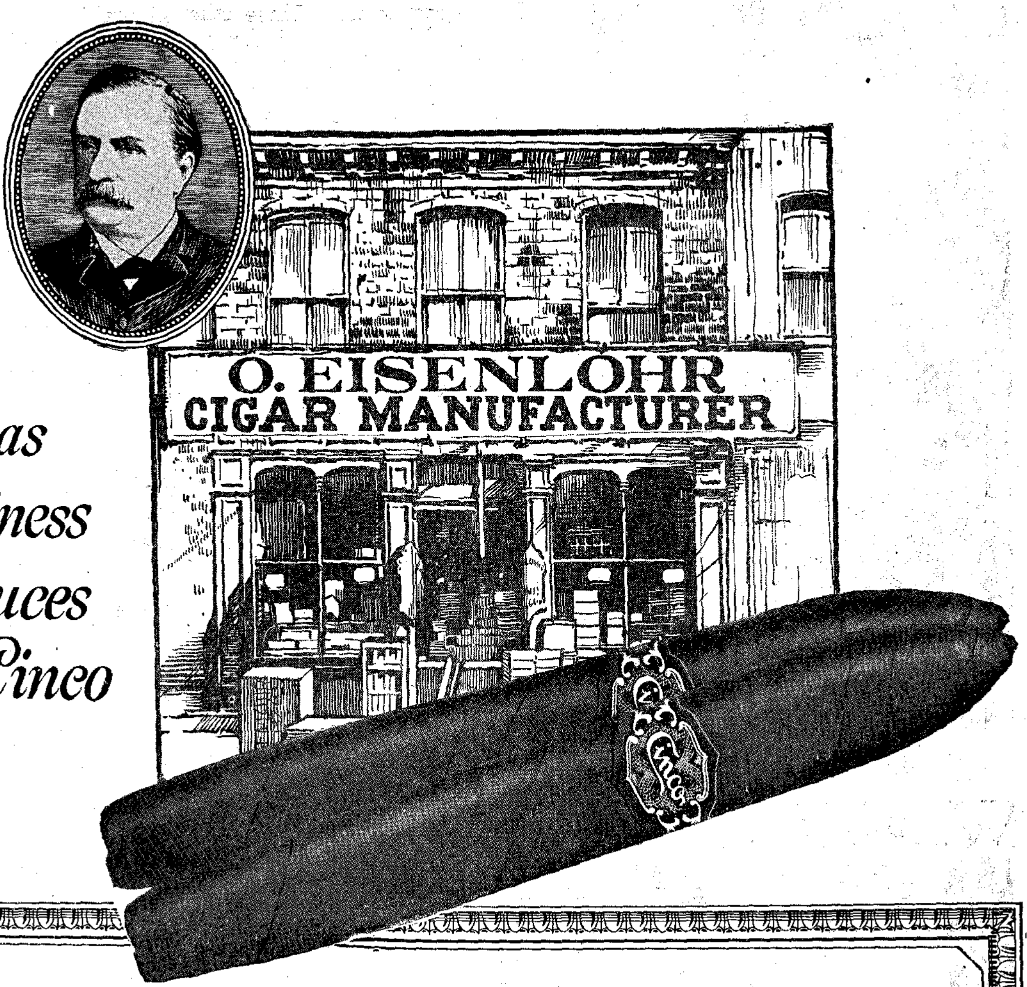
THEY DO NOT NEED ANY BEAUTY HINTS IN THE TRENCHES

IN asking for books to send to the boys at the front those in charge of the work do not expect any valuable library to be despoiled in the eagerness of those at home to add to the pleasure and comfort of those "over there." But they think it would be just as well to use a little care and discretion in the selection, and not turn an act that ought to brim with thoughtful sympathy into a mere house-cleaning.

It is reasonably certain that those in the trenches do not care a hang how some professional woman preserves her beauty, how to do fancy needlework, or even how women love. Nor have they much time to devote to the care and feeding of infants, altho they might be interested in the diseases of dogs. Certainly the *Undertaker's Review* would seem to have a Hunnish suggestiveness. And yet all these are being sent over—that is, they are being carelessly and thoughtlessly contributed. Fortunately they do not reach the other side, for they are carefully weeded out before shipment, but it is extremely probable that those who make such careless contributions have more time to devote to the proper selection than the busy men and women who are handling the tons of volumes that are being sent to the public library in New York alone. Says a writer in the New York *Evening World:*

> Ruskin's "Letter to Young Girls," "Directions for Needlework," and "How Women Love" are coming in galore.
>
> John Foster Carr, Director of Books for the Soldiers, says the boys will never learn Lina's Beauty Secrets. He admits they may be helpful, but he says they

In 1850, in this small factory, was founded the business that now produces 200,000,000 Cinco cigars a year.



LONG BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR, in a quaint little building on Tenth Street, in Philadelphia, William Eisenlohr laid the foundation of the vast industry which today produces nearly 200,000,000 Cinco cigars annually.

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For nine years past Cinco has been oversold.

For nine years past offers of new business from all parts of the world have had to be declined, in spite of the building of one new factory after another.

For nine years past the same distributors have absorbed every increase in production. Never has production been allowed to increase too fast, because of the unalterable policy that the merit of the product must be kept up at any cost.

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Today there is a capital of $9,000,000 behind Cinco. Of this, more than $3,000,000 is constantly invested in tobacco leaf, bought in Havana, Sumatra and the finest domestic fields, and held in storage to season and mature—to mellow with age.

Regardless of the stress of temporary conditions, the makers of Cinco have too much at stake to take from it one iota of the quality which has made it the largest selling brand in the United States.

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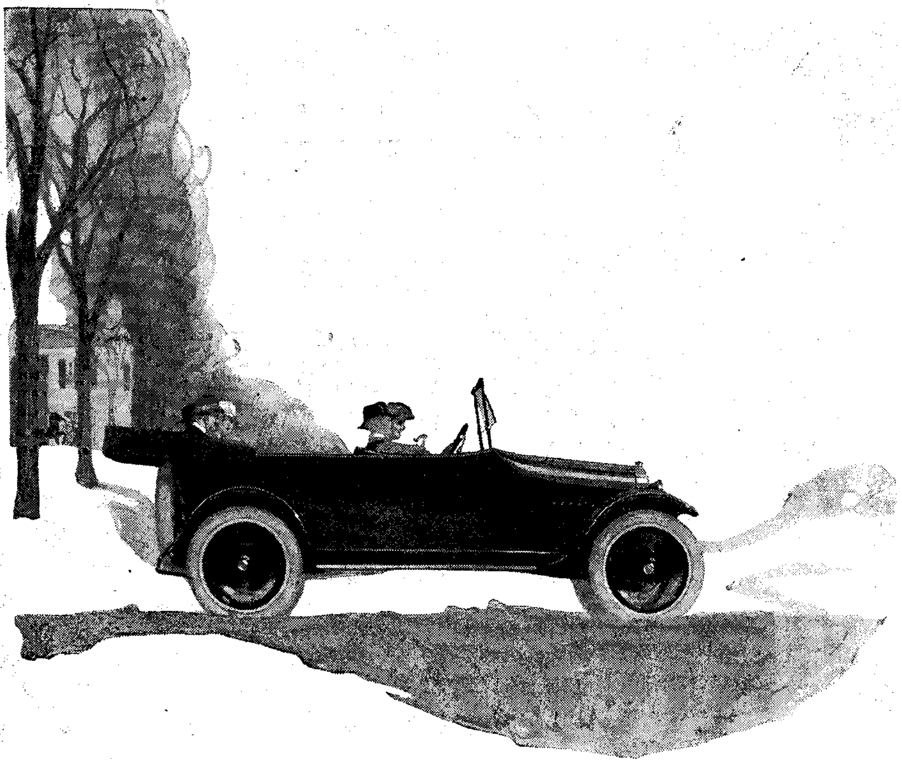

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This unusual ratio of power to weight makes for extreme gasoline mileages; owners report from 18 to 25 miles per gallon under ordinary conditions.

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The sightly body is swung on long springs over a generous wheelbase, insuring full comfort; it is unusually roomy and accessible, and is upholstered with genuine leather throughout.

The new Oakland Sensible Six is handsome in proportion and finish; it is swift, serviceable and saving—the sort of car you should own.

As a perfected example of scientific light-weight construction, high power and fixed economy, its value is not equaled in the present car market.

BECAUSE of the light weight of the Oakland Sensible Six and its generous tire equipment, owners regularly report tire mileages of from 8,000 to 12,000 miles.

Touring Car	*$1050*
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are too exciting for trench life. He presupposes that many a bomb might be overlooked while Sammie was learning how to remove freckles, or even an impending air-raid might escape notice in the charm of a prescription for whitening the elbows. The Government, Mr. Carr says, can't take a chance on it.

Another enlightening but somewhat scientific book that made its début to the stacks yesterday was one entitled "Diseases of Dogs." Owing to the fact that General Pershing has tabued mascots, however, the Board of Book Censors will have to pass up the bow-wow stuff.

A little woman hurried up to the book stacks yesterday with a bundle carefully stuck away in her knitting-bag.

"Here are two books that have been in my family for years," she said, "but if you need books for the soldiers I am glad to contribute them."

When the books were unwrapt they were found to be an old family Bible and one equally yellowed with age, entitled "Care and Feeding of Young Children."

Lest this should discourage recruiting it might be well to say that there are plenty of "Nick Carters," "Diamond Dicks," and "Sherlock Holmes" going over, and Mr. Carr is weeding out all the books on etiquette and Latin grammars. He says:

"Love, adventure, and travel are always good, and we are getting them in great numbers. They serve to take the boys' minds off the hardships for the moment. But the big call is coming for classics. Shakespeare and the Bible are in demand. When you stop to think that 45,000 of our boys have cut off a college education to enlist you can understand why they want Dickens, Thackeray, and other standard authors. Dickens seems to be a favorite in the hospitals and O. Henry in the trenches."

Theodore Roosevelt, who perhaps knows as well as any other man what sort of books soldiers like to read, sent in a check the other day, with orders that as many copies as possible be bought of the following three books: "Guy Mannering," "Our Mutual Friend," and "The Antiquary."

A Wall Street banker sent in a first edition of Whittier yesterday. It was a volume of great value, and the board, as usual in such cases, asked that they might sell the edition and buy others less expensive to send in its place.

"Please don't," the giver said. "I will forward you a check to buy as many others as you may want; that will be easily done. But this one volume was a sacrifice, and I should like to feel that it goes directly into the hands of one of the boys 'over there,' because I believe that he will prize it as I do."

A Boy Scout came up to the stacks with his arms full of books.

"Here's some bully ones," he said. "They belong to our Outing Club—but we'll send them over." Finger-printed and worn, the volumes showed signs of being best thrillers if out of date as best sellers. "Treasure Island," Henty, and Cooper. Somewhere overseas some lads are going to be carried back to the days when they were a few years younger and lived in dream adventures instead of real ones.

Director Carr is right on the job. He has a big megaphone, and a Fifth Avenue bus seldom gets by without a hail.

"How many on that bus will bring a

book to-morrow?" he yells, and always gets a nodding response or two. One day he saw a boy on the rear seat looking out at him with a grin, and he yelled:

"Hey, you with the big grin, get those people on that bus to send books, will you?"

The boy with the big grin raised his hand and nodded.

"Get the pretty girl with the red hat to send some," Carr yelled after the departing bus.

The next day the Boy With the Big Grin appeared at the stacks with his arms full of books.

"This bundle is mine," he said, unloading Graustark and a whole set of Chambers. Then he put down some leather-bound copies of O. Henry.

"These came from the pretty girl with the red hat," he grinned.

"That's getting 'em," says Carr.

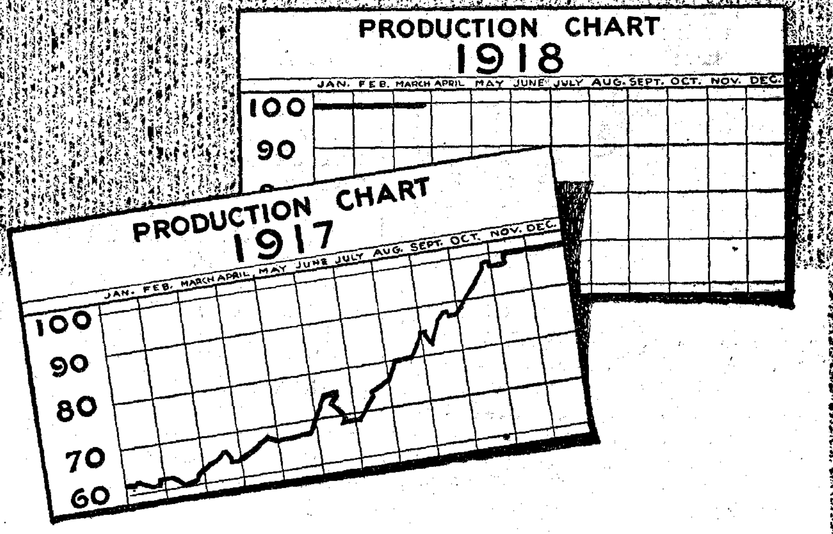
WHEN DIEDERICHS MET DEWEY AT MANILA BAY

THE recent death of Admiral von Diederichs at Baden-Baden recalls one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the United States when, but for the friendly intervention of England—as represented by Admiral Sir Edward Chichester—the opening guns of the world-war might have been fired in Manila Bay twenty years ago.

Germany, which had encouraged Spain in her defiance of the United States, sent Admiral von Diederichs and his fleet of war-ships to Manila to intimidate the American Admiral at a time so critical as to indicate a strong desire to play an important part in the war between the United States and Spain, if not—as revealed by the light of later events—to seize the opportunity, apparently so "divinely" sent, to drive the opening wedge in the realization of her long-cherished dream of world-domination.

Seymour Wemyss Smith writes in the New York *Sun* of the anxious days following the Battle of Manila Bay in which Admiral Dewey destroyed the entire Spanish squadron:

> The entire story of this period was told the writer by an officer who was present with Dewey and who had unusual opportunity to witness the conduct of the Rear-Admiral and observe the events as they took place.
>
> The first of the German vessels to appear was the *Irene*, which arrived on May 6. The second German war-ship, the *Cormoran*, arrived shortly after. Both totally disregarded the usual rules of etiquette; in the case of the latter vessel it was necessary to fire a shot across her bows before she gave heed.
>
> It would require considerable space to give a complete summary of the German actions at Manila, but the following is a brief review:
>
> The German ships repeatedly ignored the presence of the American squadron. Time and again it was necessary for Dewey to call the attention of von Diederichs to the behavior of his ships.
>
> The German officers frequently visited Manila and were on the most cordial



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> terms with the Spanish. It was common talk in Manila that Germany intended to intervene, and the German officers encouraged this impression.
>
> Not content with fraternizing with the Spanish, German officers became intimate with Aguinaldo's men. On one occasion Prince Löwenstein was taken off to the *Kaiserin Augusta* by a member of the insurrecto staff. Owing to a heavy sea the Prince and his escort were obliged to seek refuge on an English man-of-war, and hence the fact came to Dewey's attention. Incidentally, when Aguinaldo later adopted a hostile attitude toward the Americans his men were largely armed with Mauser rifles.
>
> The *Irene* was a particularly disturbing factor; in fact, the American officers had hard work in keeping track of the various German vessels. The *Irene*, not content with insolently ignoring our ships, on at least one occasion openly assisted the Spanish at Subig Bay.
>
> Dewey received much comfort from the attitude of Captain Sir Edward Chichester, commanding the British squadron. Captain Chichester and Dewey quickly became intimate and the moral support of the English commander was of great assistance. Chichester was an officer of the old school, hale and hearty and the possessor of a particularly agreeable personality.
>
> Finally a time came when Dewey, worn out by the constant vigil and tired of the brand of friendship which the Germans were displaying, demanded an explanation of von Diederichs. The writer has heard the account of the affair given by several of Dewey's officers. John Barrett, former Minister to Siam and correspondent for several papers, also mentions the incident in his interesting little biography of Dewey.
>
> These were Dewey's words to the German officer:
>
> "If the German Government has decided to make war on the United States, or has any intention of making war, and has so informed your Admiral, it his duty to let me know."
>
> And then, after a moment's pause, he added:
>
> "But whether he intends to fight or not, I am ready."

It was in August that Admiral Dewey decided that he was ready for the seizure of the remaining Spanish forts and the occupation of Manila. The land forces were commanded by General Merritt, and Dewey's squadron had been reenforced and his supply of men and ammunition replenished. The writer in *The Sun* says:

> The morning of August 13 was chosen for the attack. The story of what happened then has been told many times. The version I shall give is that related to me by an officer who was present in person.
>
> "During the early morning of August 13, the weather was very warm and humid, but after a time it cleared somewhat. I was standing on shore, together with some other officers. Von Diederich's German Fleet—there were eight ships in all, seven large war-ships and one smaller vessel—was in one corner of the harbor. During the night the Germans had moved in until they were much closer to Dewey than before. Owing to the distance it was impossible to tell just what was taking place on board, but there seemed to be considerable activity.
>
> "Captain Chichester's English ships were lying between the Germans and Dewey's fleet. Captain Chichester had taken this same action in a number of instances previously, so we did not regard it as peculiar.
>
> "Just before nine o'clock our ships got under way. The monitor *Monterey* was first in line, but rather nearer shore than the others. The *Olympia* and the rest of Dewey's fleet were following, steaming rather slowly.
>
> "Then we watchers on shore all noticed something peculiar. The battle-flags were broken from the mastheads and the ships cleared for action, but instead of the guns being trained toward the Spanish forts they were directed upon von Diederichs's fleet.
>
> "I think we all realized what was taking place. It was a moment of supreme suspense for us all. Then at the moment when the conflict appeared inevitable the British ships began to get under way. In a few minutes more Chichester's ships were directly between our fleet and the Germans. And they were ready for action and quite ready to fight if need be.
>
> "An officer on board told me that as the *Immortalité*, Chichester's flag-ship, passed the *Olympia*, the decks of the British vessel were crowded and the band played snatches from 'El Capitan,' 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' 'Under the Double Eagle,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'
>
> "In a few minutes more the crisis was over; the forts were captured and the Germans drew away to the other side of the bay."

THE WORK OF THE WAR-CENSOR ON THE FIELD AND AT HOME

TRULY the lot of a censor is not a happy one. In the words of the sporting fraternity, he gets it coming and going and both ways to the middle.

George Creel, who checks up on what the newspapers "over here" shall or shall not print, would undoubtedly confirm this statement—unless he felt that he might thereby be giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

The censor is found equally guilty if he does or he doesn't. His sins of omission are as black as those of commission. There is no middle path. For further confirmation communicate with Maj. Frederic Palmer, who has acted "over there" in a capacity somewhat similar to Creel's. He will be found quite frank in his description of the trials of a "suppressor of news," as well as the necessity for the strict observance of the rules of censorship.

Major Palmer is the war-correspondent who was selected by General Pershing to act as Intelligence Officer of the Censorship Bureau of the American Expeditionary Force. Previous to his appointment he had been serving as correspondent of the Associated Press with the British Army. In an address recently made before the National Press Association in Washington, Major Palmer told something of the working of censorship abroad. The address was printed in full in *The Editor and Publisher*, from which the Syracuse *Post-Standard* presents the main points. Of certain strained relations that were the result of his job, Major Palmer says:

> The afternoon before I left Paris an army officer, who was an old friend, barely answered my greeting in the street. I knew that he held me responsible for the publication of news about the Army which he thought that I ought to have supprest.
>
> A few moments later another old friend, a well-known newspaper man, rounded on me, with something of the indignation of Trotzky toward the imperialists, for not having granted him certain privileges that were not in my power to grant.
>
> A complaint from correspondent A—— that I had been favoring correspondent B——, and from B—— that I had favored C——, was only another incident to complete the harmony of my last day's work before returning home. By this you will understand that for my sins I have been in charge of press relations in France—which is not the kind of work I like.
>
> As some of the newspapers stated the other day that I was chief intelligence officer of the A. E. F., may I mention that I am a subordinate to the capable man who holds that position. The intelligence section of the staff has charge of the gathering of all information for the Army and the giving out of information and of censorship. Such was the situation of our staff, short of *personnel*, and such the situation of our little Army which had been rushed to Europe last June, that the call to service became a command.
>
> Now what they call the evolution of human experience is a great thing. In Europe they handle the press by organizing two bureaus, which are supposed to employ two types of men as different as the one who sells goods and the one who collects bills.
>
> One is a smiling, cheery type, who gives out information and poses as a noble knight, fighting the correspondents' battles against that second secret, sinister bureau which does the censoring. However, the two are frequently connected by telephone.

In quite the American fashion the press division of the A. E. F. promptly introduced a daring innovation. Instead of utilizing the two-headed monster, the promotion and suppression of publicity were placed under a common direction, and, while the A. E. F. faced many baffling problems, correspondents with the American Army worked under a more liberal censorship than that of other nations. Still, as cooperation was the key-note at the front, it was necessary to regard the precedents of the other armies. Of the British censorship plan, which is basically the same as the French, Mr. Palmer says:

> The British War-Office arbitrarily allowed the British press five accredited correspondents and left the system of their choice to the British Newspaper Proprietors' Association.
>
> These five correspondents live in a house with their press officers, who are also their censors. The five may not go anywhere without the consent of a press officer; they may not go anywhere without being accompanied by a press officer; or speak with any troops, or enter any headquarters unless a press officer is present. Thus the application of censorship begins with the news sources.
>
> Only the accredited correspondents, five of them for the whole British press, accredited to this enormous Army, ever see a battle. They enjoy exceptional privileges

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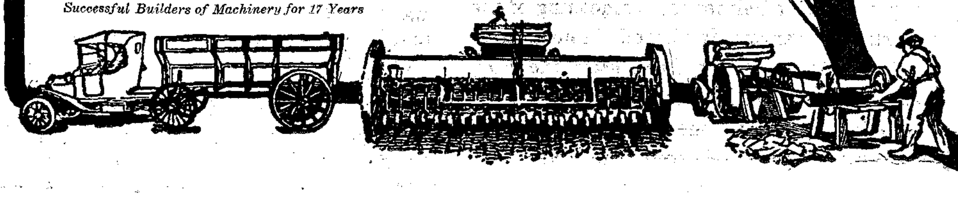

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12. Will it work in soft ground?
13. Is it good for discing?
14. Is it good for drilling?
15. Is it good for harrowing?
16. Is it good for disc plowing?
17. Is it good for listing?
18. Is it good for cutting grain?
19. Will it cut 100 or more acres of grain?
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21. Is it good for corn harvesting?
22. Is it good for digging potatoes?
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39. Will it run day and night?
40. Can I use it on an old auto?
41. Has it lots of power?
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Name and model of my car:

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and exceptional position compared with visiting correspondents.

During the past summer, when the hell of the British offensive raged behind the veil of secrecy in Flanders, the visiting correspondents were taken to the southern part of the line to see the battle-fields of the Somme, the transport and quiet trenches, and all the statics of the rear of the great Army which had been gathering its might for three years.

Such provisions did not appeal to the American mind of Mr. Palmer, who proposed more liberal treatment of the press. As a result nineteen correspondents were regularly accredited to the A. E. F. Following the same ratio to the number of troops, the British Army would have had three thousand correspondents!

Some of the interesting details of the life and the privileges of the correspondent at the front which are not generally known to the public are revealed by Mr. Palmer, who says:

> In order to become accredited to the A. E. F. the correspondent must produce a bond of $3,000, and deposit a fund of $1,000 with the Adjutant-General in Washington to be drawn against for his expenses in the field.
>
> If he lives at the correspondents' camp he must pay $60 a week for an automobile, which is 50 per cent. less than the actual cost to the Quartermaster's Department, and the same as the British correspondents pay for theirs. At the outset we had no automobiles for our correspondents except some second-hand ones which we bought in France; but these were all right when they ran. This difficulty has been overcome, and now our correspondents go and come, with the freedom of the idle rich, in their limousines.
>
> They are established in a hotel in the heart of the training region. No press officer lives with them; no press officer accompanies them on their trips. They go where they please and talk with whom they please. They have the same freedom of movement in the American war-zone as a local reporter has in New York City.
>
> They have better facilities so far as I know than they have had at our training-camps in the States. Dispatches are brought to the press division office two blocks from the hotel, and then taken by the correspondent in person to the telegraph office two blocks farther on.
>
> These dispatches go straight through to New York without further censorship at any point. Any report to the effect that there is a second censorship is false.
>
> At headquarters we have an expert newspaper man who went through a training-camp at home, and puts in all of his time in trying to get information or clues for information for the correspondents.
>
> Naturally each "feature" writer thinks that he should have the results of this officer's work while the press-association men think that if the "specials" were true patriots they would go home and leave the field entirely to the press-association men. As for the magazine men and book-writers and artists, they see no reason why the Army should ever give out any news.
>
> In Paris at the French Censorship Bureau, we have four men who work in shifts from 8 A.M to 5 A.M. We put them in there with the approval of the correspondents in Paris, in order that all matter about the American Army which was

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filed in Paris should be submitted to American rather than French censors.

The French have a strict censorship law, and as France is their country and theirs is the great Army that defends France, and theirs the long military experience and the direct responsibility, they have the legal right to censor any dispatch which leaves France—which they have waived in matter concerning our Army.

The Paris branch of the American censorship system was established as an accommodation to American correspondents who, on their return to the city from the front, may write their articles and put them through direct without sending them to headquarters in the field. And correspondents are at liberty to watch the gentle censor as he runs his blue pencil through their dispatches, for, says Major Palmer:

> There is no secret censorship with the American Army either in Paris or at the camp. The correspondents may sit down beside the censor, see the elisions that are made, and hear the reason for these elisions. From the first I insisted that the press officer and correspondent should work in cooperation.
>
> At the camp we have on file a duplicate of every mail article and every dispatch sent from there with the portions elided in brackets, and the initials of the officer who made the elision on the margin. As duplicate cable dispatches are not submitted in Paris, every elision from a cable dispatch made by the American censor in Paris is entered in a book. Thus the record is complete from the day that the press division was established and responsibility is direct.
>
> When an American censor in Paris has to elide even one word of the dispatch he gets the correspondent on the telephone and tells him about it, if possible; and in any event sends him a report by mail.
>
> The press division also has a Paris office where visitors to Paris go for passes, where questions are answered and information given out about the American Army to all who apply, including the representatives of the press in Allied and neutral countries. Here also arrangements are made for correspondents to the Army, including Allied and neutral.
>
> Another innovation in facilities is that we allow correspondents interested in gathering articles by mail to live with the regiments. This has never been permitted with the British or French armies. Of course, the correspondents must have an invitation from the regimental commander, which is countersigned by the chief of the press division.

Is it necessary to have this strict censorship of all news from the field of operations? Major Palmer replies:

> Freedom of news about the Army in the field would be equivalent to laying your cards on the table while your opponent did not show his, the points of the game being the lives of men, and the prize of the game a cause so vital to you that you offered the lives of your brothers and your sons and your own as sacrifice.
>
> If left to itself an army would take no risk by informing the enemy of any details of its organization, its training, or its purposes. Complete mystery is a

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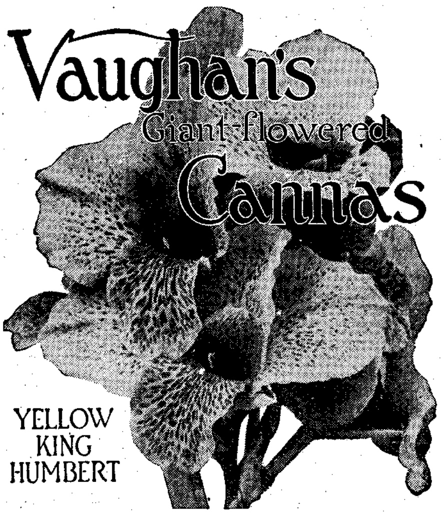

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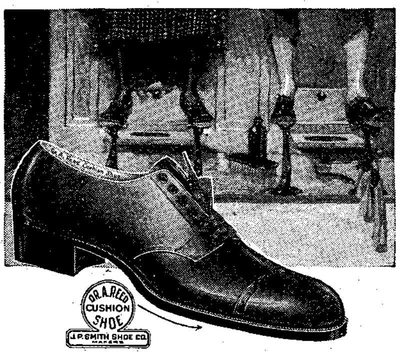

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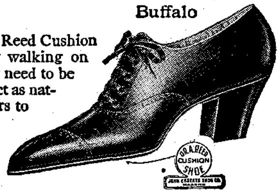

most valuable military asset. It leaves your enemy ever in doubt.

If at any time during the last three years the Allies had been able to muster forty divisions with sufficient material against any quiet sector of the German lines on the Western front without the Germans knowing it, that line would have been broken.

But complete mystery is impossible. Great preparations are revealed in a dozen ways.

But there is another principle to consider. The Army belongs to the public. It pays the bills and it pays in grief for the dead. The public has the right to know about its Army; and its medium of information is the press, which is most carefully watched by all intelligence systems.

The German staff has forty men at work reading newspapers in the English language. They know what items to search for, and these they pass on to superiors, who in turn report to their superiors, until the information reaches the neck of the bottle.

The question, as far as the press go, is one of the balance of the good the reporters do against the harm they do, as in every other operation of war, or of human activity of any kind.

The British people would never have kept up their spirit without those five correspondents, and the spirit of a people in a democracy is reflected in its troops.

In a recent number of THE DIGEST, Lieutenant Sharman, of the Second Battalion of East Ontario Canadians, was quoted on the importance of letters from home. Major Palmer emphasizes this need, and says:

> No men on earth are so subject to the influence of human psychology as soldiers. The letter that the soldier gets from home before he goes over the top may be a deciding factor which means that he gets the German instead of the German getting him.
>
> Indeed, psychology is the very soul of battle. It may produce a rout or exert the pressure of an epic courage which turns the tide of victory. Our people want to know what is going on. They must know, or their spirit will not be reflected in the Army.
>
> And who is to judge what is military information for the enemy and what is not? The Germans will not put up a sign saying: "We now know that you have the 220th division in the trenches, so you may now tell your press."
>
> And until the Germans do know you have the 220th division in the trenches, it may be of positive military value that they shall not be told. So back of the correspondent's responsibility is the responsibility of the censorship, and back of the censorship the general's for his men to the nation.
>
> The censor would not be human if he did not want to get all the news he could for the press; and he would not have a heart if it did not hurt him when he had to cut copy.
>
> But of this you may be assured: the work in France has been conscientiously done, and every bit of news that possibly can be given without meaning the unnecessary loss of the lives of our men will be given; and once we take our permanent sector, and our divisions are actually engaged in a big way, we shall mention the name of these units, if I have anything to do with it, and the names of the officers and men who win distinction.

If Major Palmer, in the exercise of his authority, has aroused the anger of both newspaper men and army officers on the other side, Mr. Creel on this side of the ocean, as everybody knows, has not trodden a path of roses since assuming the position of Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. Speaking at a recent dinner of the Economic Club in New York City, Mr. Creel was quoted as saying that his committee had been pledged through the Army and Navy to inform the people instantly and honestly of all casualties and accidents and disasters.

"Bear that in mind," he said, "when the air is filled with rumors about the sinking of a transport, the loss of thousands of soldiers in France, and the hospitals in Westchester County filled with wounded. Brand them as lies and publish the liar, for the Government does not suppress such news or seek to minimize it. We do not have to conceal reverses, because we do not have to fear for the courage of America."

The New York *Times* says in regard to this statement:

> This paragraph in Mr. Creel's speech he delivered as it appeared in the copy given to reporters in advance, but he made no mention of the recent order sent from France by Secretary of War Baker and interpreted by General March as meaning that no further news of casualties should be given to the public. Mr. Creel has not been handling the casualty list lately because of a disagreement with the War Department, which took the stand that no further identification than the names of the killed and wounded should be given out.

It is not generally known what an immense amount of work has been accomplished by Mr. Creel's committee in disseminating information. In his report to President Wilson the chairman declared that it has grown to be a "world organization." The report thus details its activities:

> Besides the daily war-news, which it issues to the whole press of the country, it supplies some 30,000 newspapers with feature articles, a weekly news service, and governmental publicity material of all sorts.
>
> It has prepared and printed for distribution to all parts of the world 18,000,000 copies of fifteen different pamphlets in seven languages.
>
> It conducts speaking campaigns in every State of the Union, arranges meetings, books speakers, conducts war-conferences, and organizes tours; and in the Four-Minute Men alone it commands the volunteer services of 15,000 public speakers.
>
> It has wireless and cable-news service that is being extended to every capital in Europe, Scandinavia, the Orient, South and Central America, and Mexico, and a feature article service of similar proportions.
>
> It sends to foreign countries motion-picture exhibits showing America's social, industrial, and war-progress.
>
> It has mobilized the advertising forces of the country—press, periodical, car, and outdoor—for a patriotic campaign

HOW MANY CYLINDERS?

The Secretary of War has announced that all Liberty Motors now being built are the 12-cylinder type.

The basic principles of design from which these engines have been wrought are embodied in the Packard Twin Six.

The Packard Twin Six gives to its owner these marked advantages:

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¶ The impulses of its 12 small cylinders blend in a stream of power—the most agreeable action known to Motordom.

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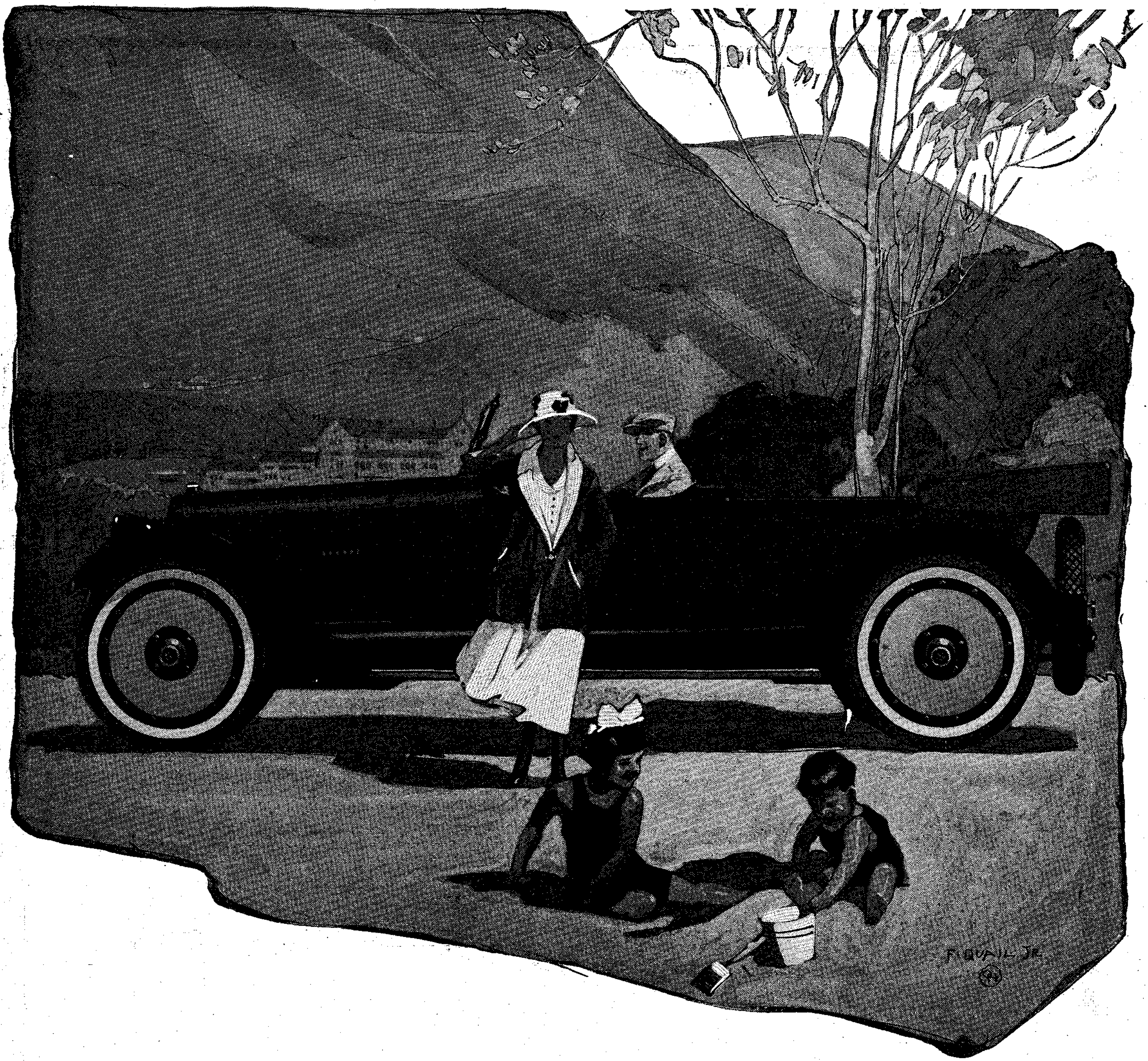
¶ First-class travel over any road—a get-there-direct means of transportation.

PACKARD TWIN SIX

Ask the man who owns one

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



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With no increase in weight, Disteel Wheels are more resilient and much stronger. They add greatly to the safety factor of the wheels which must bear the strain in skidding or collision.

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If your car is a beautiful car—and Disteel Wheels are designed particularly for such cars—the dealer who sold you the car can give you all Disteel Wheel information.

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that will give $30,000,000 worth of free space to the national service.

It designs posters, window-cards, and similar material of pictorial publicity for the use of various government departments and patriotic societies.

It prepares moving-picture films showing our war-progress and exhibits them to hundreds of thousands of people daily.

It issues an official daily newspaper for the Government, with a circulation of 90,000 copies a day.

With the aid of a volunteer staff of several hundred translators, it keeps in direct touch with the foreign-language press, supplying selected articles designed to combat ignorance and disaffection.

It has organized, and now directs, a round dozen of societies and leagues designed to appeal to certain classes and particular foreign-language groups, each body carrying a specific message to its section of America's adopted peoples.

It acts as a bureau of information for all persons who seek its direction in volunteer war-work, in acquiring knowledge of any administrative activities, or in approaching business dealings with the Government.

It supervises the voluntary censorship of the newspaper and periodical press.

It establishes rules and regulations for the cable censorship with respect to press dispatches.

It prepares and distributes, advises upon and censors photographs and moving pictures to the number of more than seven hundred a day.

It has only 250 paid employees, but it directs and coordinates the patriotic work of 5,000 volunteer writers and artists and 20,000 public speakers.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT AND WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED?

Things are seldom what they seem;
Skim-milk masquerades as cream;
High-lows pass for patent-leathers,
Jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers—
Very true!
So they do!

So sang Gilbert in the immortal "Pinafore," we are reminded by the London *Bystander*. But what did Gilbert really know about camouflaged food? A historically hungry writer in the New York *Evening Post* even drags out poor old Nebuchadrezzar to preface his comments on the prevalence—and the necessity—of substitutes and adulteration, and recalls that "it was considered a considerable gastronomic event when Nebuchadrezzar left his well-stocked palace, went out to the back pasture lot, and began eating grass with every sign of satisfaction. The chroniclers of those days made a great ado over the affair and set down with circumstantial detail the strange actions of Mr. Nebuchadrezzar. It evidently was not an every-day occurrence for a king or anybody else to include grass in his dietary." But little fuss is made to-day when thousands of people are being compelled by the rigors of war to do much the same thing. Some German statistician, this writer says, has estimated that since the war began 10,000 substitutes have been placed on the market in the Central Empires, most of them being food-substitutes. Of these doubtful subterfuges the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* says:

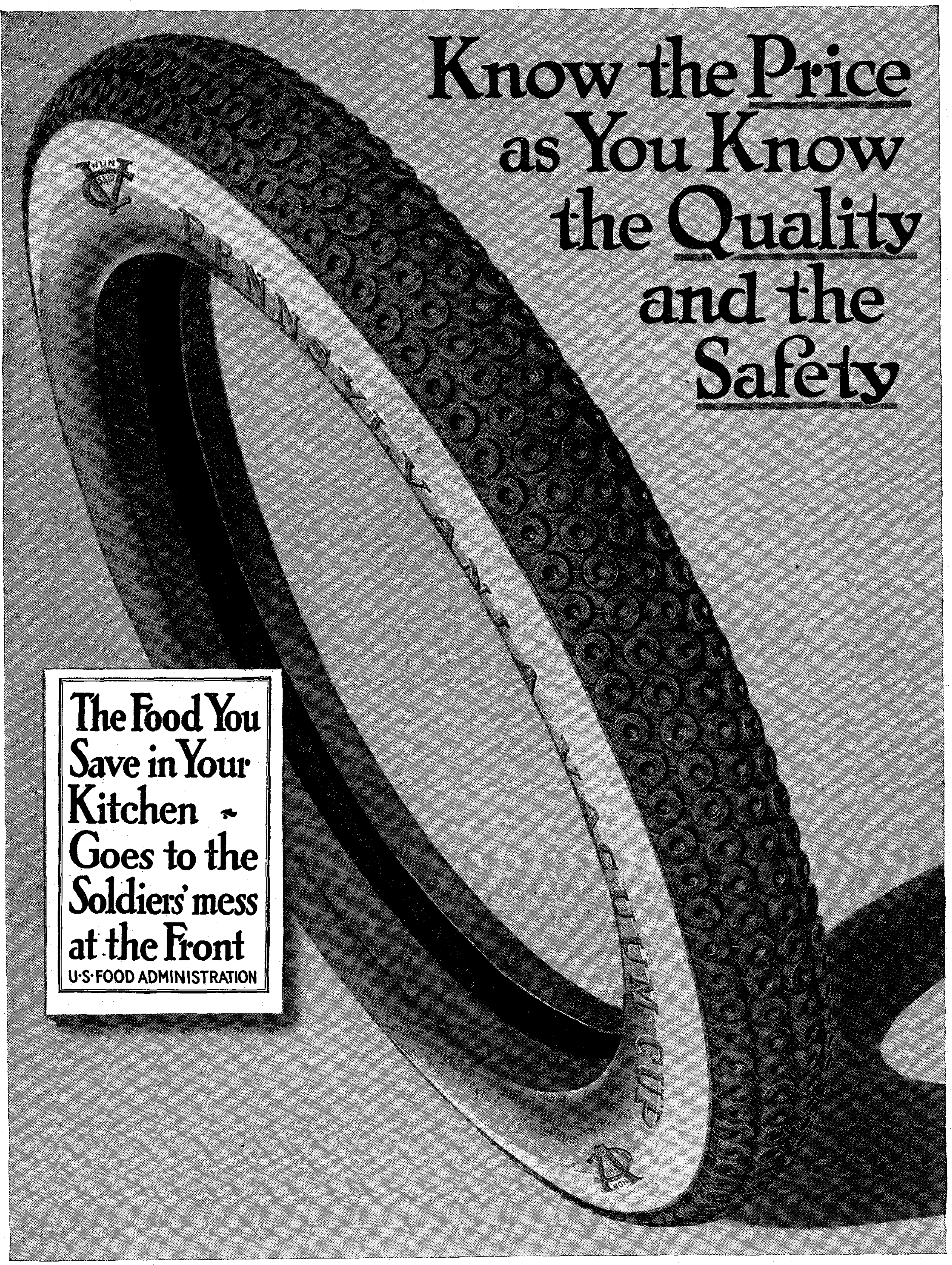
> The devil only knows what are the ingredients of thousands of these wretched substitutes that do duty for butter, eggs, oil, meat, coffee, and sugar. The latest products really are too terrible longer to be tolerated. A preparation of crude paraffin is now used for frying. To its use eight hundred cases of serious illness and nine actual deaths can be traced in Berlin alone. Goose-dripping is prepared from dog's fat and egg-substitute from chalk and baking powder.

The writer in *The Evening Sun* details some of the novel expedients to which the world is obliged to resort for food, clothing, and manufacturing materials:

> An achievement that rivals that of Nebuchadrezzar, if it does not indeed put it in the shade, is reported from Finland, where they are now making bread of moss and sawdust with only small quantities of flour. It would seem as if a good meal of timothy or Kentucky blue-grass would be preferable to this concoction of moss and sawdust.
>
> Flour adulteration is being enforced among practically all the warring nations and in many of the neutrals. The United States, even, which is best off of all the great Powers of the world, has come to its "Victory bread" and its wheatless days. But the war-bread of several of the European countries is black, unpalatable, and almost indigestible. In Russia many persons are suffering from chronic inflammation of the throat and alimentary tract because of the extraordinary quantity of straw and chaff in the bread that is rationed out.
>
> So many substitute foods have been introduced in Germany and Austria-Hungary that the health of the civil population has been noticeably affected, altho it is a question of which would have done the more harm—the substituted foods or no foods at all. One of the learned professors, for which Germany is famous, recently predicted that the camouflage food would kill off a third of the populace and enfeeble the remainder.
>
> Tea is one of the scarce articles in Germany, but the merchants are selling and the people are buying as substitutes such things as blackberry, raspberry, currant, and strawberry leaves, etc. Recently another substitution has been evolved. The people are drying the parings of apples and pears and using them with other ingredients in place of tea.
>
> Acorns and chestnuts are gathered most carefully now in Germany, the acorns to be used for coffee and the chestnuts for oil production. Even chicory, the historical substitute for coffee, seems to be scarce there. In Sweden they have chicory, but they also are using acorns and sugar-beets.
>
> The shortage of almost every material has developed an interesting search to find substitutes for the existing substitutes. For instance, in Denmark, they are trying to find a substitute for margarin. They first tried soy-beans as a substitute for copra in the manufacture of margarin, but this was not satisfactory. Now an attempt is being made to use a composition in which fish-oil is the principal ingredient.
>
> Since the price of salt has risen in Scandinavia experiments have been made to produce it in a cheaper way and in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. Chemists and engineers in Norway have been making experiments and believe the question is solved. One suggestion is that salt water be pumped from the ocean in great quantities and, as a first step, be allowed to freeze. The ice would then be taken off and, as it is not salt, it would leave the remaining water saltier. This remainder would be treated with electricity and allowed to evaporate, when a rich deposit of salt would be left.

Clothing substitutes, the writer tells us, are quite as curious as those for food, and include not only garments for the living, but cerements for the dead. Coffins are made of cardboard or *papier mâché*, with wooden frames, and shrouds are made of woven paper. The cardboard coffins are said to be "thick, durable, light, and easy to transport." The writer continues:

> As is now well known, paper is being used in the manufacture of clothing and for multitudinous other purposes for which cloth and leather formerly were employed. One may be outfitted with paper clothes down to stockings and undergarments. A German paper reports a woman, a prospective customer, inquiring if undergarments at which she was looking would wash.
>
> "Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply of the salesgirl, "they will dry-wash and cold-iron."
>
> That has been one of the chief difficulties with the paper clothes, their inability to stand water. But this is being overcome. In the first days of paper clothes a person wearing one of the suits was in danger of having his habiliments melt off him before the public gaze if he happened to be caught in a severe shower, a somewhat embarrassing possibility.
>
> In Germany paper yarns are gaining in importance more and more. Paper-yarn fabrics have been impregnated so that they are suitable as leather substitutes for boots and shoes, and they are said to last fairly well. Articles of clothing were the principal exhibits recently at a paper-fabric exhibition in Breslau. Workmen's trousers and blouses were distinguished for their durability. It is said the paper-linen fabric feels by no means so harsh as one might expect. The stockings manufactured are described as soft and comfortable.
>
> Paper is even supplanting wood temporarily in the manufacture of some kinds of furniture. How industrial requirements are satisfied is evident from the paper-yarn socks that are being manufactured by the thousands, but especially from the machine belting made in all sizes and strengths and advertised as a completely satisfactory substitute for leather.
>
> Herr Worm, director of the Chemnitz Technical School, asserts that Germany's dependence on foreign countries for raw materials in the textile industry now has ceased. All circles of the trade have busied themselves with the task of creating new materials. As a result, says the Herr Direktor, there are now more than one hundred substitute materials tested, such as paper yarns, bark, stem, and fruit fibers.
>
> "The question of substitute raw material might, therefore, be regarded as solved," he remarks with a satisfied air.
>
> With paper fabrics and canvas being used for the uppers of shoes, wood and metal are displacing leather in the soles. In fact, some shoes are being made entirely of wood, much on the style once in vogue in Holland. Wooden sandals also are being worn. Curds and "white cheese" are being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as You Know
the Quality
and the
Safety
NON SKID
PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP
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U·S·FOOD ADMINISTRATION

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IN the manufacture of Vacuum Cup Tires the high service quality and characteristic safety on which their reputation is based were first established as unalterable standards.

The next objective was to bring the price down to a comparative level with those of ordinary tires.

This aim was simplified by a very generous, ever-increasing volume and by the operation of the most efficient factory in the industry. It finally was fully realized by the introduction of a zone selling system with dealer protection which kept selling expense down while permitting free expansion of sales.

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U·S·FOOD ADMINISTRATION

used experimentally on substitute soles as adhesive material.

We have no assurance that the time-honored expedient of putting green spectacles on the beast to make his fodder attractive has been adopted by the Germans, but we are told:

While inventive minds have been devising substitutes with which to satisfy the requirements of impoverished peoples it has been necessary at the same time to deceive live stock into the belief that they are getting perfectly good fodder when, as a matter of fact, they are getting nothing of the sort. So severe has been the fodder shortage that many countries have been forced to kill off their cattle and hogs. Race-horses and other fancy stock also have been hard hit. Owners of race-horses have had to get rid of their property or permit them to be used for such plebeian occupations as hauling trucks and plowing fields. Germany does not propose to feed horses that are not working to win the war.

And what some of Germany's live stock have to eat if they care to continue their earthly existence must cause them to ruminate sadly on the horrors of war. They get the straw from sugar-beets and mangolds gone to seed. The digestibility of these is small, but they help fill up the stomachs of the horses and cattle, which is something achieved anyway. This stuff is dried and ground and sold to the farmers at a good, stiff price.

A meal is also made from the chopped straw of root-tops gone to seed mixed with cut leaves and root-seeds. It is practically impossible to keep sand out of this delectable mixture, but the animals eat it when they have been without any other foods for some time. It can be given in small quantities to horses and cattle, but is said to be no good at all for hogs.

Young reeds are given to cows and sheep as fodder, but they can not be used for this purpose when they get a little older. In Berlin and other German cities the people are drying twigs and brushwood for fodder, gathering their supply in the evening when there is supposed to be the most starch in the leaves. Seaweed has been used as fodder for some time in Germany. A factory has been established for the utilization of seaweed and various fresh-water plants found in great abundance on the river-marshes. Both alcohol and fodder can be obtained from the plants. Schoolboys are collecting foliage under the direction of schoolmasters.

Potato-tops are being fed to the live stock in Norway. In Sweden experiments are being made with lichens. In Denmark the people are using seeds from forest trees—mast, acorn, maple, etc.—for the manufacture of oil-cakes. The oil is extracted in roughly constructed sheds in the forests. The oil is then sent to factories in the cities and there mixed with molasses and water, prest into the shape of cakes, and dried.

Pages would be required to detail all the ingenious expedients that are being used to cheat grim famine, clothe the people, and keep the wheels of industry turning. Rabbit-skins are being used to clothe the poor of Leipzig; tires of pith and springs are replacing rubber on motor-vehicles in many German cities; aldehyde, a by-product in the alcohol trade, is taking the place of benzin and petroleum as a fuel for motors; women are sacrificing their hair and saving combings for use as a substitute in the manufacture of felting-boards, driving-belts, and packing-rings; old-fashioned lamps are being manufactured in Norway to burn whale-oil again because of the shortage of other sorts. All in all, it constitutes a readjustment of proportions hardly conceivable in the lives of many peoples.

ONCE MORE THE OLD CHANTEYS WILL BE HEARD ON THE SEAS

WAR has resurrected the chantey-man. You probably remember him in the old stories of the sea, or perhaps, if you are old enough and lived near the shores of the briny deep when you were a boy, you can recall the rhythmic rumble of deep-voiced sailormen as they hauled away at halyard or tackle. And perhaps this is among those chanteys which linger in your memory:

Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea,
With a yo-ho blow the men down;
And pray pay attention and listen to me,
Oh! give me some time to blow the men down!

'Twas on board a Black Baller I first served my time,
To my yo-ho! blow the men down;
And in the Black Baller I wasted my prime,
Oh! give me some time to blow the men down.

Of course we are all familiar with Rudyard Kipling's "Anchor Song," but that is literature, and probably no sailorman could get the proper swing out of it even if these words were set to the music of the capstan bars:

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah, heave her short again!
Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl.
Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and full!
Ready jib to pay her off, and heave short all!

Anyway, the United States Shipping Board, in an effort to bring the chantey back to the sea, has commissioned Stanton H. King, an old salt, as official chantey-man. A writer in the New York *Evening Post* says he has a vivid recollection of the chantey first quoted above. He recalls:

It was a hot morning in a Southern port. Men were aloft on the yards loosening the gaskets, others were at the windlass, heaving in the anchor, and at the cat-head stood the mate, watching the chain as it rasped, link by link, through the hawse-pipe. Presently, he gave a signal, and the chantey-man, a strapping black fellow, in blue dungaree, with a voice like thunder, "struck a light," with:

Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea.

The crew took up the second line as a refrain, the third was a solo, the chantey-man holding the note at the end until the chorus broke into the fourth with a lilt that carried the melody far across the harbor. The windlass clanked like an old bell as the men put their hearts into the song, the anchor-stock showed itself above the rippling water, the ship began to pay off, and the sails tumble in the gear. Then the chantey-man bellowed out his anchor song:

Oh! don't you hear our old man say
We're homeward bound this very day.
(*Refrain.*)
Oh! don't you hear our old man say
Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well;
Oh! fare you well, my bonny young girl,
Hoorah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Most of the things done on shipboard are incomprehensible to the landsman, but each has a reason. And there was a good reason for the chantey. It put life into sailors, made them forget bad food, ill treatment, sore muscles, cold, and all the discomforts of vile weather, and every shipmaster in the old days considered a first-rate chantey-man the equivalent of four men in a watch.

Nowadays there is less reason for the chantey-man and his songs. To be sure the war has revived the glory of the square-rigger—New York Harbor has seen many in recent months; but your modern sailing-vessel carries a donkey-engine, fed with coal and water, and the deep-water seaman finds it unnecessary to drive the engine with a song when it takes a grip of rope and chain. All this is by the way. Mr. King's purpose—and no one should question it—is to instil a measure of that spirit which made the American of other days a first-class merchant seaman, proud of his ship and his flag, ever ready to risk his life in its service. And the chantey, rollicking, mournful, always melodious, is his medium—a song of the past and a song for all time, the real folk-music of the sea. Once learned, it is never forgotten, as the men on the training-ship *Calvin Austin*—Mr. King's ocean studio—will discover ere long.

If the chantey has no standing in literature, nor music, both words and music of the old-timers are sacred. One of the most popular was entitled "Reuben Ranzo," and Mr. King says:

"This was—and I dare say is—a well-known chantey. Either Bret Harte or Mark Twain—I forget which—has a character, an old skipper, who is fond of singing about the trials of a certain 'Lorenzo.' Whether this was the original name I do not know. But as far back as fifty years ago it was plain 'Ranzo.' Lorenzo it might have been, for Yankee whalers took a large number of their men from the Azores, men of Portuguese descent, among whom 'Lorenzo' would have been a common name enough. In the days I speak of, the chantey was always sung to the regulation words, and when the story was finished there was no attempt at improvisation; the text was, I suppose, considered sacred. I never heard any variation from the words here given:

O Ranzo was no sailor,
He skipped on board of a whaler.

(*Refrain.*)
Oh, pity poor Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo!
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!

And he could not do his duty,
So they took him to the gangway.
(*Refrain.*)

And they gave him nine-and-thirty,
Yes, lashes nine-and-thirty.
(*Refrain.*)

Now, the captain being a good man,
He took him in the cabin.
(*Refrain.*)

And he gave him wine and water,
Rube kissed the captain's daughter.
(*Refrain.*)

Whether it was the sentiment of the chantey that made it popular, or its rhythm,

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King does not say, but it would seem that the rapid rise of Reuben to the point where he makes bold to salute the captain's daughter possibly had the strongest hold on the sailorman's imagination; for King says that sailors of to-day know nothing of the old chantey, "Shenandoah," but the tune and the one line, "O Shenandoah, I love your daughter." Here is King's version of the once famous chantey, "Bound for the Rio Grande":

Now, you Bowery ladies, we'd have you to know,
O you Rio!
We're bound to the Southward, O Lord, let us go!
For I'm bound to the Rio Grande.

(*Refrain.*)
Oh, say, was you ever in Rio Grande?
O you Rio!

It's there that the river runs down golden sand,
For I'm bound to the Rio Grande.
And away, you Rio! O . . . you Rio!
Sing fare-you-well, my bonny young girls,
For I'm bound to the Rio Grande.
So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay.
(*Refrain.*)

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum,
And get back again 'fore Thanksgiving has come.
And good-by, fare-you-well, all you ladies of town,
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.
(*Refrain.*)

Inspired by an article on the revival of the chantey by John Walker Harrington in the New York *Sun*, W. W. Urquhart, a sea-captain of the "olden days," writes to that newspaper:

As far as I can learn I am one of five living that commanded the packet-ships in the early 60's. I was in command of ships in the London, Havre, and Liverpool lines. The last ship under my command was the *Isaac Webb*, of the Black Ball Line. She was wrecked in 1880 off Sable Island, and this finished my sea career.

Colored sailors were the best singers and kept the best time, but sometimes they would get the sulks and would only grunt. On one occasion, when I was Boy Bill on a ship, the cook in a storm spoiled the Thursday's duff. The mainsail and topgallantsails had to be set, as the weather moderated. The colored boys would not sing, they just grunted. The first mate said, "Boy Bill, you can sing better than that." I turned to one of the crew and said, "Sam, why don't you sing?"

"No moosic in me to-day, Massa Billy," said he. Then I pitched in and made my début in one of the chanteys I had heard them sing. Rather Frenchy it was, and ran this way:

Boney was a warrior.
(*Chorus*)—Why, ay! ay, yar!
Boney was a warrior.
(*Chorus*)—John François!
Boney went to Moscow.
(*Chorus*)—Why, ay! ay, yar!
Boney went to Moscow.
(*Chorus*)—John François!
Boney never sulked, they say,
(*Chorus*)—Why, ay! ay, yar!
Boney never sulked a day.
(*Chorus*)—John François! etc.

This drove the sulks away and Massa Billy's stock rose to par.

In a brief summary of the career of Uncle Sam's chantey-man *The Post* says:

Mr. King first went to sea from Barbados thirty-eight years ago, and he learned the chantey-man's art in deep-water ships. Later he joined the Navy, and when his time was up he went to the Moody School for two years, opening in 1893 the Sailors' Haven, at Charlestown, Mass., alongside a bar-room. Mr. King became an author as well as a sky-pilot, writing a number of sea-stories, and at the Haven chantey-singing became a part of his weekly entertainment for Jack ashore. He found it a good way to reach Jack's heart and put him on a straight course.

TWO SENSATIONAL "CLIMBERS" WITHOUT SOCIAL AMBITIONS

ATLANTA has the climbing fever. Small boys are wearing out their trousers and the nerves of their parents, soda-fountain clerks are discussing the fad with fair and ambitious customers, argumentative citizens are debating the merits of the toe-and-finger grips, while the local labor-union is considering whether or not to admit the "human spider" into the organization. At the bottom of it all is Strother, the young man who recently startled Atlanta by shinning up the face of the Third National Bank building.

W. C. Strother is not a conspicuous person when he is not climbing, save that he always wears a pink carnation in his buttonhole. One would naturally think that a climber should have high ambitions. Strother runs to haberdashery. When he retires from the spider business he hopes to be a traveling salesman with a popular line of "gents' furnishings" and go railroading around the country. The Atlanta *Journal* says of Strother, his exploits and his ambitions:

> Strother hails from Wilson County, North Carolina. The folk back home always called him "Bill." They never expected him to be a spider. Neither did Bill. He went through high school, got a job in a clothing-store, changed to a real-estate office, and all the time dreamed of being a salesman.
>
> He fell, or rather rose, into the spider business quite by accident. He had always been a climber. When the boys went 'possum-hunting, they called for Bill to go up the tree. He had a monkey's agility. Used to paint a lot, too. Houses and barns around the country. Never needed a ladder. He'd just shin up a post and swarm all over the roof.
>
> Even then Bill had a crowd. His painting was a circus. Give him a roof with a nice slope to it and he would dump a big puddle of paint near the top. Then, a jump into the air, and flop! Bill would land on his bottom-side and slide down the roof to the water-spout, where he hung by his heels. Result—fine long strip of roof painted in half a second. A few more puddles and a few more slides, and he was done. Tough on trousers, but a treat for the folk.
>
> Three years ago Bill saw a steeple-jack climb the county court-house. It set him to thinking. He just naturally had a hunch that he could go and do likewise. Still, all he did was think. The bright idea, you see, was only germinating. It continued to germinate while Bill was selling lots for a real-estate company.
>
> One day he was getting ready for an

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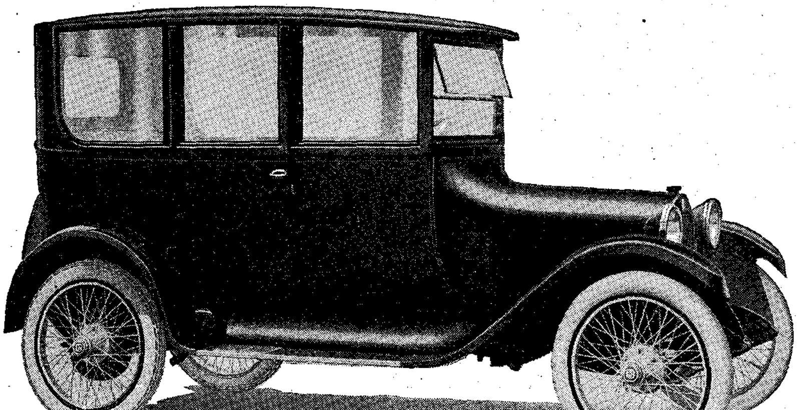

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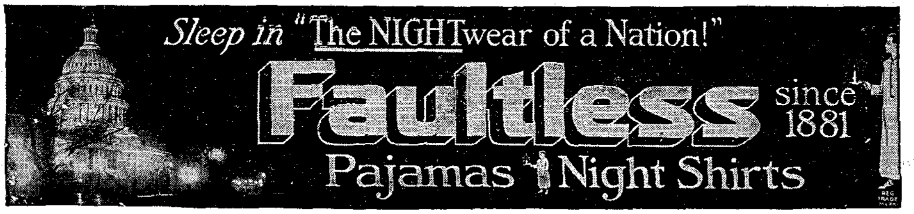

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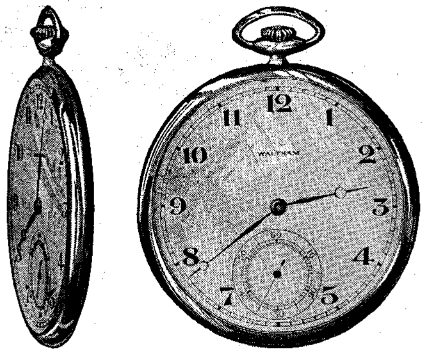

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THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

auction sale in Kenston, N. C. He had ordered a lot of advertising circulars for the sale, but the train was late.

"Dog gone it!" said Bill to a chap at the corner drug-store. "If those circulars don't come, dunno what I'll do!"

He looked out the window at the court-house.

"Reckon I'll have to climb the court-house and advertise the sale," he remarked.

The chap in the drug-store was the editor of the daily *Kenstonian*. He was hard up for a story that night, so he took a chance.

The next morning Bill picked up the paper and discovered that he was scheduled to climb the court-house at 2 P.M. Did he back out? He did not. He climbed her from bottom to top in the presence of five thousand people and he sold $35,000 worth of lots.

Bill's bright idea had hit him fair and square by that time. Up until last Christmas he kept on climbing for the real-estate company, advertising auction sales, and finally landing in Petersburg, Va. There he decided to strike out for himself. He climbed and took up a collection. It netted him $125.

And it was right there that Bill Strother became a spider. Since then he has been climbing all over North and South Carolina for the benefit of charities and war-relief funds. He has climbed the State Capitol at Columbia and everything in Atlanta that would stand without hitching. He likes to climb, and admits that the thrill is more enticing than the dollars he gets out of it. Says the writer in *The Journal:*

His climbs have netted him anywhere from $10 on up to $500 a climb. Climbing two or three times a week, he has averaged $100 a climb since he began four months ago. Pretty good pay? Yes, but nobody claims Bill doesn't earn it.

For climbing the Third National Bank building Bill's share was $104.

"It was the hardest building I've climbed yet," he said afterward. "Of course, I'm out for the coin, but the real pleasure I get out of it is the crowd. It makes you swell inside when you look down and the crowd cheers. What's that word? Exult! I exult all over."

Bill says it really is hard work, climbing, altho it looks pretty easy, the way he does it. Plain old leather shoes, regular suit, and everything. Bill's rivals don't like his matter-of-fact clothes. They say he ought to wear rubber shoes and a white suit. Makes it look harder, you know. But Bill says it's hard enough for the crowd to know it without putting on a lot of style. If people think it's easy, Bill is willing to let them try it.

The hardest part he says, is holding on with his fingers, with which he does most of his climbing. He never can tell when he's going to put his hand on a slippery place and shoot off into space.

Bill has never fallen yet. When he does, wo to him! for even should he save his neck, his nerve would go.

"Once a climber has fallen, he's never as good again. His nerve is gone. He's always a little bit afraid after that."

That's what Bill says. At the same time, he admits that when he first started climbing, he, too, was afraid—scared to death!

Anybody with muscle, skill, and the nerve to try it, can climb, says Bill. The only thing he must do is to get out of his mind "the fear of distance." He must make himself feel just as much at home on the ledge of the fifteenth story as he does on the sidewalk. If he can do that, then even the comedy stunts that Bill pulls are not hard.

As for standing on his head, Bill says it really is just as easy to stand on his head on the roof as on the street, so why shouldn't he do it? True, he may fall, but he has done that several times—lost his balance and toppled over—and he has always managed to catch with a quick turn of his hands.

"It's dangerous business, tho," says Bill. "Death always climbs with you. In three years, I'll have made enough money to quit. Then, me for the road!"

But Bill Strother is not the only spider in the web by any means. Down in Houston, Texas, there is a man who recently clambered up the granite face of the *Chronicle* building. He is Harry H. Gardiner, and in Texas they call him the "Human Fly." Unlike Strother, he sticks to the rubber-soled shoes, but depends on the efficacy of silent prayer to bring him safely through his "stunts." Here is the way *The Chronicle* graphically describes one of his startling exploits:

Now he had reached the twentieth story. Below him was a drop of two hundred feet; on either side, sheer wall; above, a cornice.

A moment's hesitation, then—

He leaned backward and stood upward in the same movement, gript the edge of the cornice—and let his body hang down straight!

The crowd gasped.

Now the limp body began to swing back and forth, back and forth—like a pendulum. The multitude was restless, apprehensive, expectant of a tragedy.

The body kept on swinging, rising higher and higher at each sweep.

Suddenly its motion seemed mysteriously accelerated, a second time it swung, and then—the feet shot straight out, the heels reached up to and rested on the cornice and held tight.

A moment's wait and then the body seemed shaken with short, quick convulsions—as if it were shot through and through with a powerful electric current. But at each convulsion the heels moved farther from the point where the finger-tips gript hard until, in another moment, the body was almost straight.

Then the multitude below saw a sight that awed and fascinated. The head and shoulders rose, pulled up by the powerful arms, the trunk of the body rolled upward and over, and left hand shot still higher up and gript a crevice in the wall—

And there was Harry Gardiner standing upright on the cornice!

Again he had done the "impossible," which he terms "that worse than useless word."

Many persons who have watched Gardiner's sensational "stunts" are inclined to believe that there is something abnormal about him. In reality he is one of the most human and responsible of men, as is attested by his family, consisting of the "missus" and three children. He is a close personal friend of Billy Sunday, and he believes in a personal devil and the so-called "old-fashioned" religion. Before he begins one of his dangerous climbs he stands for a few seconds with his eyes closed. From that moment he will not speak a word until he has reached his goal. He has given himself into the care of his Creator. It is his way, for his confidence is largely spiritual, and he firmly believes that if he does his best some force higher than himself will take care of him. It is quite natural, perhaps, that Mrs. Gardiner should not have the implicit faith that sustains her husband. She fears the development of another "Human Fly" in the family, for, says the *Chronicle* writer:

Mrs. Gardiner and the three children are at the family home at Newport News, Va. The mother is longing for the day when "dad" will get out of the climbing business. She told Gardiner not long ago that he had "climbed into a nice little fortune, and it was time to quit." He thought so, too, and the time is not far off.

Last week Mrs. Gardiner wrote:

"I'm afraid, Harry, that Scholly is going to follow in your climbing business. I missed him yesterday afternoon, and for a long time could not find him. Finally, I heard a giggle and saw him sitting on the peak of grandad's barn, his face dirty, his clothes torn, but himself very happy in the fact that he climbed as 'high as the barn went.'"

JOY-RIDING BOBCATS ARE SLAYING MAINE DEER

THE only good bobcat is a dead one—that's how they feel down in Maine, where the bounty has been raised from $2 to $4. There seems to be some justification for the sentiment, for the forest feline has increased prodigiously, bounties having been paid on four hundred "good" ones last year.

Joy-riding is the favorite diversion of the Maine bobcat. For a flivver he selects a deer, and he is not at all fussy about the model. Some of the experiences with the "critter" last winter are related by a writer in the Portland *Press* who says:

Of course, the primary objection to a bobcat is that he is a deer-hunter, and a good one. No one knows how many deer are killed by these forest pussies, and ideas differ, but it is known that they make way with quite a number.

A bobcat has his own peculiar way of hunting deer, and it is a very effective one. The big cat gets on the trail of a deer or a herd of deer, creeps on them until, when the chance offers, he springs upon the back of a surprized animal. Then it is good-night, Mister Deer, unless he has extra good luck.

Of course, the surprized deer runs, and runs fast. But the cat simply digs its claws into the animal's flesh and clings to its quarry. Once the claws get fixt there is no shaking the cat off unless the deer can manage to scrape him off by running under a tree or some like projection.

Even if he does, the chances are that that won't save the deer. The cat simply hops up and mounts it again, and they're off once more. A cat thus mounted for this wildest of joy-rides has three courses of action open to it.

One is to crawl over to the deer's quarter and hamstring it. The other is to get at its throat and cut open its jugular vein. The third is to ride until the deer falls in utter exhaustion. This latter is not a difficult thing to do in the winter time, when there is a deep snow.

Up in Raymond they have a record of where a cat rode about two miles on a deer's back before the latter was downed. The cat mounted the animal up near Little Sebago Lake. The frightened deer coursed down through the woods until it came out in the road that runs across from Gray to the main highway up to Raymond Village. A little distance up this road the deer dropt from pure exhaustion. Then the cat devoured a portion of it and put back into the woods. No one saw the deer and the cat, but the deer's body was found in the road, the signs indicating that it had been killed by a cat. There was snow on the ground and the trail was followed back to Little Sebago, where the marks indicated the cat had taken the leap.

Mathew Morrill, of Gray, who is the game-warden of his district, is "sure agin' bobcats." He believes they are responsible for slaying many more deer than is apparent by the evidences found in the forests. He is doing his bit in exterminating the animals, and was largely instrumental in inducing the legislature to place a larger bounty on the "cats." *The Press* says:

> He found the members of the Fish and Game Commission a little skeptical about the great damage the cats were doing to Maine's big game and it was up to him to show them. He did it, and one of the ways he did it was by means of a photograph. It is a picture of a deer which was killed by a bobcat, and was taken in Gray, showing that one need not get back into the deep forests to find these junior catamounts. There was a yard of deer in the Gray woods and a couple of cats got into them. One lighted on this deer and started on a joy-ride. The snow was deep and the deer ran with difficulty. In the background will be noticed a pine log lying in the snow, and bending over it a little oak sapling. The end of the sapling is pinned down by the pine log.
>
> The deer ran under this arch and as he did so scraped the cat off his back. He didn't save himself, tho. The cat gathered himself up in the snow, made another leap, and was on the deer's back.
>
> The deer fell a few rods in front of the pine log. Mr. Morrill found the carcass there the next day and photographed it. Also he set a trap for the bobcat and caught him. The cat was a big one, weighing something like thirty-five pounds, and Mr. Morrill has the hide now. He is rather proud of it, naturally.
>
> Not long ago a Rockland paper carried an advertisement announcing "cat-hounds" for sale. Quite a lot of people wanted to know what a cat-hound was, and some one wrote to the paper. The editor didn't know and so he asked. He found that a cat-hound is a hound that makes a business of catching bobcats.
>
> There are quite a lot of cat-hounds down in Hancock, Knox, and Lincoln counties, and quite a lot of business is done in hunting bobcats. The hound is put on the cat's trail and follows it, baying until he trees the animal. Then comes along the hunter and shoots the cat. It is rather simple and it is profitable, too, if one gets enough cats. A cat's hide is worth $2.50, and this with the bounty makes $6.50 for the bobcat. Not a bad day's work, as hunting goes.
>
> There is very little cat-hunting done in Maine, except in these three counties, altho the bobs are distributed all over the State. There are some in northern Cumberland, as already related. In some of the mountains around the Rangeleys they are said to be very numerous.
>
> For the most part they live on deer and rabbits, altho they are very fond of partridge and probably do their share in keeping these birds down. When a cat kills a deer, the first thing he seeks is the brains. The bob is very fond of deer's brains. To get at them he cuts a triangular hole through the bone in the deer's forehead. The bone is hard and thick here, and it is something of a puzzle how he gets through it.
>
> But he does, and when a deer is found with this triangular mark in his forehead the woodsman sets it down that a bobcat has been around.
>
> A bobcat is a stealthy animal, and is rarely seen by hunters or fishermen. Men who frequent the woods may have passed hundreds of them and never have seen one in their lives. A bobcat weighs from around forty pounds down, and is of a tawny color. But if you ever meet one you'll know it.

EVICT THE "WORLD'S RICHEST VILLAGE" TO UNCOVER IRON-MINES

THE opulent and extravagant Hibbing is to be evicted.

Mayor Power no longer drops into his office chair in the morning facing the new day with the problem of how to spend $3,000 confronting him. Not such a serious task, you say? Try it yourself, morning after morning, for fifty-two weeks in the year, with a Sunday accummulation of an additional $3,000 with which to begin each week.

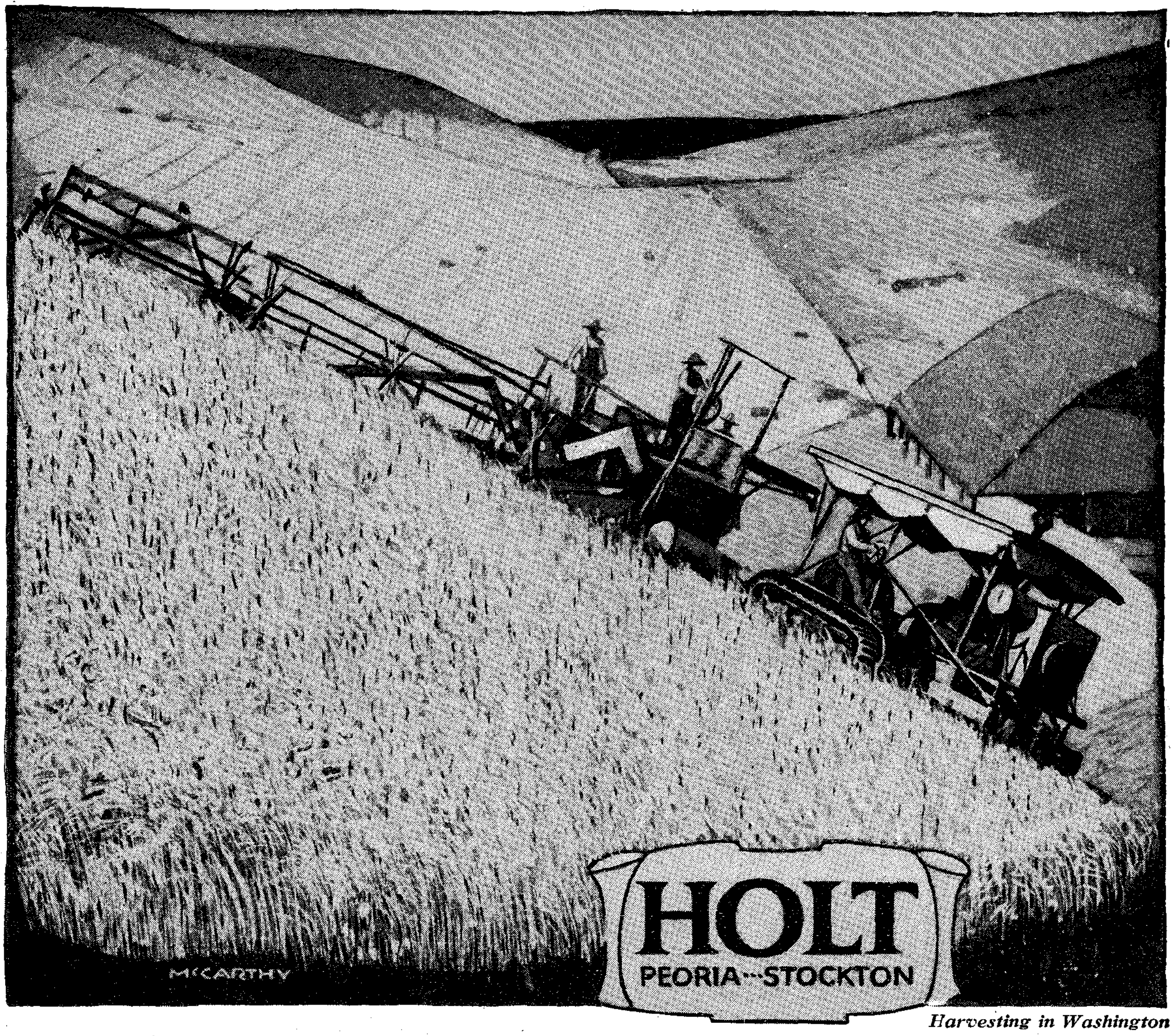
Of course when the Mayor began the job of separating Hibbing from its income it was a comparatively easy proposition. There was quite a little debt to be wiped out, but with this out of the way, the real task began. Having reached the limit of expenditure on schools, public buildings, and street paving, he tackled the electric lighting of the town as a likely outlet for some of that $3,000 per day until finally, with forty street lights on every corner, Hibbing, Minn., made New York's Great White Way look like the back street of a country village. But it all will be different now, for, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> The unadorned fact of the tragedy is that Hibbing is about to be compelled to remove itself, bank buildings, palatial schoolhouses, paved streets, and all, to a site of fifty-seven acres in the center of the town of Alice, three miles away from its present location.
>
> Hibbing's opportunities for high and lofty finance, so enthusiastically seized upon, arose from the fact that within its boundaries lay some of the richest iron-mines in the country, producing 25,000,000 tons of ore a year. The municipal fathers considered that these mines should be taxed a considerable proportion of what the traffic would bear, and the law upheld them. As a result the village rolled in such wealth that the greatest ingenuity was required to find ways of spending it.
>
> Of course, it was the war which brought this calamity upon the richest village in the universe. With the United States in the war and offering its storehouse of resources freely to its allies, besides preparing feverishly to supply its own military needs, there came an exorbitant demand for iron.
>
> Hibbing lies upon the Mesaba range, which contains the largest and most productive iron-mines in the United States. When the town was founded, the Oliver Mining Co., now a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, was canny enough to reserve the mineral rights to the deposits underlying the village site. From time to time during the last quarter of a century the company has claimed bits of the site, but Hibbing merely moved a few rods farther on and settled down again to luxuriate in its prosperity.
>
> But now, at one fell swoop, the company has asserted its claim to the entire site, so that it may have access to the 33,000,000 tons of ore estimated to be concealed underneath. Therefore, Hibbing must move, and the only silver lining to the black cloud is that the corporation will pay all the expenses, which will amount to several millions of dollars. The transfer is to be completed within a year.
>
> If Hibbing will have to relinquish its boast of being "the richest village," it may console itself as best it can with the less resplendent status of a "model village," for such the builders plan to make it. Landscape architects and municipal experts are at work on the designs.

The Aladdin of Hibbing is Victor L. Power, who landed in the village seventeen years ago looking for a job. He got one as blacksmith's helper with the iron company. He was ambitious and after a time went to Chicago, where he studied law. After being admitted to the bar he returned to Hibbing, and, interesting himself in the progress of the town, was elected Mayor in 1913. He has held the office ever since.

When Power was first elected he at once set about the task of collecting what he considered was due to the town from the iron company. At that time the largest sum ever collected by the town in taxes in a year was $278,000. Mayor Power took the matter to the courts and established the rights of Hibbing to levy higher taxes on the iron company—and they have been growing every year since. Says the writer in *The Post Dispatch:*

> During the first year the taxes were raised to $750,000, the purpose of the increased levy being recorded as that of wiping out the village's indebtedness of $285,000. By the end of the year the indebtedness was $703,000; the next year another $750,000 was levied to wipe out this new debt, as was alleged, which promptly grew in another twelve months to the $1,250,000 mark. It is a fact that the cost of conducting the town government, excluding expenses for schools, has averaged around $1,000,000. Last year it was $1,155,706. Its tax-rate has increased approximately 400 per cent. in four years and about 1,658 per cent. in the last eight years.
>
> What to do with the golden flood of wealth rolling in upon them was a problem for the citizens to solve. Some of the undertakings decided upon to combat the embarrassment of riches were comical.
>
> For instance, no fewer than forty street-



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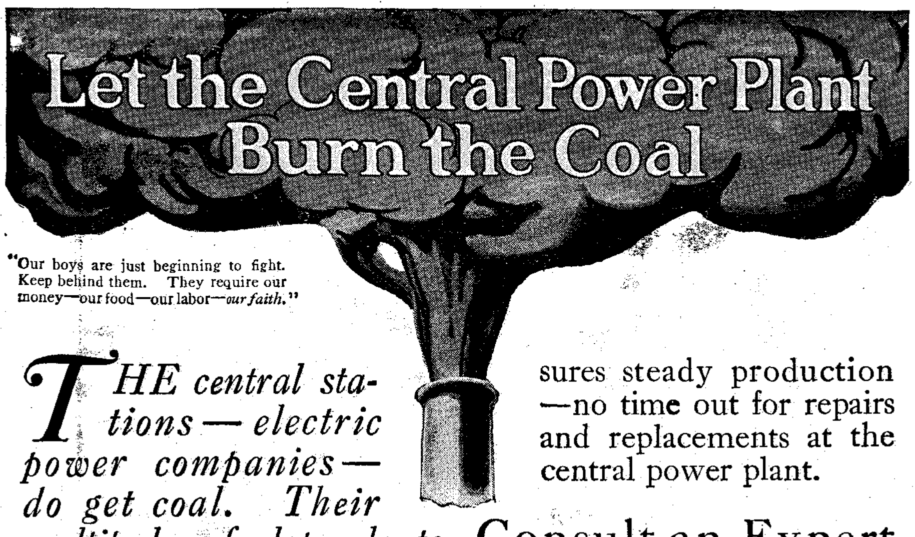

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THE central stations—electric power companies—do get coal. Their multitude of dependents and public service responsibilities give them priority privileges at all times.

Electrical power from this source is the surest way of keeping your plant going under these uncertain war conditions.

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Every manufacturer generating his own power even under normal conditions has at least two daily problems—variable costs of fuel and uncertain output.

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The power company representative will give you facts and figures about the cost of current and the electrical engineer-contractor firm in your own locality will furnish you plans and install your equipment.

Your mechanical engineer and a competent electrical engineer-contractor can change your equipment from steam to motor drive.

If a new factory is wanted, or an addition to your present factory, be sure to get an architect to plan and supervise the construction of the building itself.

The whole story of business economy and modern factory operation through the use of electric power can be had from the power plant representative and electrical contractor. They can and will help you save money and earn dividends.

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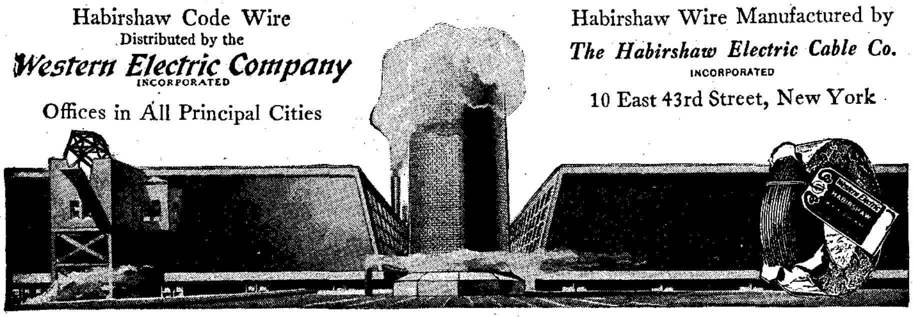


lights, clustered on eight standards of five lamps each, were placed at every street intersection, with the result that this town of 12,000 boasted more street-lights than Cincinnati with 364,000 population. It was a favorite joke to say that one needed smoked glasses to walk about Hibbing at night, and that the chickens were all dying of insomnia in their delusion that it was always day and never night.

The town carries a municipal pay-roll of nearly $500,000 a year, which is explained by the fact that on an average between 800 to 900 of the burghers of voting age are carried on the roster as city employees. During one recent month the number was 1,011. Now, at the latest State election, the total vote cast in Hibbing was 1,318.

The police force consists of more than thirty salaried men, whose duties are extremely light because the village is not required to guard the mining properties within its bounds. The fire department is as modern as that in any city, and probably more luxurious than most, for the quarters of the laddies are fitted with quarter-sawed oak furnishings, handsome rugs, phonographs, and player-pianos.

There is a city hall erected at a cost exceeding $200,000. The school buildings are ornate in style, and in size were planned under the evident supposition that Hibbing would experience remarkable growth in the next few years. It has spent in a few years $100,000 on park improvements. It possesses a street of banking and office buildings, a fine township hall in addition to the city hall, and a first-class clubhouse.

All of these structures are to be torn down and their materials borne away to be reerected on the new town site. In a short time the ground on which it stood will be scooped away with steam shovels and a huge pit, some ninety feet deep, will take the place of the "wealthiest village."

BILLY KENNEL, OFFICIAL BUFFER OF NEW YORK'S MAYORS

BILLY KENNEL, buffer-in-chief for the Mayors of New York City, is still buffing. Recently he talked of retiring on the twenty-third anniversary of his appointment as official guardian of the city's chief executives, but he was persuaded to withdraw his application. In two years more he will be automatically retired after a quarter of a century of nerve-racking experiences. Of course, all of Kennel's duties are not unpleasant, for he acts as reception committee to the distinguished visitors as well as bouncer extraordinary of all cranks, both inoffensive and dangerous. But, taken as a whole, the job is a trying one. The New York *Sun* says of Lieutenant Kennel and his long years of service outside the door of the Mayor's sanctum:

> Billy Kennel has been at City Hall for such a long stretch of years that few of the present generation know how he came to be appointed. It was Mayor Strong who conceived the idea that a police guard would be the proper thing in City Hall. That was back in 1895. Kennel was the policeman sent in response to Mayor Strong's suggestion.
>
> It is related that Kennel was appointed to the post by Superintendent Byrnes in a peculiar way. According to the story Kennel was ordered to deliver a letter

by Byrnes to Mayor Strong and get an answer. Kennel delivered the letter, and after the Mayor read its contents he turned to Kennel and said, "That's all."

"Your Honor, I was told to get a reply to the letter," said Kennel.

"Oh, well, I'll telephone the answer," replied the Mayor.

Kennel returned to Headquarters and told Byrnes what the Mayor had said. But the Superintendent did not appear to be surprized; instead, he turned to Kennel, extended his hand and said: "Kennel, you have been chosen to go to City Hall and be the Mayor's guard. Remember while there you represent the entire department. As the citizens find you they will expect to find all."

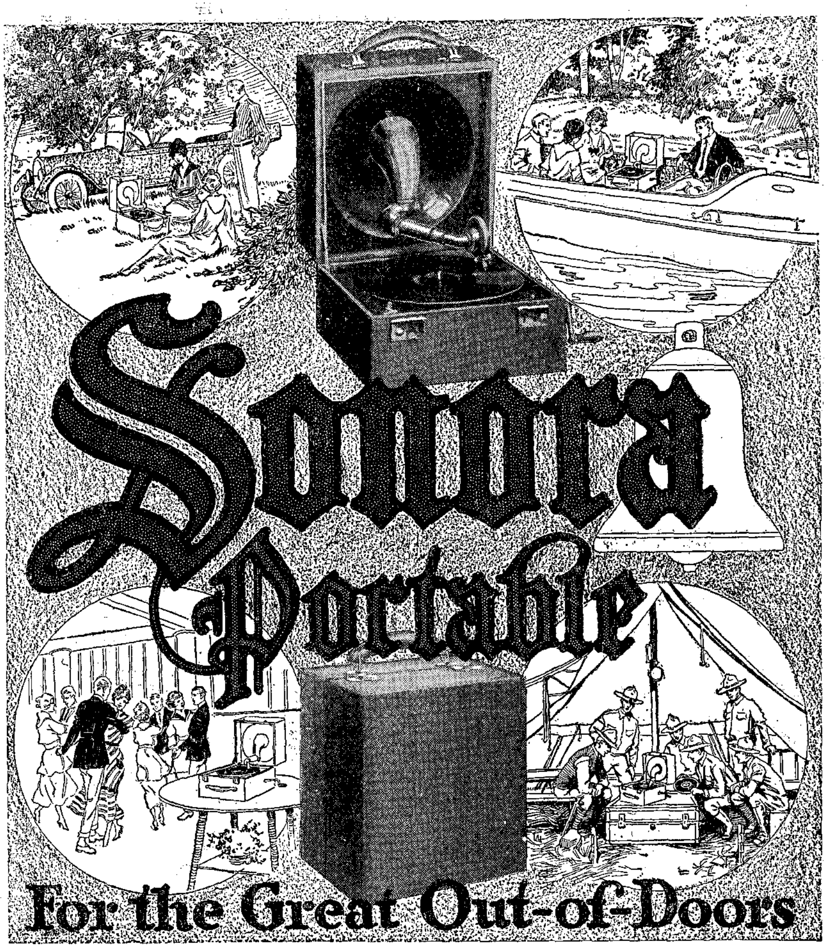
The first thing that Billy learned about his new job was that he would have to deal with cranks of all sorts. Moreover, he discovered that it was the greatest place in the city in which to study human nature. He soon learned how to deal with the cranks and quickly perfected a method of handling them. This enabled him to get rid of the cranks without disturbing the Mayor and without creating excitement. Twenty-three years of experience has helped him to perfect his methods, and now the presence of half a dozen cranks a day does not bother him in the least.

Not all the cranks that infest the New York City Hall are bent on mischief. Kennel's job has its humorous side. One man called to train the Mayor's voice, but Billy convinced him that his Honor's vocal-chords were not in any condition to be cultivated just then. On another occasion, says *The Sun:*

> A woman complained that she had not received her rent for the City Hall. It was the first time that Billy learned that the old structure had a landlady, but finally he relieved her anxiety by telling her that she would receive a check in the morning. She went away and never returned.
>
> Another class of cranks who visit the City Hall are inventors who imagine that they have perfected wonderful ideas which only need financial assistance from the city to make them practical. They imagine that the Mayor has the power to grant them this assistance. Billy has dealt with all kinds in this class, from the man who wanted to build a bridge across the Atlantic if the Board of Estimate would lend him $900,000,000 to one woman who thought she was Cleopatra and wanted the Mayor to adjust her difficulties with Mark Antony.
>
> But the most amusing of all are times on which he is called on to entertain visitors from the suburbs and small towns who suppose that the Mayor has nothing else to do but shake hands. It requires great tact on the part of the Lieutenant to get rid of these visitors, for they are more insistent than any others.

But Kennel has a long list of distinguished names on his list of official visitors to the City Hall. It was Kennel who saw that all the details of the reception to Marshal Joffre were carried out according to schedule. Nor was there any hitch in the proceedings when the British War-Commission came. And, says the writer in *The Sun:*

> It was the same with the Italian, the Japanese, and the Servian commissions;



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there was no hitch of any kind, because Billy was flitting here, there, and everywhere, seeing that things took their proper course. That's the kind of man Billy Kennel is; he's particular, and everything must be run according to schedule.

During his twenty-three-year reign Billy has met many important personages, and he numbers them all among his friends. These include: Prince Louis of Battenberg; Admiral Togo, of the Japanese Navy; Li Hung Chang; the Duke of Veragua; Prince Henry of Prussia; Admiral Kosta, of the German Navy; Prince Fushimi, of Japan, and Count Szechenyi, who went to City Hall with Gladys Vanderbilt to get a marriage license.

When the Marriage License Bureau was in the City Hall Billy stood up for many a blushing bride. He has compiled quite a record in this respect, and it makes him smile when he thinks of it. Altho he always has been accommodating, there is no doubt that Billy was relieved when the Marriage Bureau was moved away.

There is a story told of how a timid bridegroom-to-be once brought his bride-to-be into the City Hall just after the Aldermen had left for the day. They wanted to get married, and they pleaded so hard with Billy the latter was moved to go into the Mayor's chamber and ask that worthy to tie the knot. His Honor gladly consented. Later, one of the contracting parties was arrested for bigamy. With that experience in mind Billy was chary of ever again disturbing the Mayor, and he never did.

Billy Kennel is a typical New-Yorker, broad-shouldered, muscular, and handsome in his uniform of a police lieutenant. He is white-haired, dignified, gentle in appearance, and always smiling. Probably this is the reason why the cranks have no fear of stating their business to him. It's a fact that the unacquainted have sometimes taken him for the Mayor, for as he sits at his desk, with his blue eyes twinkling and his face wreathed in smiles he presents an imposing appearance. He is a polyglot, and for this reason is an extremely handy man to have around the City Hall. He is able to converse in English, German, Yiddish, Italian, and has a knowledge of French.

Kennel's duties frequently extend into the night. When the Mayor attends public dinners or celebrations the Lieutenant usually acts as his body-guard. The writer in *The Sun* says:

> There was one time when Billy was absent from the Mayor's side that he always has regretted—that was when the late Mayor Gaynor was shot by a former city employee named Gallagher. Billy shakes his head gravely when the incident is mentioned because he feels certain that if he had accompanied Mayor Gaynor on his trip to the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* he could have prevented Gallagher from shooting the Mayor.
>
> During his twenty-three years in the City Hall Billy has served seven Mayors and Mayor Hylan makes the eighth. They include Mayors Strong, Van Wyck, Low, McClellan (two terms), Gaynor, Kline, and Mitchel. He also has served acting Mayors Charles V. Fornes, "Little Tim" Sullivan, Patrick H. McGowan, and John Purroy Mitchel.
>
> Now white-haired, but still active, the lieutenant has had less than fifty days off on account of illness. That's a remarkable record for any official.

MAY TURN CZAR'S PALACE IN PETROGRAD INTO A MUSEUM

NO better argument for democracy, with the converse on the folly of hereditary emperors, could be imagined than the interior of the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, now turned inside out for the gaze of the irreverent world. Browning has a poem called "House," which describes a dwelling stript by an earthquake of one of its walls, leaving the contents exposed to the outside world, and he finds the circumstance particularly tragic. It is to be hoped that the Russians, if they follow the suggestion of Gregory Lukomsky, the present director of Alexander Palace, and turn the palace into a museum, will not miss the tragedy in it. An account of this late dwelling of the Czar is cabled to the New York *Herald* by Mr. Hermann Bernstein, who found the home of Russia's one-time ruler "strangely impressive, furnishing a better conception than volumes could of the chaotic condition under which Czarism brought Russia to a revolution." We read further:

"Oriental and barbaric splendor stand side by side with ultramodern, decadent decorations, and ugly, tasteless ornaments and massive artistic furniture are mingled with cheap bric-à-brac. Great paintings hang beside newspaper clippings or indifferent cartoons on walls. Icons, icons abound everywhere, hundreds of saints' images of all sizes covering walls of the bedchamber of the once royal couple; overhead icons in the boudoirs of the Grand Duchesses and the nursery of the Czarevitch.

"The beautiful libraries of one-time emperors and empresses, beginning with Catherine, contain wonderful artistic bindings. Many French books are on the shelves, with very few German and still fewer Russian books. Several American novels and stories by Hall Caine apparently are among the last books read by Alexandra. A clipping from the *Novoye Vremya*, of a cartoon entitled 'Terrible Rumors of Famine, War, and Unrest,' hangs above a large billard-table and is the most conspicuous thing in Nicholas's study.

"The few books or pictures selected or hung by him personally indicate utter tastelessness and confusion. One room contains but five paintings selected by the Empress several years ago, and are weirdly suggestive. One of these, a picture of Marie Antoinette, hangs opposite that of the Empress Alexandra. Another is 'The Cossacks,' by a French painter, and a fourth is Nicholas's coronation at Khodinka, where hundreds of people were crusht to death, while the fifth is a small portrait of Nicholas.

"In a corner I saw curious letters and post-cards, mysteriously delivered there in July, 1917, from some people still professing devotion to royalty. The corridor walls are covered with a multitude of wooden and silver plates presented to Nicholas in various cities, bearing the names of the communities, donors, and of the people who cringed and crouched before the ruler, but immediately turned from the recollections of him and probably now are among the loudest shouters for the new rulers.

"One room I inspected contains various

The Easy-Going Persian

loves to join his neighbors in a quiet smoke. If his narghile wheezes and bubbles, and treats his tongue unkindly, he accepts it as a matter of course—*and keeps on smoking.*

There used to be a time when an American was satisfied with that kind of a smoke. *But no more!* Nowadays he gets a Wellington Pipe and it gives him cool, clean, dry smoke dividends without a bit of trouble.

The Wellington will not wheeze or bubble. The "well" catches the moisture and the smoke comes cool and clean.

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valuable artistic gifts heaped upon a table. Among these I saw several scrolls of Torah on parchment with gold and silver ornaments in beautiful arks, bearing Hebrew inscriptions and the Ten Commandments, gifts of Jewish communities. One was dated 1914, from the Jews of Kishinef, the city of Jewish massacres. On the floor in a corner stand about twenty uniform busts of Nicholas with one bust overturned. Here in this palace is a museum containing the story of Russian chaos, where autocracy blundered criminally amid an atmosphere of family tenderness.

"Future historians will find untouched here the record of the last years of the Romanof dynasty and important materials for investigation. I wondered what the present Government intended doing with this palace. Director Lukomsky said:

"'Certain members of this Government urge that we turn this palace into a children's asylum, failing to realize its historic significance, but we are exerting all efforts that it shall remain a museum. When the coroner comes upon a scene of ordinary crime he orders it undisturbed until after investigation. How much more important to retain this palace as the Romanofs left it!'

"This is, indeed, an eloquent picture of the scene where the great crime against Russia was committed."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

HERE is one of the strangest of the many pretty romances that have developed at the Front in the war. If you who read this happen to be a young Miss with your hair in braids, just imagine how you would feel if a young man you had never seen nor heard of should float down beside you in an airplane and announce that he was the son of one of your ancestors five or six times removed. It would seem very much like a fairy-story, wouldn't it? But it happened. Just read this strange adventure of MacCrea Stephenson, of Indianapolis, who is in the aviation service in England. In a letter to his father, which is printed in the Attica (Ind.) *Ledger*, he writes:

DEAR DAD:

I have been so engrossed in this adventure ever since sailing that it never occurred to me until I got your letter that my great-grandmother was born and reared until she was twenty-one years old within twenty-five miles of where we have been billeted ever since our arrival in England.

Soon as I received your letter containing the information you had got from my mother's uncle, Dr. Alexander MacCrea, of Berwick, Pennsylvania, I at once began laying plans to pay a visit to Edith Donner's birthplace. It seems strange, doesn't it, that mother's maiden name should be Edith Donner MacCrea and that I, with my first name MacCrea, should land in England and be living so near the early home of her grandmother, whose maiden name was Edith Donner?

Your letter came on Thursday. By much maneuvering I succeeded in being detailed to make a survey of the coast by plane on the following Saturday. I had been up a number of times since arriving, but always cautioned not to fly seaward because of the danger of being taken for an enemy plane by the air-defense guns which are stationed every few hundred yards along the entire Channel coast, but now having become much more expert, I convinced the commandant I would have little trouble in making myself recognizable to the defense-guns by flying low enough that they could detect the red, white, and blue shield on the fuselage of my ship.

Early last Saturday morning, just after daybreak, I arose at once to a height of about one thousand feet and headed directly for the Isle of Wight, which is about thirty miles across and perhaps fifty-five miles around. Dunnose is located on the extreme southern coast of the island. I circled above the chalk cliffs, which face and can be seen for more than fifty miles from the sea as they are more than two hundred feet high. I believe it was these same cliffs of Dunnose that the discoverers of Angel Land (the original name of England) first saw when they sailed that way about the time of the birth of Christ. But I must hurry on and tell you of my adventures on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday.

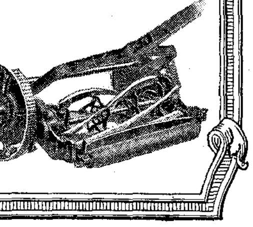
From the low height at which I was flying I soon discovered a small meadow just back of the Bon churchyard where I could land safely, and down I came. The car had no sooner reached the ground than at least fifty inhabitants of Dunnose came flocking around us. I at once began to ply them with questions regarding the Donner family, when, much to my astonishment, a *petite* young Miss, with two long braids down her back, stept up to me and said her name was none other than Edith Donner and that she was the fifth in succession in the family of that name. I then told her my story and connection with the Donner family. We first went to the Bon churchyard, where there are dozens of inscriptions bearing the name of Donner, some dating back to the thirteenth century, long before Columbus discovered America. Miss Donner then invited me to her home. It is of Old English architecture, plaster, etc., furnished in taste, similar to ours, but of much older period.

Romance began quickly to stir the blood of this young airman from the far shores of America, for he writes:

But I must not dwell on minor descriptions. Edith, after introducing me to her mother and two younger sisters, at once brought forth the old family Bible and we ascertained between its musty covers beyond a doubt that her great-great-grandfather, John Donner, was my great-grandmother's youngest brother, so we must be about seventh cousins. I am hoping even further away than that, as I am immensely interested in this brown-eyed little brunette cousin of mine.

As my time was growing short, being scheduled to be back at my hangar by 8:30 A.M., I felt the necessity of bidding my new-found relatives a hurried good-by, but before leaving found that one of our cousins is Mayor of Cowes, another represents the Isle of Wight in the present Parliament, and still another had been fortunate enough to have been knighted by Queen Victoria, all of which I will write you more anon, as I am to spend this coming week-end with the Donner family as per invitation received by wire since I began this letter. A number of our English cousins, the wire informs me, will also be of the party.

I find myself now figuring how many remote cousins must be in America before



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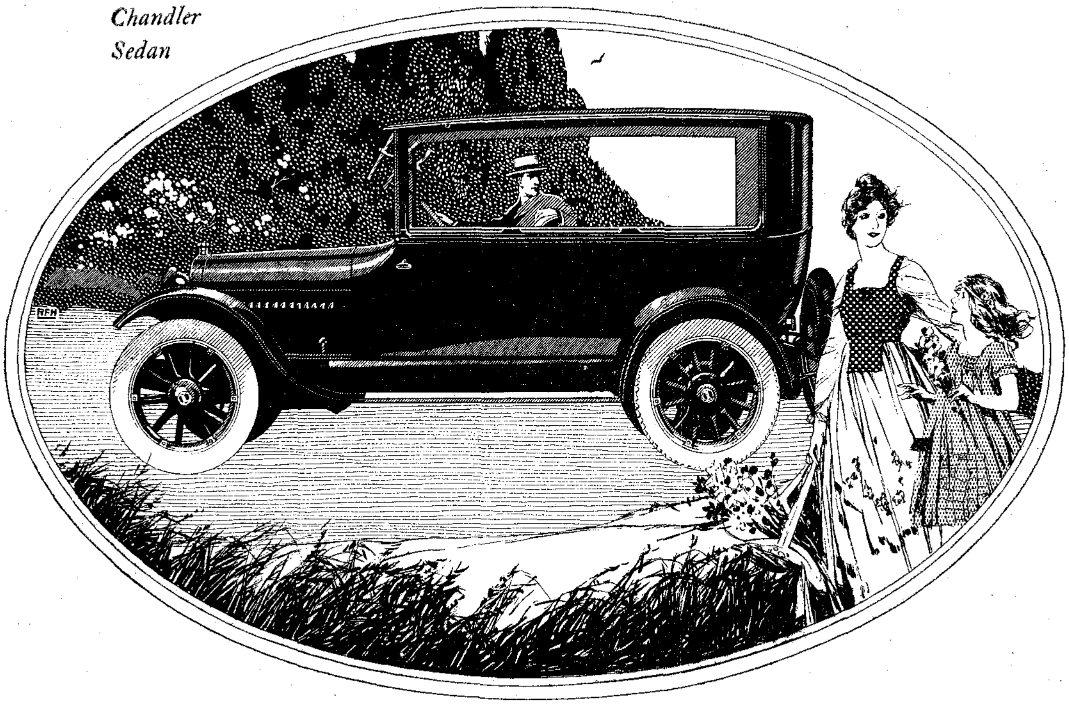

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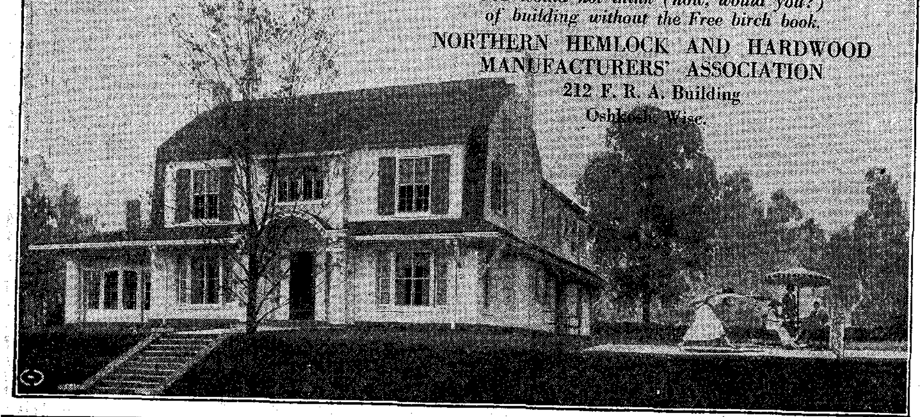

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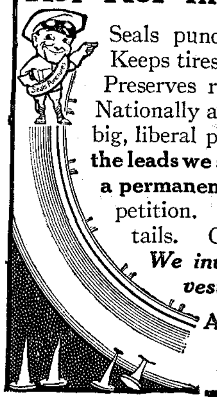

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the law considers them not cousins. Over here it makes but little difference. Would it not be strange if another Edith Donner and a MacCrea would sail for America after an interval of 125 years? Needless to say, I am counting the moments until Saturday arrives.

When the call came for volunteers for Y. M. C. A. work in France, Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Jones, of Detroit, responded and early in October of last year sailed for "over there." After a three months' stay near the battle-front of the Marne they were transferred to a camp in Scotland. In a letter to her mother, Mrs. M. A. West, which is printed in the Detroit *Free Press*, Mrs. Jones writes:

> In one way I hated to leave France, and I wouldn't except to be with Bev. The work here is just as interesting as in France, and there is lots to do. I have charge of this hut, while Bev goes around to the other huts. All the boys here were glad to see an American girl. They are a nice crowd of boys.
>
> Of course, the boys I was with in France will always be very dear to me and I will watch with interest to see how they get along when they are really in the fight.
>
> We were at Mailly, where the battle of the Marne was fought. We were very near the place where Joffre took his stand and told his men, "Die, but do not retreat." That really was what saved France and the rest of the world. There are hundreds of thousands of graves all over the field, where the men were buried as they fell. The French graves have flags on them. The Germans just have crosses.
>
> The Germans were in the village of Mailly for six days, and of course the damage they did to churches and houses was terrible. The Germans are even worse than we are told that they are. I saw thousands of German prisoners, who all showed a marked hatred of Americans. Some of them were mere boys.

Here is a simple description that stamps indelibly upon the mind the grim determination of the French, tho weary and war-worn, while the writer's own sufferings were carefully concealed from her mother until the worst was over:

> The French are wonderful and it makes a person's heart ache to see the soldiers. They would come in every few days to the rest-camps from the front-line trenches and then would go back and others would come in. We never saw the same ones twice. Different batteries came in each time. At times, when they started back, it was all we could do to stand it. They don't look to right or left and their faces all look the same. Tired and worn, but with no thought of giving up. As they marched out, never knowing whether they would come back, tears would roll down my cheeks. They have stood hardship and cold and faced death, without complaint. They are wonderful.
>
> I didn't say much about the cold when we had it, but when I look back I wonder how we stood it. All of our hands and feet were frozen at some time. I had chilblains and my hands were swollen four times their normal size. My knuckles cracked open and were running sores. I couldn't sleep much for a while because most of the time my hands and feet were asleep. When we would arrive at the hut, it would be so cold that it didn't seem pos-

sible that we could work, but we did and were all happy and well. I will never forget those three months. The girls were splendid, but the crowd is all changing now, as we only stay three months in a place.

I had to laugh at a portion of one of your letters, which said: "Well, one thing, you won't have any air-raids in France." I don't believe that I will ever see a moonlight night without thinking of our raids. We got so we paid no attention to them.

Some time before we left, one of the girls suggested that we all write something about the canteen or our life, and not let each other see what we had written. Three of the girls didn't write, but six of us did, and some of the productions were awfully good, especially one called "The Canteen Hut." I had very little time, as, I believe I told you, I was working in my off hours at the store, so I wrote mine one morning between jobs. It was hard to bake there, as we only had a couple of feet that we called a kitchen, and the only floor we had was a couple of tops of broken tables.

I had many trials that morning, so I wrote on the "Trials of a Canteen Worker." One of the girls wrote about little Madame Louise, that looked after us at the hotel. She brought our breakfast to us when we had a day off and was so sweet in dozens of other ways. All the pieces are so different that I thought you would enjoy them. You will find copies enclosed. We had a great time meeting in one of the girls' rooms and reading them.

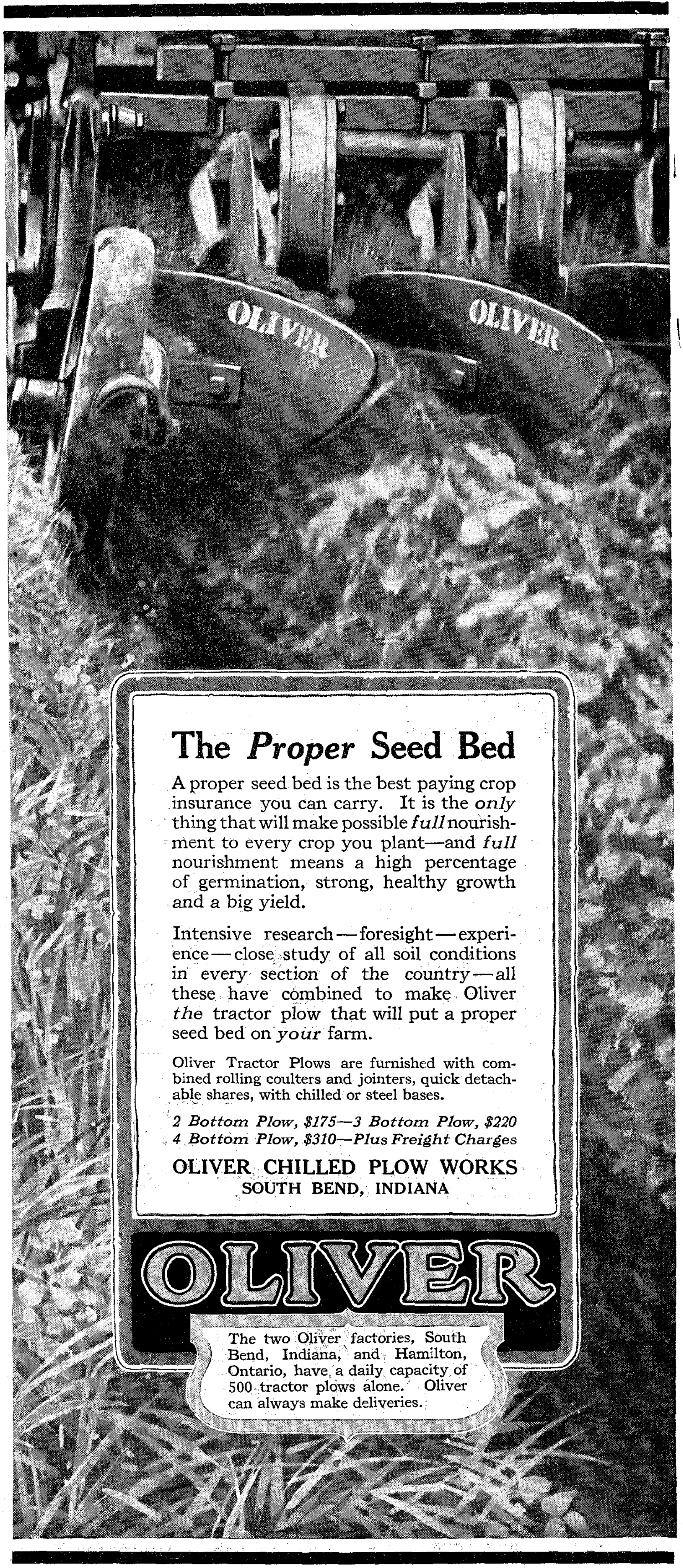
It must be hard for you to realize that I was an actress. It was great fun, and I got so that I really enjoyed it. The boys like to get up things and be in them.

Lieut. Carl K. Hill, a Morristown, N. J., boy who is now in command of a detachment of troops in France, writes interestingly of his experiences at the front. Something of the courting customs of the country he tells amusingly in this letter, which is printed in the Morristown *Republican:*

The day's routine is very frequently interrupted by the passage of a hospital-train on its way to the base hospital. These trains always stop at the depot in order to permit the authorities and Red-Cross nurses to feed the patients. They give them coffee, chocolate, and bread, and you ought to see the poor devils eat. Quite often there are German prisoners, wounded, on board, and these of course are always objects of interest. Friday there were ten on board. They were very young and looked as tho they had only been in the war a short time.

I was invited out to tea one evening recently and had a lovely time. There are two young girls in the family, one of whom is engaged to a young French officer who was home on furlough. Well, of all the love-feasts you ever heard of that was the lovingest, right before the father, mother, sister, and me. Of course I don't blame them a bit, but it is illustrative of the customs of the country. Even tho they are engaged, it is necessary and proper that at least one or both of the parents be present when they are together. It was embarrassing at first, but nobody seemed to mind it, particularly the participants, so I endeavored to act unconcerned also.

Speaking of the war, my *femme de chambre* is an orphan. She has no sister and her two only brothers were killed. She is engaged to a young *poilu* at the front



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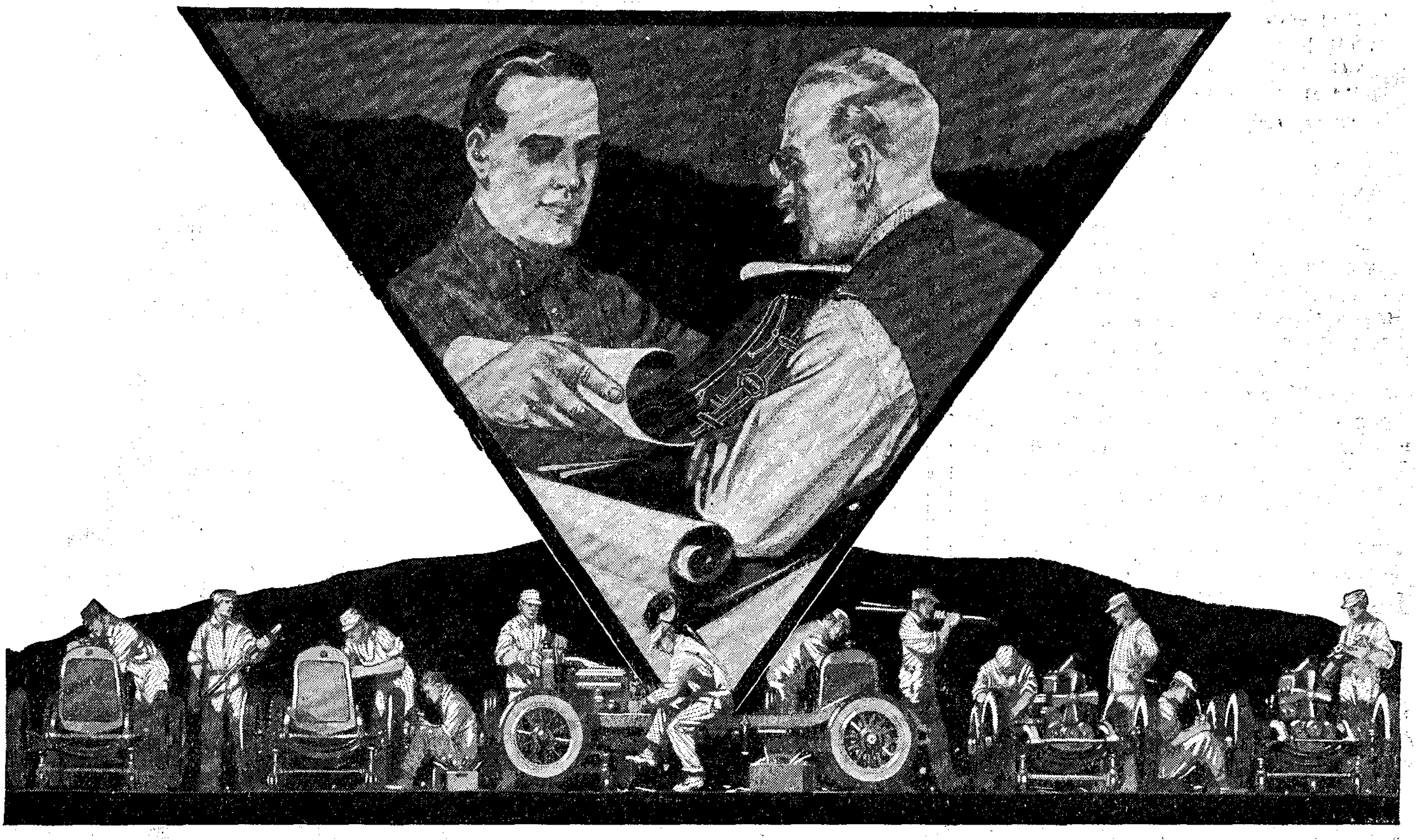

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The car builder may have the utmost in engine-power and flexibility, the correct spring suspension, ample strength in frame, axles and other parts, and quality in every body detail.

He may even have the best bearings procurable—and yet not have done all that is necessary to *preserve* the quality of his good car *in service*.

For he, too, must do more than simply to build a good product.

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The wheelbase, weight, engine power, and many other factors must be considered and only when these things are definitely decided after many conferences between the car-builder's engineers and Timken engineers, are the bearings selected for your car.

Secondly, the bearings must be mounted properly, with care and accuracy, that no part of the care and accuracy put into their manufacture may be sacrificed.

Thus builders of Timken equipped cars are able to offer their customers more than a good car with good bearings.

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BEARINGS

and he gets his leave of absence soon and she is as happy as a lark. Queer world!

Our particular work just now is loading and unloading the cars of supplies received and shipped daily. You would be astonished at the number. We are supplying directly or indirectly all the medical supplies for the A. E. F. and naturally the magnitude of the task increases with the expansion of our troops over here. We furnish medical supplies to all branches of the service, advanced depots, base and evacuation hospitals, training-camps, and other units in the zone of the advance. The work never palls, for I keep my imagination alive, and instead of so many boxes of this and so many crates of that, I try to remember that each package goes to the assistance of our sick and wounded, and that box of medicines or that case of gauze bandages will perhaps make things a bit easier for the poor devils who are actually fighting and have been fighting in the front-line trenches.

In another letter which *The Republican* prints Lieutenant Hill writes of a visit to Paris. He says:

Have just enjoyed a brief visit to Paris and was surprized to find that we could have hot water any time. On our last visit hot water was available on Saturdays and Sundays. You can bet your bottom dollar we made good use of the bath. Here one has only the public bath-house or else has to use a little portable tub about one foot in diameter, the same kind we use in the States to bathe babies. For several days something has been wrong with the water-supply and we scarcely get enough to drink, and it has been impossible to get a bath. But neither of these conditions seems to bother the natives a great deal, for they seldom drink water and with them a bath is of minor importance.

We are having very cold days right now. About ten days ago we had our first big snow. This was supplemented by other falls and then came the cold snap which has lasted for considerably over a week. It gets pretty close to zero every night, and that's mighty cold for this part of the country. The water in my *carafe* is frozen every morning. I am out in the snow and cold all day long, but, strange to say, I seem to be thriving, for I am in perfect health except for a slight cold. The only trouble is that my feet get soaked through and very cold, so at times I actually suffer, but it is in a good cause and I don't mind.

I take my meals at a hotel now and have a room in town. It is some room, believe me. I have a wonderfully carved bed with a canopy-top and all the trimmings that go with it. Then there is a *chaise longue*, which is mighty comfortable when I want to stretch out and completely relax. All the chairs are upholstered in heavy tapestry stuff and match the bed. Then I have a big fireplace with a complete set of brass andirons, tongs, etc. So on the whole I am not suffering, to say the least. My room only costs fifty francs a month, less than ten dollars, so you see it is quite cheap. I also get breakfast here and every morning I get eggs, jam, toast, and cocoa, almost an American breakfast. I forgot to mention the mantelpiece. It is set off by a tremendous mirror done in heavy gilt, and on the mantel proper I have a lovely clock in a marble case and topped with a heavy bronze figure. It is flanked on either side by a bronze candelabra, also with marble bases.

My landlady is very good to me and seemingly can't do enough for me. Her husband was a captain in the Army but was killed recently.

Don't send any more *Saturday Evening Posts*. We get it from Paris. But the other magazines and newspapers, if you only knew how much we enjoy them! You could do real Red-Cross work by sending a bundle every week.

By the way, when you send anything over, put it in a wooden box, if possible. Pasteboard boxes or wrapt packages usually arrive crusht beyond recognition, and often the contents are missing.

I have received three copies of *The Republican*. Believe me, I am glad to get the old home paper. I enjoy it more than I can possibly tell you. I am also getting *The Journal* and *Sentinel*. Honestly, words can not express how I enjoy these papers from home.

The Lieutenant was placed in command of a branch of Intermediate Medical Supply Depot No. 2, and writing from his new station he says:

I wish I could tell you about this place, but I can't. If you could only get an inkling of the project here in the making you could understand that America is in this war in dead earnest. Wonderful things are going on over here and one of these days Fritz is going to be awakened with a shock greater than that he received at the Marne.

I am quartered in barracks where the comforts of home are lacking, and yet within a comparatively short space of time I have grown accustomed to the limitations and privations of this life—and I don't seem to miss those things which I once regarded as essential.

I am also getting good American food once more, and, believe me, I enjoy it. We have our own mess and the food is fine. Gosh, I was tired of French cooking! We are getting white bread, which I treat as a dessert after living on this war-bread, which is the only thing one can get in France, and then we have pies, stews, bread-puddings, corn-cakes, wheat-cakes, apple dumplings, and a lot of the typical American dishes. Believe me, I go to 'em, and already have gained three pounds.

You speak of shortage of certain kinds of food and ask if we have felt it. France has, of course, and the greatest economy is necessary. Certain foods are almost unobtainable, but there is no scarcity in the Army and there never will be as long as our Government is solvent. The Army is the last place in the world a famine will be felt.

Don't worry about things not reaching us—sometimes they are delayed, but about 95 per cent. reach their destination. As far as possible, however, send things wrapt in a wooden box. There is less danger of being crusht, and consequently less danger of pilfering.

He tells of stopping on his way back to his old station at "a rather large town, wherein is located one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world" of which he writes:

Wonderful, awe-inspiring, and magnificent are about the only words that describe it. The façade, or main entrance, is a maze of carved figures—the Christ, the Apostles, and I reckon every other person whose name is mentioned in the Bible, to say nothing of the gargoyles extending here and there. The church was built in the thirteenth century; in other words, it is about seven hundred years old.

Fritz, the destroyer, is getting in his

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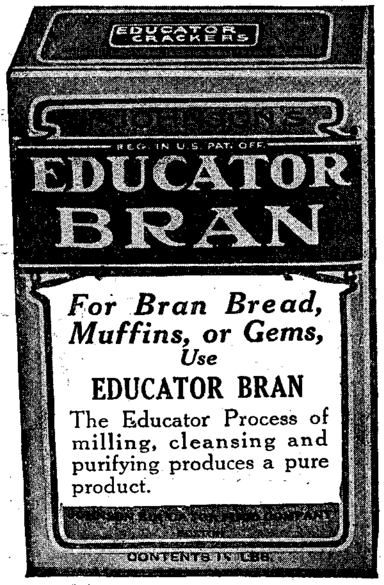
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Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., New York

licks, however, for close scrutiny shows that many of the figures are missing in parts. This one is shy a nose or that one a foot, and so on. Yet, on the whole, it is very impressive. The interior is almost mystic in its appearance. Great windows of beautiful stained glass (original) admit various colored lights, which lend an atmosphere of spirituality. The vaulted ceiling is so high that one has to stretch his neck as tho he were gazing upward at a sky-scraper. It is supported by stone columns eight to ten feet in diameter, yet so arranged as to give an appearance of symmetry and beauty. The side-walls and prayer-boxes, or confessionals, are, for the most part of wood, permeated with worm-holes, and in the intervals of quiet one can hear these worms boring away on their never-ending task. The sound is similar to that caused by turning a tight-fitting cork in a bottle, and one gets it from all quarters. The floor is of stone, and the aisles are worn much lower than the general level of the floor, a condition caused by the tramping of countless feet through the centuries.

We have just received news of the sinking of the *Tuscania*, in which 210 American soldiers were lost. How has it affected the States? Nothing will do more to crystallize national spirit and determination to see this thing through.

"I'll be a long way from home for a while, but I'll go straight, and come back a man you can be proud of, mother."

This is the message Ray Saunders sent on his departure from San Francisco for Camp Dix, from which he will depart for France. Here is his letter as printed in the Newport Beach (Cal.) *News:*

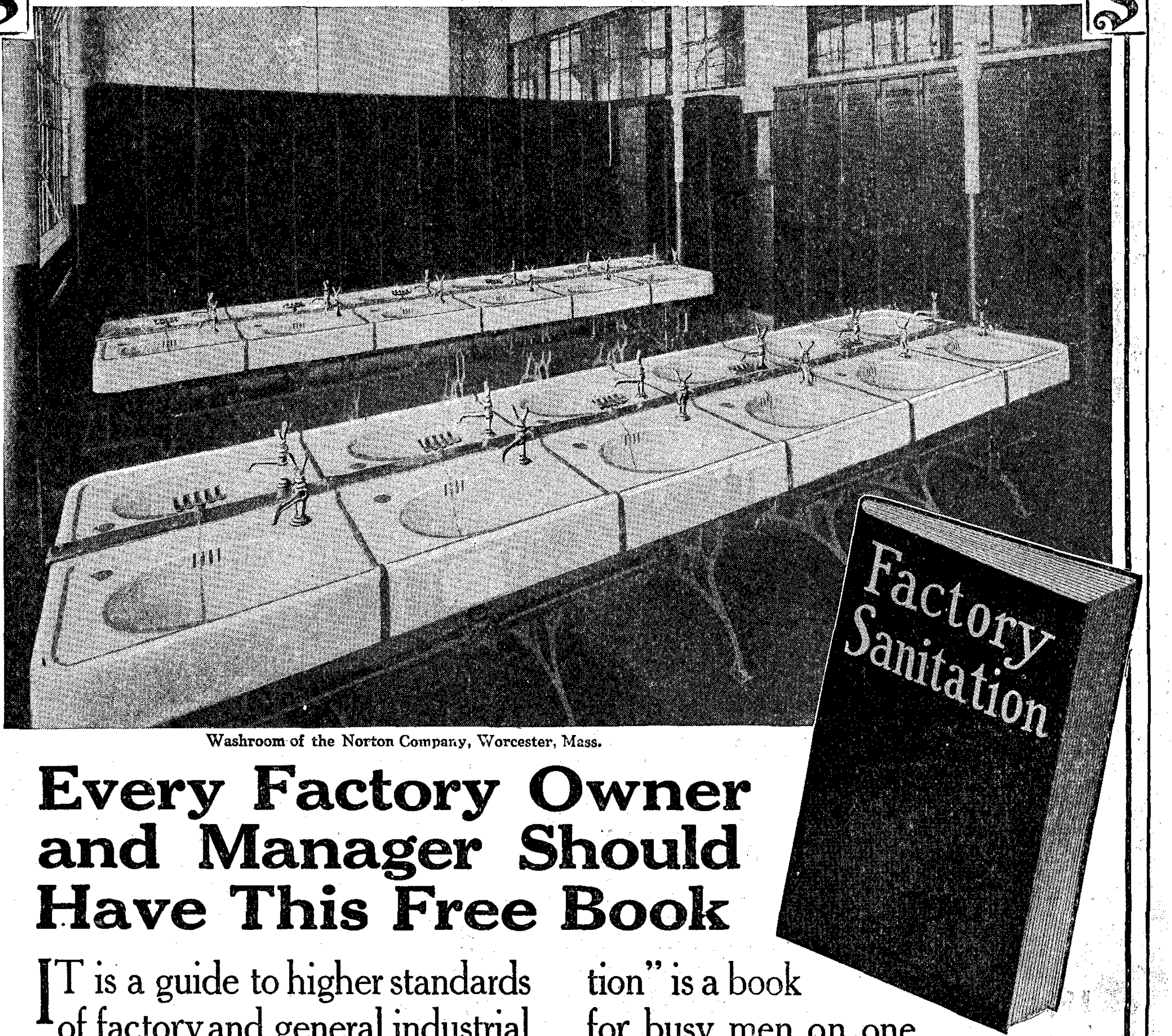
I suppose Winnie called you and told you I would leave for New Jersey the 28th. Knocked all my plans for you two to come and see me, because I can't have you, or go to Frisco till I have been in uniform ten days, and the 28th is my tenth day. But never mind, mother, smile and see it through with me.

Mother, it struck me to-day. I've just got it. What? That feeling that comes to a soldier when he hears the sunset gun and sees Old Glory brought to the ground. A chorus of bugles blow "Retreat," then the gun, then the flag comes down slowly, while the band plays softly. While this is being done, we stand at attention, erect, eyes ahead, right hand at brim of hat, and everything very quiet. It is wonderful, mother, and it fills me with a new determination to protect and fight for that flag, and I will. We're in it to the finish; till the last German is gone and the sun rises on a world that is safe for a man's mother and wife or sisters.

I'll be a long way from home for a while, but I'll go straight, and come back a man you can be proud of. Have already learned in this little while many things, and am a better man now than you knew me. I can't imagine my old self. I love it, love you, and everything, and I won't be home till it's over "over there."

I salute you, mother, good-by.

A woman in West Raleigh, N. C., has been sending her copy of THE DIGEST to the camps, and recently she received the following letter of appreciation, which she thinks should induce others to follow her example. It is written by Francis Thompson Bartkowick, of the Medical Department of the 315th Machine-Gun



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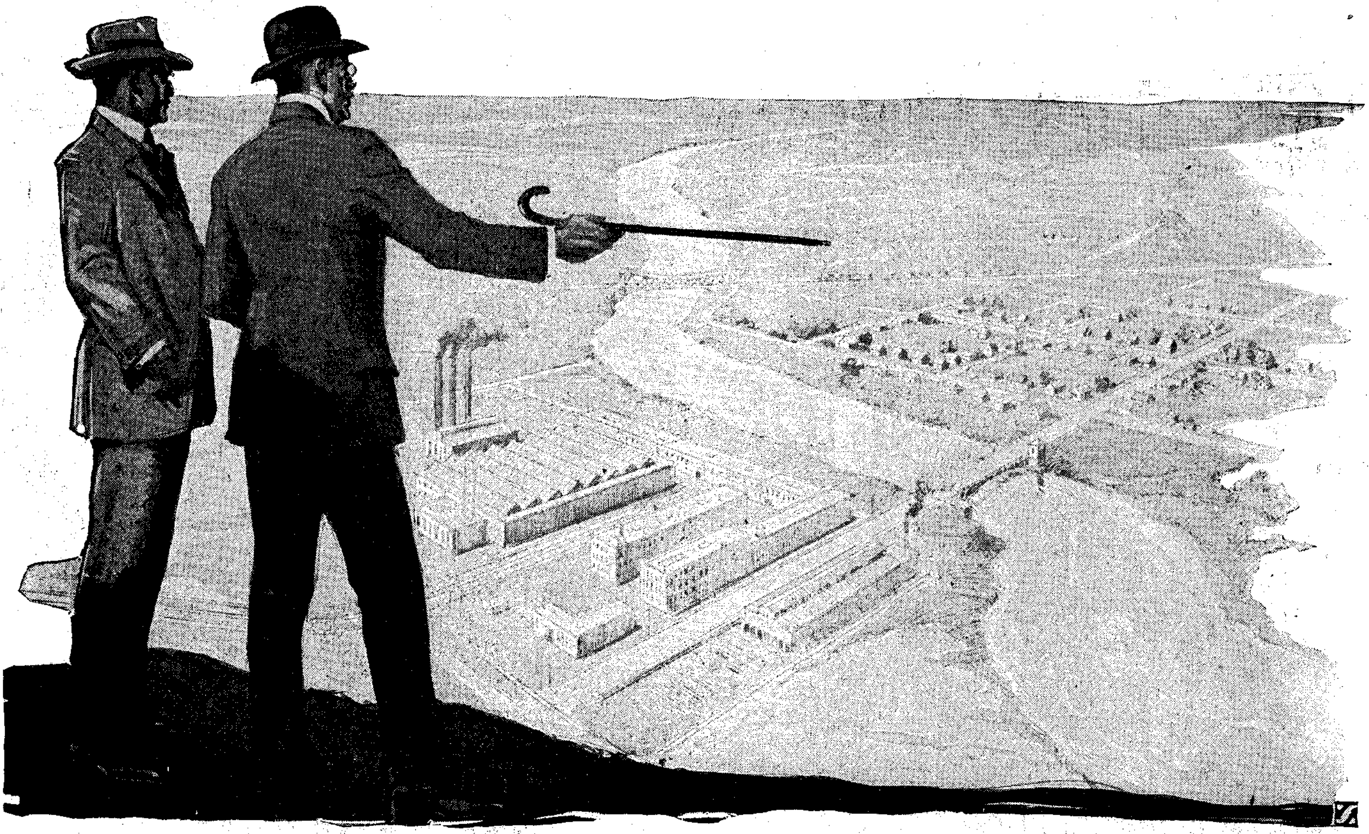

"While I build my factory here, you build homes for the workmen there"

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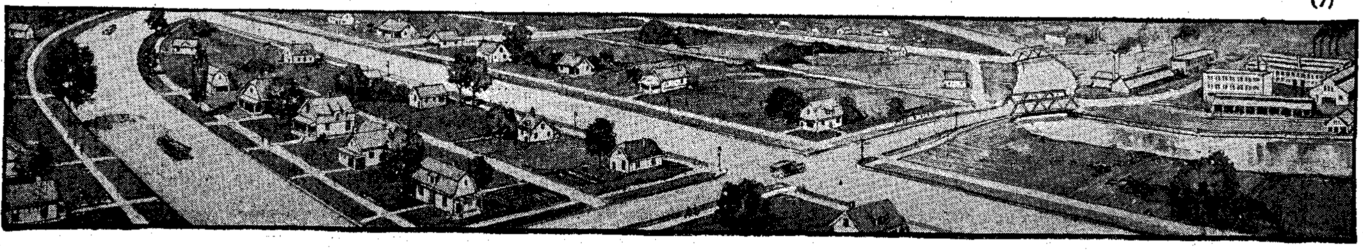


Battalion, at Camp Lee, Virginia, who says:

> I hope you will pardon me for the privilege I am taking in writing you, but I just want to thank you for your kindness in sending THE LITERARY DIGEST to the boys in camp. The boys who visit the Y. M. C. A., which we call our home, have read it, and later it was brought from the Y. M. C. A. by one of the members to the hospital for the sick to read. After they were through with it I found a few spare moments to read it.
>
> I just want to give you an idea of what a little kindness will do, and it sure is appreciated by all the boys. The book is still in good condition and one hundred or more men will be able to read it.

WHEN DAN RICE'S "GIGANTIC SALARY" BROKE THE CIRCUS

IT'S circus time.

The fences and the sides of the old barns throughout the country are beginning to blaze with the glory of the posters that fire the heart of the small boy who will soon be watching the dusty road into the village for the coming of the gaudily painted chariots. Of course he will have to wait until the city boys have had their chance to witness the wonders in the big hippodromes before the rings go out under the white canvas in the country fields.

In the old days, before the big show and the three rings, old and young used to welcome to town the dusty caravan with its blaring band-wagon, a cage or two of animals, and a cavalcade of prancing riders in the bedraggled finery of cavaliers and their ladies, not forgetting the elephants ever dear to the heart of youth.

Of all the gay lithographs that held the eyes of the country lad in those days none had a stronger appeal than that announcing the appearance of "Dan Rice, the World's Oldest and Greatest Clown, Drawing the Gigantic Salary of $1,500 a Week."

It was that very same "gigantic salary" —some weeks it had been known to dwindle to $3.30—that caused all the trouble in Anderson County, Kansas, thirty-five years ago. Indeed, Sheriff Marshall might have been the original of the man of whom De Wolf Hopper used to sing in "Wang":

> The elephant ate all night
> And the elephant ate all day;
> Every cent of his earnings went
> To keep that beast in hay,
> Till he envied the lot of a Hottentot
> On Africa's burning sands;
> And he curst the whim that had saddled him
> With an elephant on his hands.

It happened in Garnett back in 1883, at least so we are assured by a writer in the Kansas City *Star*, whose conscience must bear the burden if fancy has outrun prosy fact. He tells the story thus:

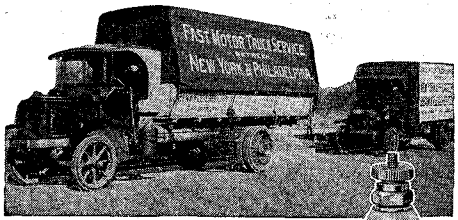
> Nathans & Co.'s Consolidated Shows arrived in two trains of fifteen cars each from Humboldt, Kan. Its route-book showed it was to go on to Harrisonville, across the State-line, into Missouri. But it never went on, which is why Garnett had its two big days.
>
> Thirty-five years ago Anderson County was less thickly populated than it is to-day, but because of good crops the farmers had money to spend, and they took a day off and went to the circus. There were fifteen hundred persons, perhaps, at the afternoon performance. Many farmers remained to attend the show a second time at night, and with the townspeople there were more than one thousand men, women, and children who saw the menagerie, the equestrian feats, the aerial trapeze acts, and all the other attractions, including Dan Rice, under the flaring light of kerosene torches. Then, when the work of striking tents and loading animal-cages on the cars had started, they witnessed another act not on the bills.
>
> The Sheriff stept forward and, addressing A. M. Nathans, the manager, and W. E. Sinclair, the treasurer of the circus, said:
>
> "Hold on a minute, boys; I wouldn't be in a hurry to get away."
>
> Then he produced a legal-looking document and, in the fashion of all sheriffs from the beginning of time down to the present day, mumbled through the phrases of a writ of attachment.
>
> Dan Rice, star attraction of the Consolidated Shows, had sued the circus for $1,646.26 back salary.
>
> The sheriff was Conway Marshall, a quiet, modest farmer, who had been elected to office the year before. Deputizing two or three townsmen who stood near, he led the way up the gangway, seized the bridles of the horses, and led them out two by two. Once on the ground again the sheriff announced:
>
> "I'm in charge of this show now, and I'm going to run it to suit myself."
>
> He did—for six long months. He moved the circus out to the poor farm, and there, when cold weather approached, built a big temporary building, not unlike one of Billy Sunday's tabernacles, in which to house the animals. The winter proved to be a severe one, with stretches of zero weather much like those of the winter just passed, and half a dozen old-fashioned cannon-ball stoves were placed at intervals through the building, and around each stove the cages of the lions, tigers, leopards, and other animals of the tropical jungles were arranged in rings, that they might be kept warm. Every morning the Sheriff bought a huge quantity of meat at Jake Blum's butcher-shop and sent it out to feed the lions and tigers.

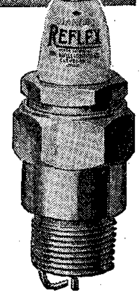
The elephants were the Sheriff's greatest problem. They were fast eating the domestic animals of Garnett out of house and home when unexpected relief arrived in the person of a New York lawyer with a chattel mortgage on the elephants. As this took legal precedence over the Sheriff's writ the six animals were placed in box cars and shipped away. This cut down the Sheriff's feed bill, he recently told the writer in *The Star*, as he described the incidents in his career as a circus proprietor:

> "Still it cost me an average of about $100 a day to feed the circus animals for the six months I had them on my hands, and it was the hardest work I ever did in my life. I lived on my farm, two miles west of town, and the poor farm was two miles from Garnett in the opposite direction. Joe Wardell was keeper of the poor farm and I put him in charge of the property. I was responsible for it, however, and as it was all classed as 'perishable' by the insurance men I couldn't get any insurance on it. The circus people had valued the outfit at $150,000. So many a winter night, when the thermometer was below zero, I would get up in the middle of the night and drive the four miles across to the poor farm to make sure that the big, red-hot cannon-ball stoves did not set fire to the animal cages and burn up everything."

But as the circus people showed no signs of redeeming their property after the seizure, the situation became serious. The employees were mostly "broke," and the Sheriff fed one hundred of them for a week, paying for their meals at a restaurant, and then advised them to "beat it." They said "scatter" in those days. And all the while the "costs" were piling up. Finally, the county attorney persuaded the district judge to order the sale of the circus, and it was advertised in the theatrical papers in the East and West. On the day of the sale the leading showmen from all over the country were in town. Says *The Star:*

> That was Garnett's biggest day.
>
> There were "Yankee" Robinson, the Sells Brothers, and all the other men known as big operators in the circus world. They held a caucus and agreed among themselves as to the parceling out of the Consolidated Shows.
>
> "I'll take the big band-wagon," Allen Sells, of Topeka, said, and the others agreed not to bid on the band-wagon. Another wanted the jungle animals, and they decided he could have them. So it went.
>
> "We'll get this stuff for a song, and Anderson County, Kansas, and its sheriff can whistle for the money paid out in keeping the circus all winter," they gloated.
>
> But Conway Marshall was "tipped off," and again he was game in true Kansas fashion. He had advertised a sale and he intended to have a sale, not a swindle. So he sent out over the county and brought in his farmer friends and said to them:
>
> "Stay by me, boys, and outbid these circus men until I signal that a fair price has been reached."
>
> The Sheriff had an inventory taken when he seized the circus, and he figured that nothing should sell lower than one-third the appraised value.
>
> "Buckeye Bill," of Paola, a famous auctioneer of those days, cried the sale. When it began the outsiders started with low bids, only to find the farmers in overalls raising every offer. When the big band-wagon was put up the Sheriff whispered to Jake Blum:
>
> "Don't let it go for less than $500."
>
> Allen Sells bid $50 at the start and Jake Blum raised him little by little until finally the circus man became disgusted and it was knocked down to the Garnett butcher at $499.
>
> "What'll I do with it now I've got it, and how'll I pay for it when I haven't the money?" Blum said to the Sheriff.
>
> "Never mind, I have," was Marshall's answer to the last question, "and I'll see that you come out all right." And after the auction Allen Sells bought the big band-wagon of Jake Blum and paid him a handsome profit over $499.
>
> "I knew Sells was bound to have it,





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so I was playing safe," Marshall says, in telling about it now.

Col. J. J. Huffman, now dead, was the clerk of the sale, and when it was over his figures showed that more than $36,000 had been paid for the circus property. The outside buyers took most of it, of course, and went on their way with the lions and tigers, the cage-wagons, the "big top," and other paraphernalia.

Whether Dan Rice ever got his $1,600 back salary is a matter which neither the Sheriff nor the court attorney ever knew.

HOW OUR BOYS IMPRESS A FRENCHMAN

"HE greets the embarrassed gods," said Kipling of the American, but that was long ago. The negro soldier who replied to his companions who were pessimistic over the German drive, "Dat's all right! You jes' wait till us Anglo-Saxons gits over dar!" reflects the American spirit as it exists to-day. A somewhat more elaborate expression of this quality is attempted by the French writer, Henri Bazin, who is "attached to the American Army," and whose interpretation appears in the London *Graphic.* With that childish delight which we all take in viewing photographs of ourselves, Americans will enjoy his portraiture:

He stood in the middle of a muddy village street, crying like a baby, a great husky chap, Irish, close upon fifty, the color-sergeant of a regiment of United States regulars, whose heart was nigh breaking because, the evening before, he had received official notice of honorable discharge after thirty years' constant service, altho he looked good enough for a dozen campaigns still. But there was the law, and the retirement.

Everybody else, as happy as a robin who had raised her brood, stood about him, offering such comfort as they could, the sincerity of their words hardly concealing their joy at waiting for the fall in. For the regiment was about to leave the village where they had billeted and trained for months to enter upon a fairly long hike with the line, the front line, the open of No Man's Land and the *Boche* beyond, as its terminus. The distrest sergeant's tears were symbolic to me, typical of the spirit permeating this khaki-clad army, the spirit I have witnessed develop into understanding of the work to be done, the sacrifice and its suffering, the endurance and devotion that was to be theirs, the death certain to some of them. For these Sammy boys know. I have watched the certainty of knowledge come to them during months of hard training, and then November top training; I have seen it crop out as during the past summer and through the hard winter of northern France they have thrown bombs at the atmosphere, and stabbed sand-bag *Boches* with vicious bayonet-thrust, which meant business.

It was 6:30 in the morning, the day not yet full born, as the regiment swung out into entwining muddy roads, here and there covered with a sheet of ice. The rain fell and the sun shone five times before darkness found the troops billeted in a town upon the way to their journey's end. . . . . .

The march was full of human interest. This campaign-hatless regiment of Sammies made that hike with fifty-five pounds on back, going strong save for a few stragglers when I left them. The order was the usual fifty minutes to the hour, the other ten a rest. Every man was pretty wet of course, but every man was a soldier, and understood getting wet as one of the easiest parts of the game. There was a lot of "kidding" at the start, and still considerable as I left.

At one point we could hear artillery practise upon a proving-ground to the right. "Hear them guns, buddie?" said a sergeant to a rookie, "them's *Boche.* Those dutchies knows we'es comin' and they've planted guns all around. One of them shell'll fall around here in a minute. Which pocket has youse got that letter in youse want sent back home?" There was not a smile upon the speaker's face, and the rookie swallowed whole until the expression upon some of his comrades' faces "put him wise." Then he broke loose, despite he was talking to stripes. "What d'y mean by kiddin' me, you big boob? Listen. I'll be putting flowers on your own grave, you dub."

In describing a camp of the Sammies beside a road "thick with rich, luscious mud," where the long, unused barracks were being given "a hasty toilet preparatory to their thirty-hour use ere the final hike to the trenches," he says:

The scene was wet and animating, full of color and spirit, these young men, each hardy, strong, and weather-beaten, with their stacked arms before them, all seemingly fit for the great adventure.

I wandered along past men who in part knew me by name and in part by profession, until I came at the edge of the wood to Perry and his rolling kitchen. For Perry is the cook of Company — "and a right good cook he is." Perry is fat, weighs about 210, but built like an athlete despite it. His sweater was grease-soiled and his hiking shoes and puttees covered with the soil of France, but he was hard at work upon the job that interests 250 men; which, be it known, is "chow."

Just then the song of a shell could be heard far off. Perry's eyes sparkled, and he yelled out:

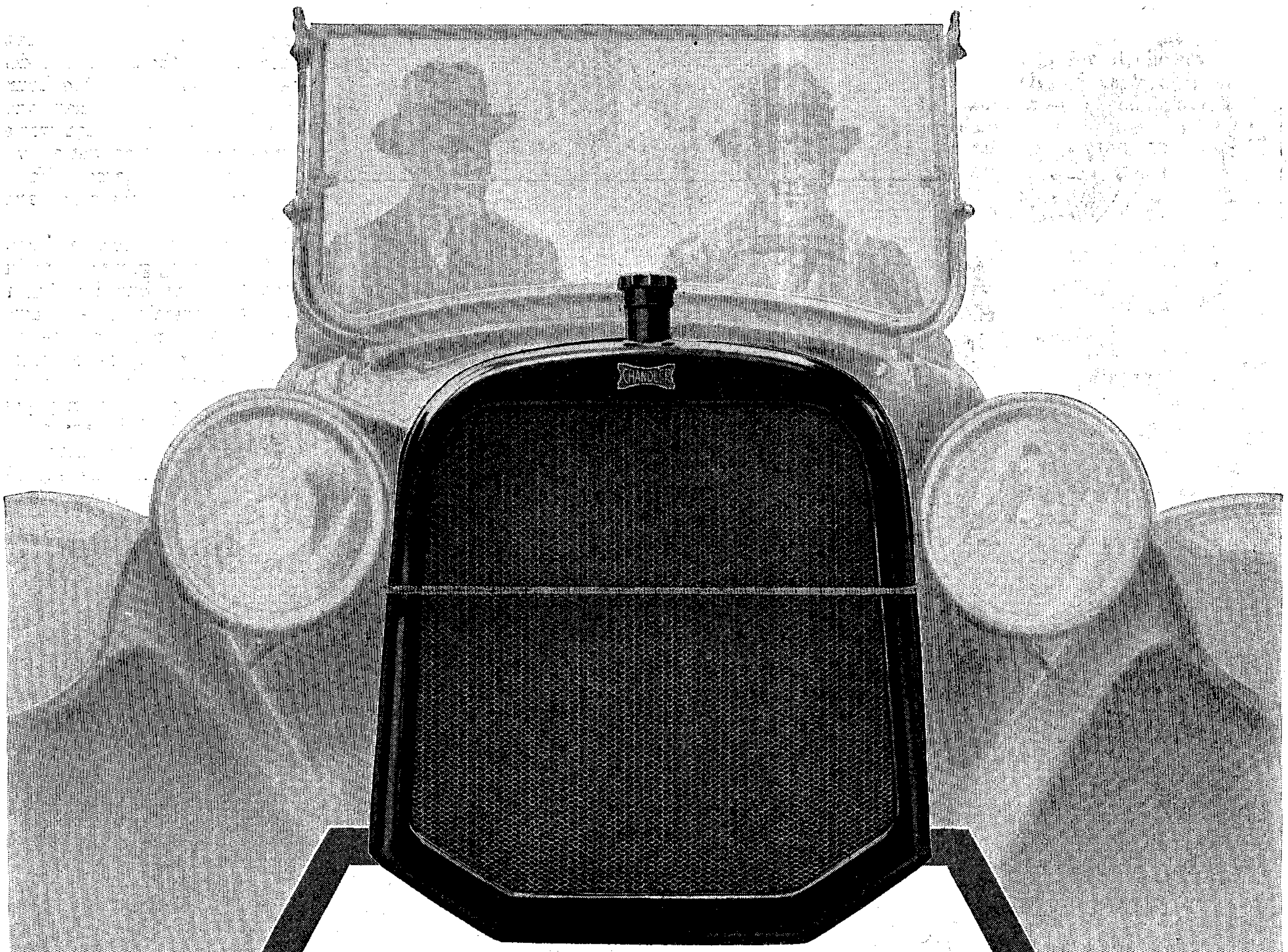
"Oh boy, oh joy, hear them shells a singin'. I'm sure goin' to take care of these boys after we're in. Got all the dope to do it with, fresh beef, willie, beans, spuds, tomatoes, bacon, onions, and the like."

As I disappeared down the road, Perry was still giving orders, and working. Perry feeds 250 men thrice daily, that's 750 in all. He does it without turning a hair, despite his banter. No one company in the regiment had a better cook, and that's saying something. No wonder: Perry had cooked for ten years, four in the Navy, four in Field Artillery, and two with his present infantry outfit. Had, for his cooking days are over. I ask the reader to stop a moment and bow head to his memory. The —th day in, a *Boche* 77 struck his rolling kitchen full on, demolished it completely, and killed Perry, who, despite his greasy sweater, died a soldier in the cause of right.

At a village where the troops were awaiting the night to continue their march, Mr. Bazin recounts:

The three streets were full of Sammies. Their gear lay here and there among stacked arms.

I wandered all over the village, stopping here and there to talk with different Sammies of different companies. Each in his individual way said he was glad to



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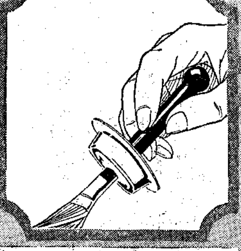

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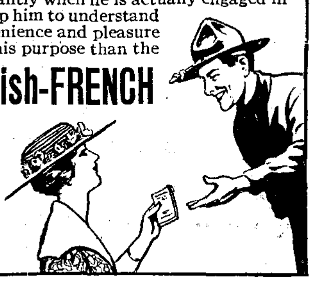

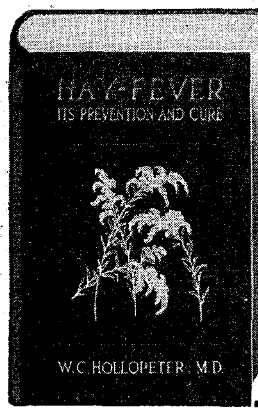

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go in, "get a chanst at 'em, 'stead of that train stuff that I'm full up on," as one put it. I stopt for a quarter of an hour to chat with Sergeant ——, who has seen twenty years' service in the regular Army, always in the same regiment, and now, as well as for six years past, top sergeant of his company. By birth, Sergeant is South German, a naturalized American these past eighteen years. He came over in the steerage with his father thirty years ago, when he was fourteen, he told me, speaking in something of a German brogue which I don't attempt to transcribe:

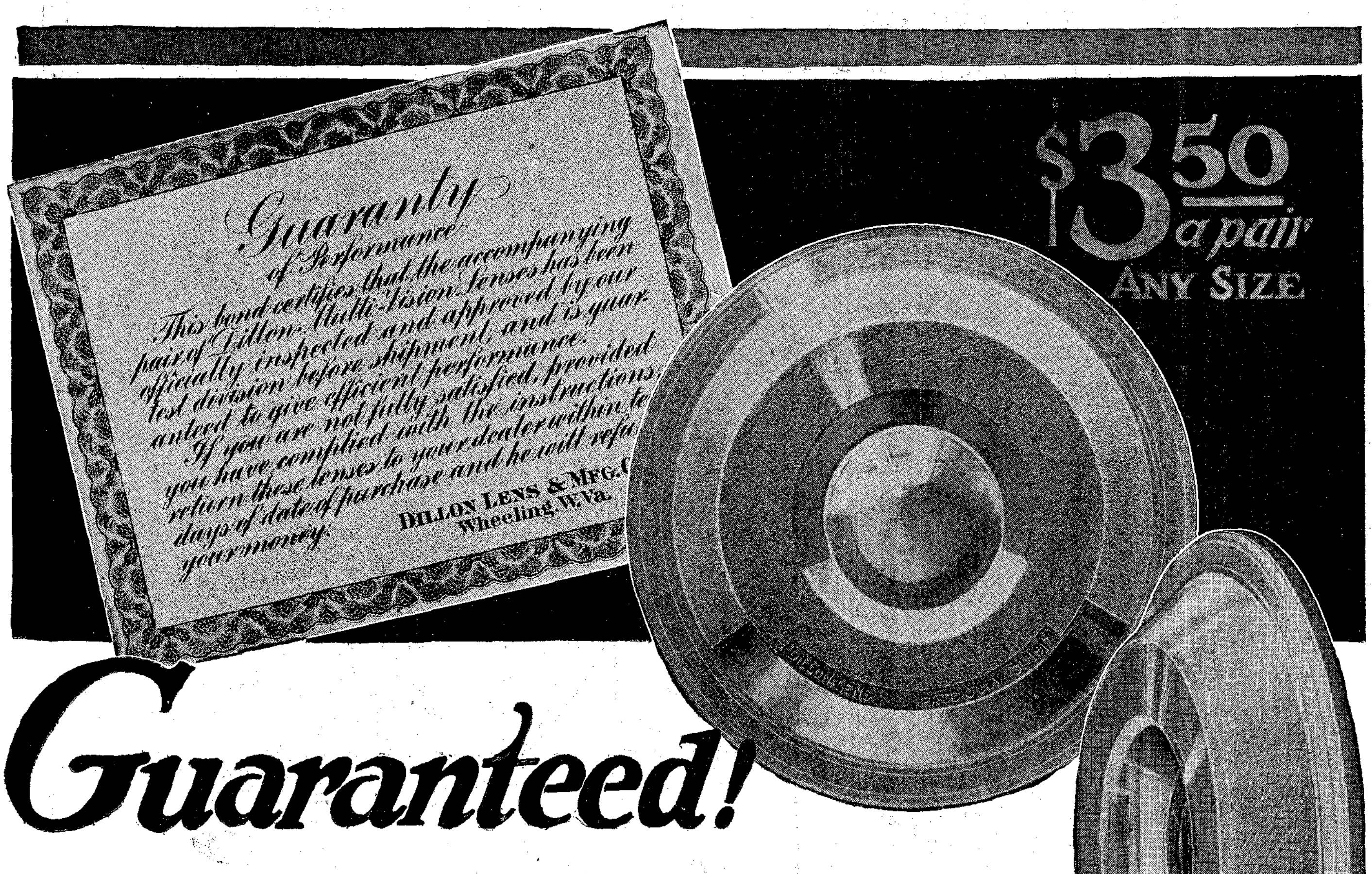
"We South Germans have no use for the Prussians," he said. "My daddy beat it from home when I was a kid, and I don't remember a great deal about the old country. I have no use for it anyhow, 'cause the old man taught me how they run things there. There ain't no country goin' like God's country across the sea. You get that pretty straight after you are away for a spell. I remember I felt just like that in my first campaign in Cuba in '98, and in the Philippines, too, afterward, where I stayed a long time. Yes, I was down on the border, too. I was told by Colonel ——, that commanded the regiment when we came over, that if I wanted I could take an examination for a commission; but I'd rather be a top sarge than anything else in the Army. You're somebody as a top sarge, and as a striper you ain't nobody. I've got two brothers, olde'n me, in the Germany Army, and seven brothers and two sisters in the States. That is, three of 'em are there, for four are in the Army and Navy. They're all Americans, too.

"In my company we have a mixed bunch. There's Russian, Irish, Wop, Norwegian, Swedes, a couple from Cuba, and a few wandering Jews. They're all right, every one of 'em, as eager to fight for the little old Stars and Stripes as they are to get their chow. Look at that, sir!"

I then ran into Daniel Dennis O'——, a native of the "ould sod," who has served his twenty years, too, in the service of Uncle Sam. His brogue was as rich as the cream on the milk that we, who are somewhere in France, have vague memories of in the days of back home. Daniel has voted for the last three Presidents and "a bunch of mayors and aldermen"; the straight Democratic ticket always, 'cept the first time, when I voted for Teddy.

"I hope we gets an early chance at them Dutchies. I've got a couple of yellow barbarians on me string, got 'em in the Islands, and I'd like to add a couple of so-called white 'uns. Don't that church clock over there move slow? I niver seen such a long afternoon. You'd think night 'd never come. That's what we're waiting for, I'm told. For meself, I'd rather walk up in the daytime; but orders is orders. Goodday, sir, good luck to ye."

It seemed to me as I walked away that in Daniel Dennis, the Irishman, and Sergeant ——, the South German, and the Russian, the Swede, the Norseman, the Cuban, and the wandering Jews he had mentioned, I had found the spirit of America and Liberty; that each and every one of these were of the types that made the United States a great nation through the assimilative quality in the very air over there—that each and all were but Americans, and that with the Moroccan and the Tunisian, the Zouave and *légionnaire* they were going to deliver their bit, the same bit as the *poilu*, the Tommy, the Canuck, the Anzac, has delivered and is delivering still.



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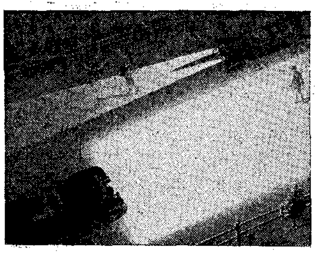
A lens *must* be legal. But to be lawful, light need not be sacrificed. The Dillon gives you a lens that is legal without the use of prisms, guards or lateral ridges. Hence, there is nothing to *restrict* the light! The mottled interior surface *diffuses* the light. Thus there are no 42-inch limitations. You ride along unafraid, unconcerned about your personal safety—for your safety is *assured* when your car is Dillon-equipped. *Get them today!*



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The Dillon is distinguished by its square path of light. From fence to fence and for over 500 feet ahead the road is made *safe* for night-driving. You actually get twice the usual lighted area!

Any size, $3.50 a pair—anywhere in U. S. A.

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Wheeling, W. Va.

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Otto Deeler

DILLON MULTI VISION LENS

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The Old Way to Grease a Car

This Is All You Get

With the common grease cup, greasing your car is one continual muss. It's such a disagreeable job to crawl around your car that you put it off—day after day—week after week—and when a lot of squeaks and rattles finally cry out for attention, you find the grease passages so clogged up with dirt and grit that it is impossible to get the grease into your bearings. And eventually you have a noisy *prematurely old* car—all because until recently you were compelled to put up with the dirty wasteful, inefficient, old fashioned grease cup.

This Is All You Do

The New Way to Grease a Car

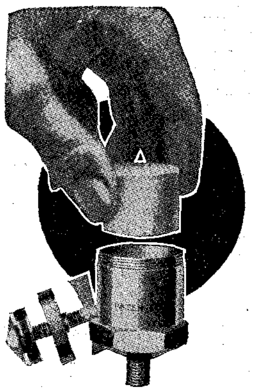
This Is What You Get

The Copeman System is to the old fashioned grease cup what the electric starter is to the crank. Not a grease cup—not a grease gun—but a combination of both. You first equip your car with the patented Copeman Lubri-Cups and thereafter instead of using the dirty grease bucket simply slip in the clean handy Copeman Lubri-Caps (high grade hard grease in a paper capsule) as they are needed. Just slip in the Lubri-Cap—give the handle of the Lubri-Cup a turn or two—and the positive pressure feed quickly eliminates your squeaky bearings for the simple reason that *they get the grease.*

Copeman Lubricating System

"Keeps Your Car Young"

Showing how easily the Copeman Lubri-Cap is inserted into the Copeman Lubri-Cup.



Greasing a car has been a nightmare of the motorist since the early days of the automobile. Too smeary, too inconvenient to do yourself — too expensive to have done by someone else. With the Copeman System you can grease your car in a very few minutes—without muss or soiling your clothes—and you know that every bit of the grease you buy actually gets to your bearings. You simply replace your present grease cups with the patented Copeman Lubri-Cups—and then keep a box of the convenient Copeman Lubri-Caps in your car ready for use the minute they are needed.

Owners: Get the Whole Story!

Write for literature which tells in detail how the Copeman System has revolutionized lubrication methods—how it has brought up-to-date this most neglected and most primitive part of the motor car.

Drop us a line without obligation today—mentioning the make of your car.

Dealers: Within a short time the Copeman System will be announced as standard equipment on several of the best known cars—but in the meantime your big opportunity is in selling this system for use on the five million cars already on the highways. The Copeman System is backed by a selling plan that is spreading distribution over the entire continent in a few weeks. Write or wire for details of this SURE PROFIT plan immediately.

COPEMAN LABORATORIES, Inc.

FLINT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

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THE COPEMAN LUBRICATING SYSTEM IS STANDARD - FITS ANY CAR

CHRISTIAN AND TURK FIGHTING FOR SINAI

THE fray of Christian and Turk, pitted against each other for a thousand years, fills volumes of romance and poetry, and since the Great War began these classic antagonists have been providing a wealth of new copy. The advance of the English through Egyptian deserts, it is recalled, was made possible largely by the very practical American invention of pipe-lines for the carriage of water. What the fighting is like in this arid territory is vividly shown in "Leaves from an Officer's Note-book," by E. Crawshay Williams (Edward Arnold, London). His brigade was in Sinai, where, he tells us, the Turks had occupied Qatia, which brought them to the "front door" of the British troops. Within gun-fire of our narrator's little green tent, from the billowing crests of sand in front of camp, their legions were in clear sight, and we read:

> Imagine a wide, undulating patch of desert. The sand is very soft and fine and yellow, and runs into ridges and hummocks covered with sparse scrub. Occasionally it heaves up into great hills of clean, pure sand—huge, slowly shifting mountain-mounds, looking for all the world like immense yellow snow-drifts. These are shaped into shoulders of sloping sand to the leeward or southern side, and have sheer drops of a score of feet of steep sand to windward. The top of them is like the edge of a cricket-bat, held sideways.
>
> The range of these huge mounds runs along the northeast and southeast boundary of Romani Camp. The mounds do not fence in the camp, because they run longwise to its limits, leaving valleys which lead out of the camp into the plain. But, centering on the swelling summit of Katib Gannit, they form a fine, natural defense on the eastward side of Romani.
>
> From the northern end of these sand-ridges to the sea are other defenses. From their southern end there runs northwest a high range of sand-hills culminating in a peak which is called to-day Mount Royston. From this range to camp is a matter of two or three miles, and almost from its slopes to camp, a little inside the outer line of sand-hills first mentioned, runs a high scrub-covered ridge. This is Wellington Ridge. It is only a few hundred yards from the nearest tents at its closest point.
>
> It was this area of camp, inside the natural defenses I have told of, that the Turk had to attack and we had to defend. It was here that we awaited him in the evening of August 3, 1916, the outpost line of the Anzac Mounted Division holding the line we had reconnoitered that morning.
>
> The Turk did not delay. By next morning light he held, not only the line we had ridden over the previous day, not only the gun positions I had reconnoitered, but the slopes of Wellington Ridge itself. He could look down into our camp. To his tired and long-expectant eyes there was unfolded the vista of a tent-dotted expanse, full of promise, full of loot. It was only a few paltry hundreds of yards away. Could he push through? He attacked directly from the east, and his heavy guns shelled our forts, lookout-posts, and redoubts. He attacked—and this was his true menace—the southeastern flank, and pushed his infantry strenuously on, up the valleys parallel to the Royston range, on to Wellington Ridge itself. Thus he hoped to turn our right flank and come in upon camp. His mountain guns prest home this attack on our retiring cavalry. His great guns thundered on to camp itself. His aeroplanes circled overhead and bombed troops, tents, forts, all targets they could find. On and on he came, till his smaller guns could shell our camp itself, and his bullets whistled past our tents. The promised land was very near.
>
> The night before I had gone to bed quite ready to be rudely roused, tho not unprepared for a quiet night while the Turk dug in at Qatia. At half-past two on the morning of August 4, an orderly rode up and woke me. His message was that the Turks were attacking in considerable numbers between Hod El Enna and Mount Meredith—that is, on the line I had ridden down the day before—and he brought me orders to stand to and get all prepared to move, except the actual harnessing up. I watered and fed the horses, and waited.
>
> Standing out on the mound behind my tent, I was well apprized that a battle was in progress. The still night air was rent with continual and heavy firing to the southeast. A sound as of the tearing of cloth showed when a machine gun was at work, while the sharp "pip-pop! pip-pop!" of the rifles was incessant and ominous.
>
> And there, plainly visible, were the sharp, scintillating flashes of the fire-arms, cutting the darkness in a hundred places.
>
> What was going on? When should we be wanted?
>
> Sleep was out of the question. I waited. We all waited.
>
> At half-past four, just as it became light, we got our orders to move out. I left the battery to follow, and rode on with the C. R. A.
>
> It was obvious that we were being pushed back, and pushed back quickly. We had ridden not many hundred yards, when we came on a great mass of horses clustered under a high sand-dune—the concentration-point of a brigade. At the same time we saw our cavalry retiring rapidly over the ridge in front of us—Wellington Ridge—and the first few bullets flew singing over our heads.
>
> Meanwhile the battery came on its way under the most uncomfortable conditions. Three enemy aeroplanes, which obviously had orders to prevent and hinder all movements of troops as much as possible, flew round and round over their heads and rained bombs on them. By almost a miracle no one was hurt, but one man had his toupee blown off. So, under bomb-fire and with occasional bullets flying by, the battery moved on into the hollow behind us. And by now had begun the earthquaking, shattering sound of heavy crumps falling in camp itself. So they had brought up "Artful Abdul," and possibly "Angry Aziz" as well—brought them foot by foot, with labor and pain, all over the weary desert. Well, this was their joy-day!
>
> Things were getting a bit hot. Still we retired; still the Turks came on. And now slow-moving parties of infantry, that we had passed marching up, began to arrive and lie down in the hollows in rear.
>
> The great mass of horses was still there when I got permission to find a position for my battery and open on the advancing Turks; but when next I looked it had gone. Still the driblets of our cavalry kept coming back over the ridge. I saw I must be quick. No other battery had yet arrived. No sound from any gun of ours had been heard. We

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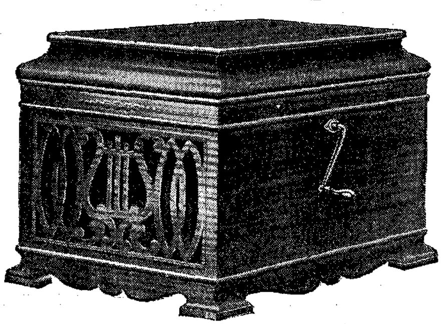

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ourselves were to fire the first round of gunfire in the battle of Romani.

Giving the signal to the battery to follow me, I galloped back round a shoulder of sand-hill and looked for a place to observe from. Bullets were now more frequent. The more distant ones went "whe-e-ew!" and nearer ones, "cheep!" the very close ones, "sprrt!" while, when they hit the ground, they made a sort of "thup!" and a little whiff of sand flew up. I was not conscious of feeling frightened, there was too much to do; but I certainly felt excited and a bit "upset," tho this did not prevent my thinking clearly. I was impatient, and no doubt anxious; but I saw vividly what to do. Nerves which are on edge, as nerves, I think, under such conditions must tend to be, lead to an eager desire for action, the denying of which leads in its turn to an increased nervous tension. Consequently, never in one's life do things appear to go forward more slowly than on such occasions, and one becomes cross. I did. I know I did. But in a little I saw trying to hurry matters did little good, and I made myself refrain. After which I was much calmer. But, good Lord! there is a bit of a strain on the nerves and temper.

As a matter of fact, the battery behaved splendidly and worked nobly. They got into position behind me, and, with a curious sense of unreality, I heard myself giving out battery angles, angles of sight, ranges, and so on, just as if it had been gun-drill. Of course it could have been no otherwise; but it seemed strange to me. Here I was putting into actual use, against a real live enemy, all those formulas I had repeated so many hundred times on barrack-squares and in peaceful green fields. Would they work, with the bullets flicking about and the enemy advancing? I felt no personal animus against the Turks, I remember—no patriotic fervor; only an intense desire to practise my craft well, and an urgent wish to stop the oncoming danger. For our own tents were not many hundred yards behind, and others were actually at our side. And—we could not be beaten. This must end. These men, moving always backward, must stop, must move forward.

Thus I thought. And then I opened fire.

We did not start on Wellington Ridge, from which we were now withdrawing altogether, but on which some of our own men still held out. We commenced on Mount Meredith, on whose clean-cut ridge, a mile and a half away, I could just see little black heads jutting over the sky-line.

The first Turks I had seen! Up till now the Turk had been a mysterious digger of trenches which we could just see; a steady and inexorable advancer over tracts we had ourselves trod; a powerful and insistent force which sent men flying back to us over the ridges and bullets flying into us from the ridges beyond.

But always unseen. Always producing effect, but always invisible.

And now here he was, Johnnie Turk, a lot of ridiculous little dots on a sky-line. I gave the order, "Fire!" and in a moment from behind me there came a tremendous bang, and the first British gun in the battle had been fired. Meanwhile the Turkish shrapnel flecked the blue sky with delightful little fleecy clouds. Only "pip-squeaks," these, tho, and we were unaffected. A little later (or were they already at it?) the enemy's four-inch guns got to work. And they are not so nice.

I waited, glasses to my eyes, for the result of that first round. Nothing!

I dropt three hundred yards and fired again. Like a conjuring trick the little line of heads was gone, and there below where they had been was the burst of my round, kicking up a lovely spout of yellow sand.

Splendid!

Then we got to work. We shelled the edge of the ridge, and down the ridge and up the ridge, and beyond the ridge. Afterward those who went to see told me there were seventy dead along that ridge.

But our men still fell back. Wellington Ridge was occupied by the Turk. He held Royston. He was to the east, to the south-east, to the south. And still he came on.

Far under the Royston range he was getting a bit round our flank, so I left the right-section commander to continue on Mount Meredith, and took one section and ranged it on the ridges and *hods* up which the Turk was advancing.

Then I returned, and as we were still moving back, and things on Wellington Ridge were getting hot, I took the other section, and retired it to a position whence I could shell the ridge, by this time wholly in Turkish hands.

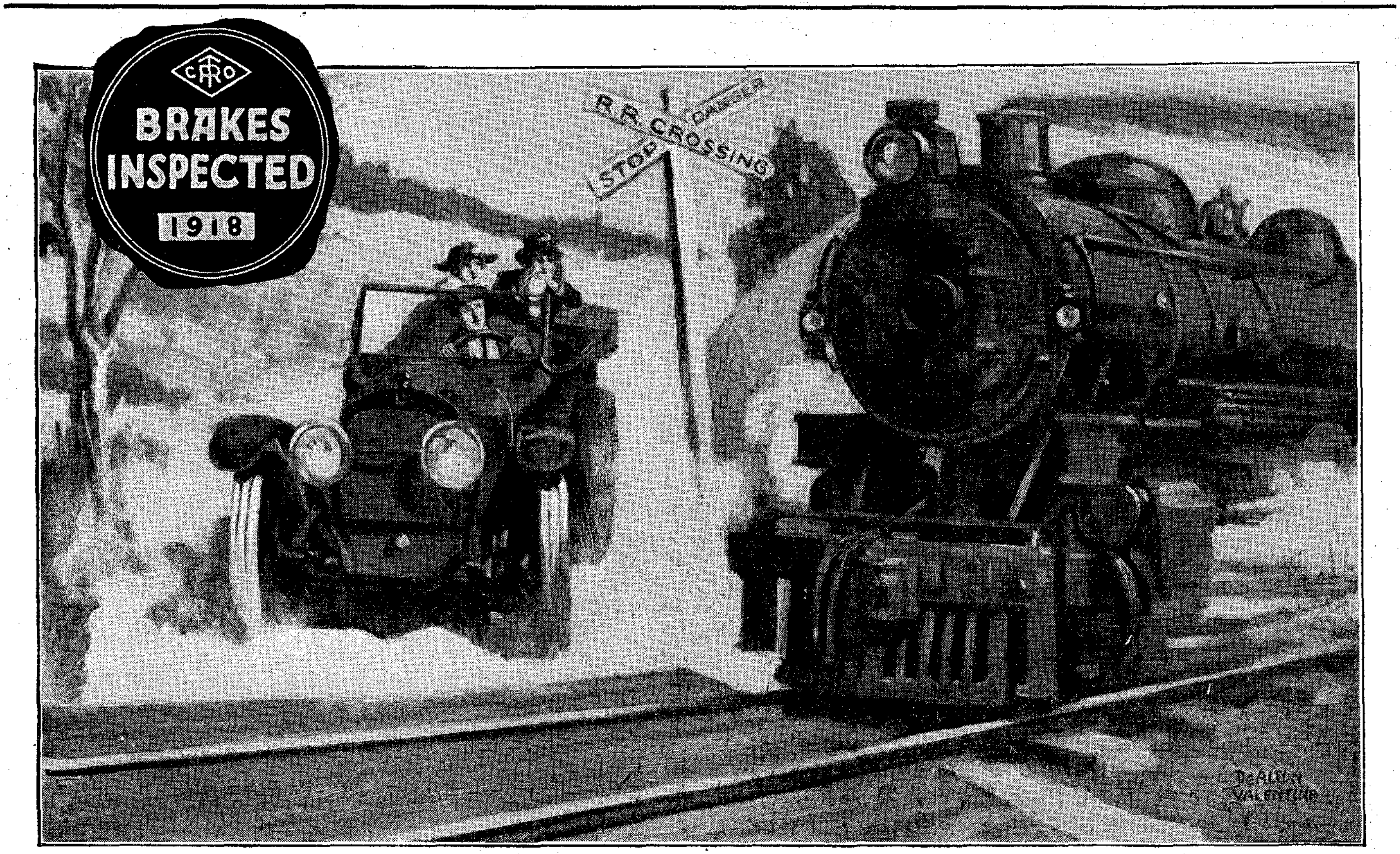
My two sections were now in satisfactory and fairly safe positions, and I kept them there practically all day. What was better, reports from the Welsh Fusileers, who had gone out in front of us, were quite excellent. Our fire was effective; the Turk had ceased advancing. We were making him keep his head down. They were delightfully grateful, our Welshmen. They made me have tea and biscuits. They even offered beer! But it was only about breakfast-time, and I thanked them and said "No."

For the first time our artillery officer had gone through the anxious experience of fighting a battery in the face of the enemy. At the job since dawn, he was famished and poured tea into himself, he tells us, and ate greedily stodgy biscuits, chocolate, and tabloids—anything that was food, despite a desperately blistered lip, due to long hours in the sun, which sadly mitigated the pleasure of eating. Meanwhile, the battle went on in its methodical manner, and we read:

Vaguely, and somehow impersonally, I wondered how it would all end. It seemed so strange. What exactly made the difference between going forward and going back? Why should not those Turks keep coming forward? Why could not our men advance? Surely something must happen. It was these little individual men, each behind a tump of sand, that made "the line." What would move it, and which way? Was it just endurance, or morale? Or how was it done—could it be done?

Anyway, we kept on firing and the bullets zipped about, and one shell burst just short of us, and the captain nearly met his end. And the day wore on—so slowly, so incredibly slowly.

After a little time I went over to see how the other section, which I had left to "carry on" in the Mount Royston district, was doing. I found the right-section commander pleased as *Punch*, and firing away far too much ammunition. True, it was tempting. The Australians were inciting us to pepper the gullies and *hods* where the Turks were lurking, and it was a sight to cheer a gunner's heart to see the shell bursting beautifully over them. Now and then one actually caught sight of a tiny figure moving across the scrub-dotted ground. Oh, yes! they



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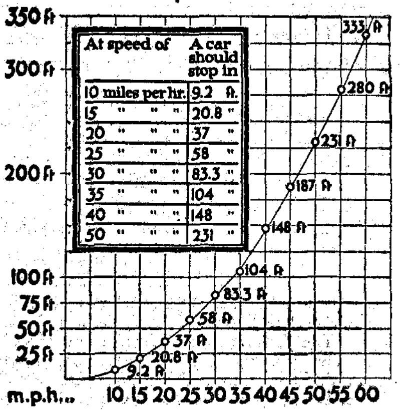

At speed of	A car should stop in
10 miles per hr.	9.2 ft.
15 " " "	20.8 "
20 " " "	37 "
25 " " "	58 "
30 " " "	83.3 "
35 " " "	104 "
40 " " "	148 "
50 " " "	231 "

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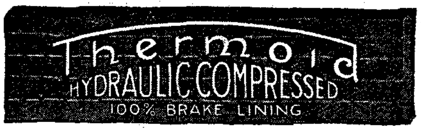

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

were there all right. A helio from a distant sand-hill winked encouragement:

"Fifty yards short."

"One hundred right."

"O. K."

And so on.

Now and then there was the "zipp!" or "whe-ew!" of a bullet past us; but interest in things that were happening forbade even a prudently recumbent attitude.

Matters seemed at somewhat of a deadlock. To our front, southwestward, the Turks held Wellington Ridge, and could not be dislodged. To our flank, almost due westward, he was covering the ground between us and the Royston range, and clung there like a leech. We peppered on, but more sparingly; for the ammunition question had to be considered, and no actual attack was in progress.

Suddenly an idea seized me. Right under Royston was a great hollow, of what depth and width one could not tell.

"*No. 1 gun 2 degrees more left. Add 1,000.*"

I waited for the shot—and saw!

Plump into the hollow went the shell, and, like rabbits, there bolted from it a crowd of midget figures.

"*No. 2 gun 1 degree more left. No. 1 gun 1 degree more right. Both guns 3,500. Two rounds gun-fire.*"

Quick as we could we followed them up. But—they went!

Still, it was a happy idea.

Later on the other section was brought down to join its fellow, and now the whole battery turned on the Royston country.

Then I saw tiny heads all along the distant ridge.

"What infernal cheek!" I thought. "I'll have you off that!"

"*All guns 4 degrees more left. Add 1,200. One round battery fire.*"

Short.

"*Add 200. Repeat.*"

Still just short.

"*Add 100 . . .*"

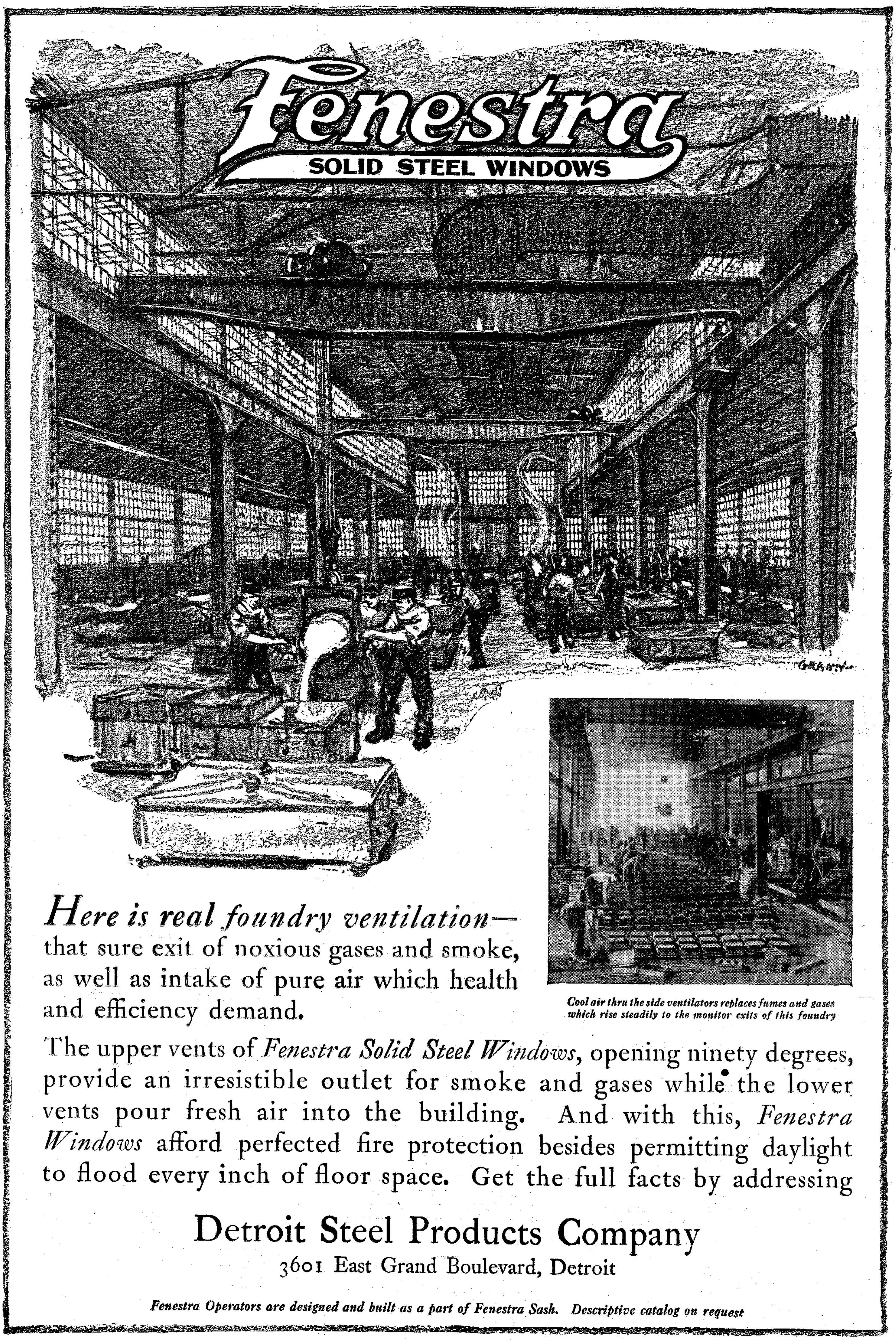
An orderly rode up. As he gave me the envelop he had brought he said: "The New-Zealanders have taken Mount Royston."

"Stop!"

That was what the message had to tell me. The deadlock was at an end. From the far southwest, the New Zealand mounted brigade, with some English yeomanry and a R.H.A. battery, had swept down on the Turk's left flank. They had caught the force which he had put like an encircling arm round our right flank in a still wider embrace. That arm was now cut off. And with the fate of that arm was decided the fate of that whole laborious, painstaking expedition which had worked its way out from Syria; which had achieved such wonders in transport and commissariat and marching; which had plodded on, and toiled valorously, and got within sight, within a few hundred yards, of its chief aim. The Turks were beaten. Their venture had failed.

But not yet had we won our victory. There was a fierce attack on our right just after the good news had reached me, and, seeing it, I quickened fire until it died away. Then we went on steadily firing till dark. For altho the Turks on Mount Royston had surrendered, those in the country between Royston and camp still held on; and the enemy had not let go of Wellington Ridge. They were still fighting, steadily and hard, a thousand yards or so from us.

So we retired to camp for the night under the same intermittent "whe-ew!" and "cheep!" and "thup!" of bullets. Retired—that few hundred yards to our



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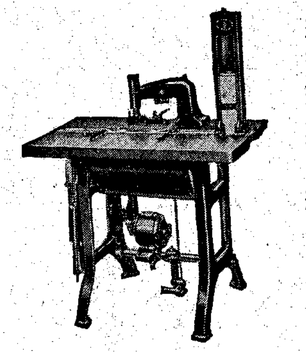

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tents, that at one time we were not so sure of seeing again! But we had been lucky. One man killed—that was all. And we had fired almost exactly one thousand rounds.

When we reached camp it was dark, and, breaking the peace of night, there were those same scintillating flashes and that same persistent popping of rifles which had started in those early hours of morning which seemed so long ago. But now they were much nearer, for they came from Wellington Ridge. Now and then a stray bullet sang by even among the tents.

And worse was to come. For just as, dog-tired and famished, we had "finished off" the horses, and begun to think of food and rest, from the far eastward there was a dull sound, something like a deep "pung!"

I knew what that meant. And in a moment, a couple of hundred yards to the north of us, there was a hideous screeching and then a most appalling "crump!"

"Artful Abdul," I remarked, but without joy.

"Pung!" (in the dim distance). "*Whurra - whurra - whurra - whurra - whurra - whurra!*" (crescendo). "Crump!"

Much closer.

Then another, and another, just over us.

Then silence, for ten minutes. After that, more crumps quite close.

Of course, the Turk (or rather the German) knew that the cavalry and infantry would hold the line during the night, and the artillery would go back home. Hence this conduct.

The climax of the British advance came when the Turks were threatened not only frontally, but also from the west and east. Through the night the Turk had clung to his position, but now his time had come. With glasses the British could plainly see individual Turks under their tiny hillocks of sand, and watched them moving desperately around as bullets came from a fresh source. It could not last long, and, we are told:

It did not last long. As we watched, a Turk came out and hoisted something on a stick—some kind of a rude flag. Others followed him. Turks oozed out of their cover all over the ridge. The firing dried up as if by magic. Our troops rushed up the hill. The fight was over.

In a little, dense columns of prisoners were forming on the hill-top. Telling the battery—or, rather, the batteries, for we were in company with another R.H.A. battery—to follow, we pushed on to the scene of surrender. I was to have my first sight of a battle-field, uncleared, fresh after action.

First we came on the prisoners, sturdy, good-looking fellows most of them; but famished and athirst. Poor devils! I thought. Half a water-bottle full of water distributed among some particularly parched-looking prisoners helped to show my feelings to them; for Arabic produced no impression on them. They were very grateful, smiled thankfully, saluted, and joined the ranks of their comrades, to be marched off under an escort with fixt bayonets. There were several columns of prisoner Turks, and little bunches of stragglers kept coming in. Our infantry were radiant.

The Turk had fled percipitately, and evidence of this was on every hand. Boots, discarded to give greater freedom of movement, lay in all directions. As I went on I passed many fragments of the little bivouac tents which the Turkish officer affects (very sensible, too—light, simple, and a valuable protection against the sun). Round the corner of a small sand-hill I came on a sand-bagged gun position, and alongside it one or two complete bivouac tents still standing, and a copper basin in a bag. Empty tins—*Rindfleisch*, I think—showed where a meal had been made. A half-smoked cigar lay on the sand. It was curious to think that only a few hours before it had been in the mouth of an officer in the Turkish Army—a German officer, probably.

And now captured camels began to come in. A string of four belonged to a German officer who (like his fellow officers) apparently did himself well. Vintage claret, stores of all kinds, a medicine-chest —how he must have missed them! And, captured with this little lot, a veritable German sergeant.

It was all very strange and very cheering.

The cavalry had gone far ahead toward Qatia, and we had to follow lumberingly behind. I am not sure whether I have made quite plain the toil—nay, the almost miracle—it is to get our guns along at all. So it was that through the heat of that torrid day, when water grew tea-hot in our bottles and milk tablets ran into glutinous masses in our haversacks, when our faces peeled and our lips blistered, we followed the cavalry to Qatia in pursuit of the Turk.

Not without incident, for my battery, one mile behind our companion battery, owing to exigencies of watering the horses, temporarily sought shelter under the redoubts on account of rifles and machine guns opening on us from the left as we sallied into the plain. But by the afternoon we were in position on the ridge dominating Qatia, shelling the retreating enemy.

Yet he did not give up Qatia that day. Indeed, the whole of his retreat was a dogged piece of fighting.

That night we were back in camp again, and my battery stayed there with its light-horse brigade for two days. Meanwhile, the Turk went steadily back, until he came to a stubborn standstill a bit over twenty miles out at Bir el Abd.

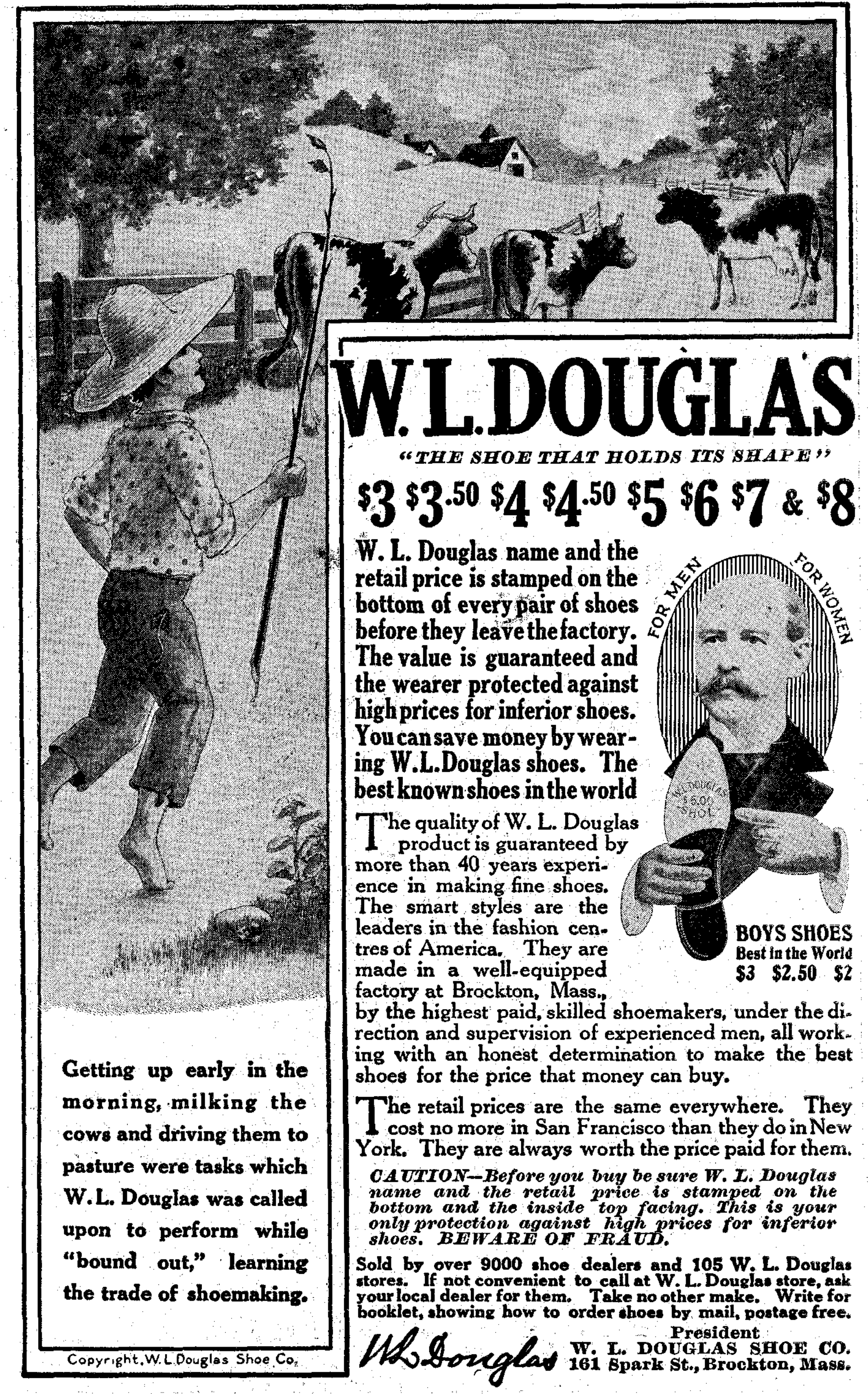
On the evening of August 8, I received, at about 9:30 P.M., an urgent telegram from headquarters. It told me to move out at once with any escort I could obtain, and push on to a point a few miles short of Bir el Abd by morning.

"Great effort required," it wound up.

We set our teeth and "got busy." We moved off soon after 10 P.M. I had ridden over to the cavalry headquarters to obtain an escort; but, as it would take time to get it, I decided to start at once without. We crept out into the Qatia plain, a long black serpent of crawling carriages and horses. We wound along across the sandy ridges and furrows, marching by the stars, until just by Qatia there was a jingle and hustle of horses, and up came our escort. With this protection on our flanks and to our front we pushed on, with ten-minute halts, along the old caravan track, all through the night, until the glimmering dawn showed us the ridges and old battle-field of Oghratina. Five o'clock came, and we were only a few miles away from our rendezvous. But the horses were straining wearily, and the men were silent and half asleep. We had to march about twenty-miles, over the intractable and parching desert, before we could be in battle. "Great effort required."

They did it. The horses and the men pulled through and half an hour before the appointed time every gun and wagon was at the appointed place.

I had ridden on to tell headquarters that



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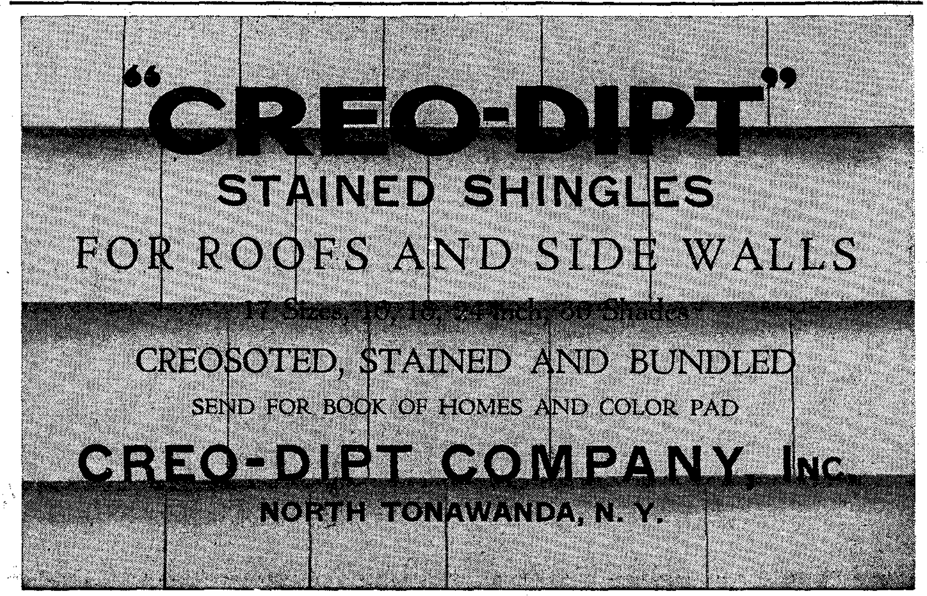

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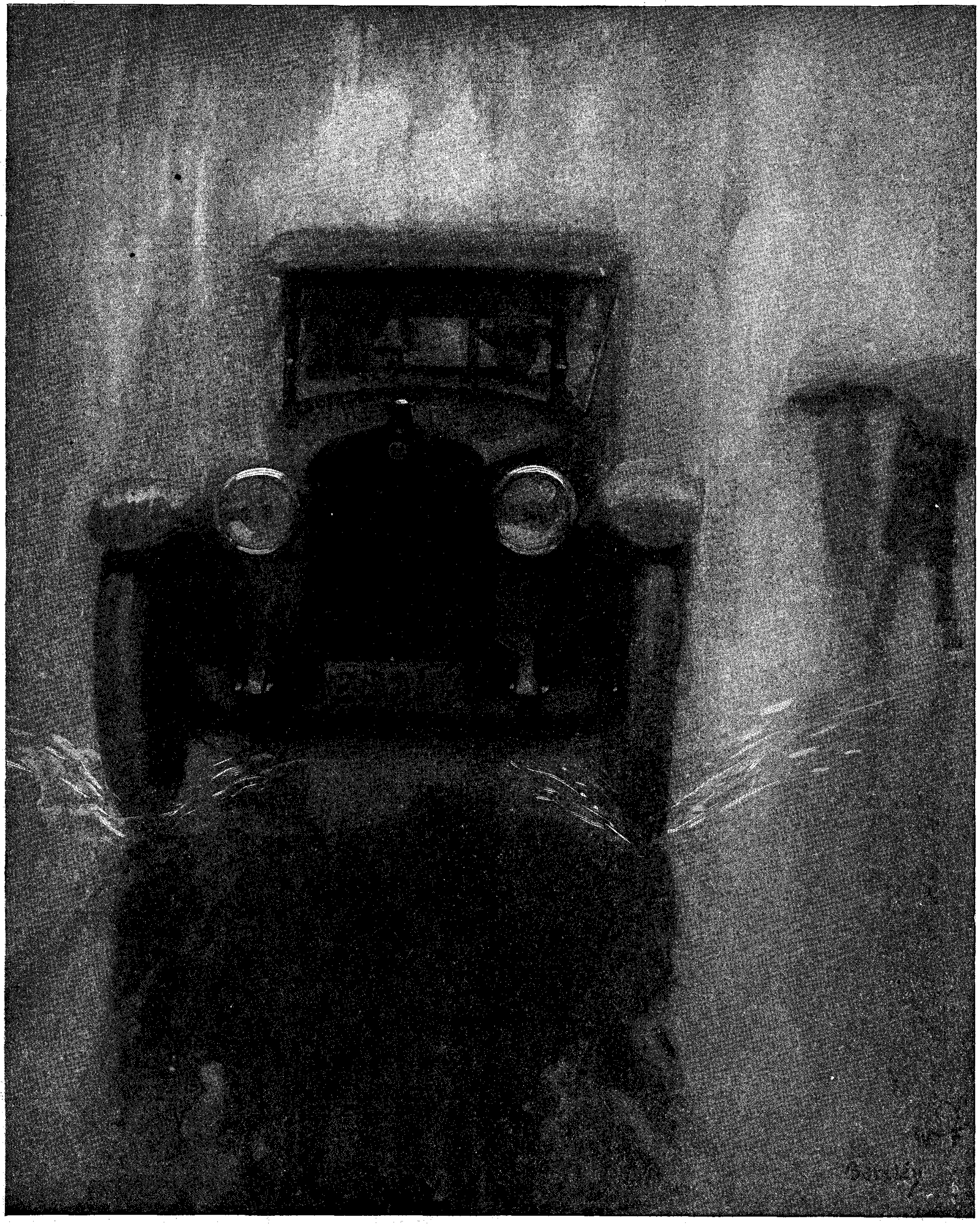

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we should be at their disposal at the hour they had laid down. I must say they looked pleased, if not a little surprized.

The horses were watered (with stinking, foul water from a well just quitted by the Turks), and then we moved forward to a depression where a great heap of empty German cartridge-cases showed that the enemy guns had been in position. From there I rode forward to the C.R.A. to fix our own position in the battle, which was now in full swing.

I found the C.R.A. pretty well as far forward as it was desirable to go. Things were far hotter than in the battle of Romani. The Turk was fighting on a narrower front, and he was in position, entrenched, on the defensive. We were far fewer in number (only our cavalry were up), dispersed, and attacking.

It was straight on Bir el Abd itself that our particular part of the attacking force was focused. From our observation-station, about two thousand yards away from the *bir* itself, we could distinctly see the hospital, the dumps of ammunition, and stores, and the palm-trees round the wells. In front of Bir el Abd the Turks were pushed well forward; consequently we were only a few hundred yards from their front line. Of course there were bullets, and also the enemy's four-inch guns were at work.

Whether it was the effect of the long night-march, or of being without sleep, or of the increased fire we were under, I do not know; but certainly I did not feel so comfortable—or, perhaps, so little uncomfortable—as at the battle of Romani. I was a bit nervous as to whether the Turk would not see the battery coming over a ridge about a thousand yards behind us, in which case his guns would get to work on them pretty quickly. And away to our right flank and to our right rear the Turk was still holding on. To the left, too, he was well up, and we were on a kind of peninsula or tongue, running straight down between enemy country toward Bir el Abd. So there was quite a cross-fire, which was upsetting at times, especially when two snipers, one on each flank, were doing their dirty work at the same time, our observation-station being in their full view.

I confess that just at first I felt a bit distracted in our observation-station. The Turk was, as he fondly believed, shelling it with a combination of high explosive and shrapnel from his four-inch guns. Luckily for us, the shells he thought were effective were really bursting just over our heads, and inflicting most of their damage on a harmless valley behind. Still, not only was the noise very confusing—one could not get one's orders down easily—but occasional pieces of shell whizzed past with a heavy, buzzing sound, and bullets zipped through the sand. An unhealthyish spot, I thought.

After fixing the battery position down in a dip near-to, and giving instructions to bring the guns up, I retired behind what seemed to me a most inadequate mole-hill on the high sand-hill whence I was to observe, and waited to give the battery their angles and so on. Thank goodness, no one seemed to notice their coming over the crest behind, tho an aeroplane overhead threw out a smoke-ball, which, I think, resulted in some shells near, but not on, the advancing column. However, they got safely into position. There followed a time of trial. The telephone went wrong; I could not get my signals down; I sat on the top of that hill trying to send down angles and cursing. (To have to sit up out of one's scanty cover behind a mole-hill and try vainly to send down a battery angle may surely be accounted an excuse for some slight swearing!) One of my best telephonists got wounded. Another got wounded. Shells were bursting suspiciously near the battery. None of the men had had food or sleep. Altogether, Fate seemed determined to be hard on us.

And all the time, at regular intervals, over my head there came a series of four ear-splitting crashes and eight beautiful little clouds of smoke—four fleecy white (shrapnel), and four a lovely pink (high explosive)—and at irregular intervals "whe-ew!" "sprrt!" "thup!"

The most evil times have an end, and at last the battery got its angles, the telephone was working again, and I was back under my mole-hill.

Then our fun began. There was a most alluring-looking dump on the right of Bir el Abd, about 2,300 yards away. I ranged on it (putting up some Turks), and then, after hitting it with a percussion shell, put in a high explosive. A minute or so later I saw fire and smoke arising from the dump.

"I've set their dump on fire," I shouted to a staff-officer not far off. He seemed quite annoyed, saying that we wanted to collar the stuff, not to burn it. In the end, however, my ignorant stroke proved to have been a good one, for we should never have captured that dump.

I kept a gun on the burning stores, and whenever a party of Turks approached it I fired, with effects that were discouraging to them. With my other three guns I turned on the Turkish infantry, who were now attacking resolutely.

One of the strangest things in warfare is the way in which the individual soldiers of the enemy become a series of tiny ant-like figures, absolutely lacking in individuality and indistinguishable one from another. At close quarters a soldier is a man, even if an unfamiliar man; he is tall or short; fat or thin; he has a mustache or is clean-shaven; he is pleasant-looking or the reverse. At a thousand yards he has become a unit, a little black, moving midget. He may be a field-marshal or a private.

All day long I lay on that mound of sand behind my mole-hill watching the changing fortunes of the day, parched (I had left my water-bottle on my horse), hungry (I had again had no breakfast, lunch, or tea, except for some milk tablets), and weary (no sleep since the day before yesterday). The men were dead-beat, but they fought on splendidly. Leave them alone a minute, and they would fall asleep automatically, where they lay or sat; one had to wake them to work. But when they woke they worked well. We had luck, only four wounded all that day, and I think we deserved it.

Lord! what a day! What a long, long day! My back fried, my elbows scorched, buried in the burning sand so that I could hold my field-glasses to my eyes. Once I laid my glasses down, when we had for the moment no ammunition, and let my head droop. In a moment sleep was on me, in spite of the shell bursting overhead and the bullets cheeping past. I felt I could sleep anywhere. But I must not, so back I put my glasses and watched the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the battle.

Time after time the Turk advanced and was repulsed. He lost heavily. But we could not move on. Then, late in the afternoon, it was decided we must give the job up for the day. I got an order to retire, since I was the foremost battery, and to take a position in rear to cover the retirement of my companions. I got up and left my mole-hill (not with any heart-breaking regret), and, sending on my captain with the staff-captain to decide our new position, I withdrew the battery and marched them back up the valley. Poor devils! they thought their labors over for the day. But when I took up the position in the rear, and told them that we must open fire again as soon as possible, they wearily pulled themselves together, and did their job with dogged and indomitable spirit.

Even one more effort was called for. We had again to move back, and take up one more position, from which we fired until darkness came, upon the now rapidly advancing Turks. Then, just as I was getting troubled about the position of the battery, in view of the nearness of the enemy, came the order to retire to Dababis, some two or three miles back.

It was like a curious dream. One's senses had become blunted even to fatigue. One felt in the grip of some ceaselessly turning machine, which went on and on . . . and on and on . . . and on and on . . . It was hard to remember when one had started, when one had had sleep or food.

We reached Dababis. There we were told we should have to go back farther, to Oghrantina at 10 P.M. The nightmare feeling became intensified.

We watered and fed the horses; we ate a little and drank water; we even slept for a few minutes. Then we went on. I can not well remember that last march. It was a dream of moonlight, sand, and black bushes, and fantom horses and men.

At three in the morning of the next day we had settled down for the "night" at Oghrantina. And then came the order to be on parade again at 6:30 A.M., ready to march back to attack Bir el Abd once more.

We were on parade, ready to march, at 6:30 A.M. But we did not go to attack Bir el Abd. Other plans were made, and we merely marched round the corner to some wells, and stayed there for the day. That day and the next we remained there, while we were gathering force for our attack.

That attack never was made, for on the night before we were to move forward the Turk went. He had been bent on retreat all the time; he merely wished to hold us up. Owing to his own strength, and owing to the necessarily limited forces we had at our disposal, he succeeded in doing this. Then he went.

And so it happened that on that August morning, when we were girding ourselves for battle, we heard that our patrols were through Bir el Abd, were almost at Salmana.

The Turk was gone. And since we had chased him away to a great expanse of waterless desert, it was enough. To go farther would have been bad policy. We had sent him home discomfited; we had taken many prisoners and much spoil; we had done our job. Therefore, leaving troops to hold the line at Bir el Abd, we went home to camp.

Camp! Romani! A bath! A tent! Water to wash in! Cooked meals! It was all splendid luxury after those days of bivouacking and bully beef.

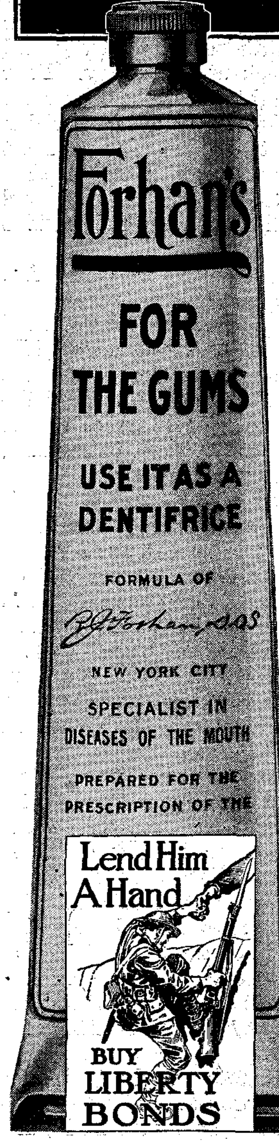
We still enjoy those luxuries.

But since the battle the flies have been horrible. We try not to think about them. . . . . . .

And the Turk has left us more than camels, and rifles, and ammunition, and pouches, and belts.

Cholera!

A grave tooth danger—tender, relaxing gums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Quick Action.—JACK (gallantly)—"Betty, dear, anything that you say goes."

BETTY (quickly)—"Jack!"—*Punch Bowl.*

Habit.—"Why the noise?"

"The barber is shaving himself."

"But why the argument?"

"He is trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."—*Record.*

Keeping Up the Payments.—MRS. GAIBY—"Does your husband ever get behind in his alimony?"

MRS. GOLITELY—"No, indeed! I've threatened to go back to him instantly if he did."—*Judge.*

Her Descent All Right.—MRS. LOWERSTRAT—"Is there any doubt about her having descended from the Pilgrim Fathers?"

MRS. UPPERCRUST—"There may be some doubt about the genealogy but there is no doubt about the descent!"—*Judge.*

Bacchus Also Ran.—"I am afraid that your son is a follower of Bacchus," said the preacher who was calling on old Gotrox.

"A follower!" exclaimed old Gotrox. "Why, he caught up with that guy Bacchus and passed him years ago!"—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Friendly Critics.—"I hear that Swiddler has written a new three-act comedy."

"Yes; he read it to me and two other of his oldest friends yesterday."

"And what did you think of it?"

"Well, we all three thought one of the acts superfluous."

"Which act was that?"

"Oh, we each chose a different act."—*London Opinion.*

Poetic Evolution.—Constructive genius in poesy has succeeded in paraphrasing the little quatrain:

Hush, little gin-mill,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a drug-store
By and by,

into the timely and useful verse,

Hush, little thrift stamp,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a war-bond
By and by.

Mr. McAdoo could hardly ask for a happier lullaby than this.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Contented Conservationist

De old mule is a-plowin'
An' de field will soon be green
Wif de tender stalks a-bowin'
When de breezes cross de scene;
De hen, she is a-pickin'
'Round de barnyard, mighty gay.
Corn bread an' chicken!—
Dat's 'bout all I has to say!

Send de wheat a-sailin'
An' de beef kin go along,
My appetite ain' failin',
An' my hopes are mighty strong.
Dar ain' no cause foh kickin'
As I view de grand display.
Corn bread an' chicken!—
An' dar ain't no mo' to say.
—*Washington Star.*

The Test.—SMALL BROTHER—"Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here!"

SISTER—"You bad boy! Run away this very instant!"—*Awgwan.*

New Brand of Coffee.—MRS. LEEDER—"I can't do without my matutinal coffee."

MRS. NEWRICH—"Is that a good brand? We've tried so many that are poor."—*Boston Transcript.*

Well on the Way.—The Bolsheviki are now eating bread made of straw. All they need now is to learn how to bray and the transformation will be complete.—*Macon Daily Telegraph.*

Just Joshing.—"Josh Billings said he was an honest man because jail life didn't agree with him."

"That was frank, wasn't it?"

"No, it was Josh. Never heard of Frank Billings."—*Boston Transcript.*

Life on the Ocean Wave

She used to sit upon his lap
As happy as could be.
But now it makes her sea-sick—
He has water on the knee.
—*Pitt Panther.*

His Own Vacuum-Bottle.—AGENT—"This vacuum-bottle will keep anything hot or cold for seventy-two hours."

MR. TIPPLES—"Don't want it. If I have anything worth drinking I don't want to keep it seventy-two hours."—*Boston Transcript.*

Been Known to Have Both.—The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* tells of a farmer of that section who "has had the points of his lightning-rods on the roof of his barn boxed in so the cows won't get hurt on them when they are out for exercise." From which we surmise Maine has had an awful snow or has an awful liar.—*Macon Daily Telegraph.*

A Good Beginning.—Place—Hostess House, Camp Dodge.

PHONE RINGING—"This is the Hostess House, Mrs. Dunshee speaking."

VOICE FROM DES MOINES—"I am a Corporal from ——. Can you locate a chaplain for me?"

MRS. D.—"Yes, I am sure I can, what shall I tell him?"

VOICE.—"Well, I want to get married, could I out there?"

MRS. D.—"Yes, I can arrange everything for you, but you must have a license, and of course the girl."

VOICE (wearily over the phone)—"Well, the girl is all I have so far. Thank you, good-by."—*Y. W. C. A. War-Work Bulletin.*

Future Bliss.—Two out-State monument dealers chanced to meet on the rear platform of a street-car, and they were soon talking shop. After they had discussed designs and inscriptions for several blocks, one of the dealers happened to notice that a negro passenger was listening to the conversation with apparent interest.

Turning to the negro, the dealer asked: "You seem to be interested in tombstones, what do you want on your grave?"

"Say, boss," replied the negro, "I don't want none of them stone-markers. When I die I want 'em to plant a watermelon vine on my grave and then let the glorious juice soak through."—*Indianapolis News.*

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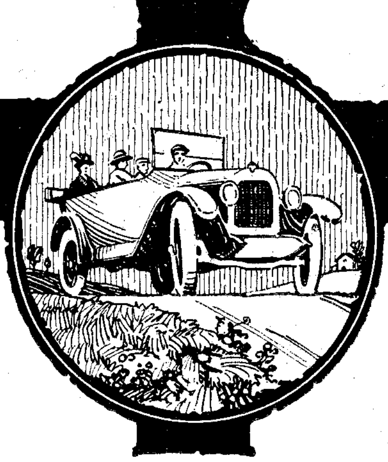

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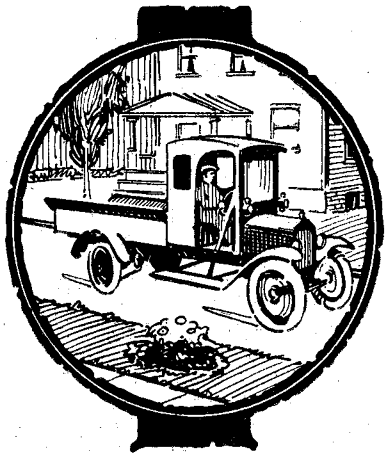

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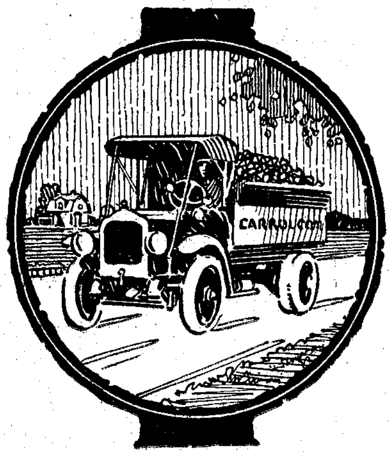

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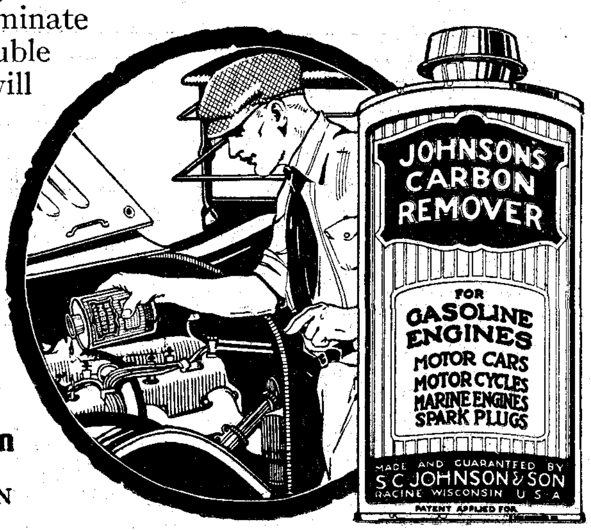
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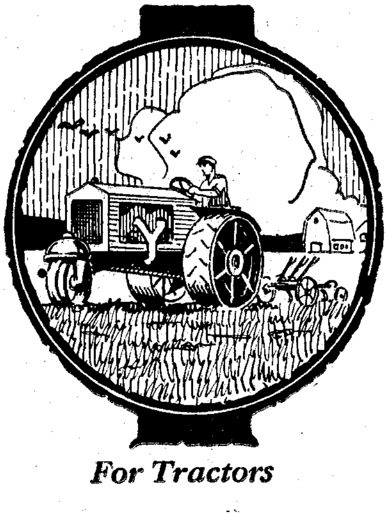
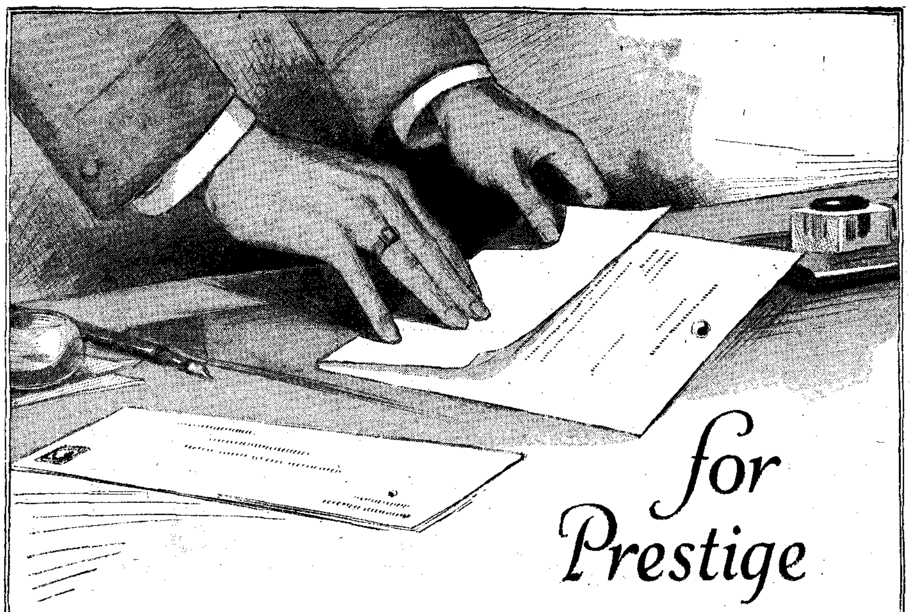


For Tractors



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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

April 3.—London reports the quietest day on the battle-front since the beginning of the German offensive. The British official report states that Ayette was captured from the Germans and 192 prisoners, including six officers, were taken. In local fighting in the neighborhood of Feuchy and Hebuterne two machine guns were captured and many Germans slain. Successful British raids were made northeast of Loos and Poelcapelle.

The French report states that there was no infantry action, but increasing artillery activity on both sides. South of Moreuil the enemy was repulsed except at a single point. On the slopes of Plémont the French position was appreciably enlarged and sixty prisoners taken.

The German report claims a repulse of the English thrust at Ayette, and states that the British were forced back with heavy losses between Marcel Cave and the Luce River.

April 4.—London announces that the enemy make violent assaults on a narrow front in an effort to break through the Allied lines at the juncture of the French and British armies. Ten separate attacks resulted in serious German losses.

The French official night report, which gave the first intimation of the resumption of the battle, states that it still continues from Grivesnes to the road between Amiens and Roye, the enemy attacking with enormous forces in which eleven divisions have been identified by prisoners. Despite sanguinary sacrifices only a few hundred meters of territory were gained, the enemy occupying the villages of Mailly-Raineval and Morisel, the heights above which are held by the French.

April 5.—A London dispatch states that the great battle on the thirty-mile front from Grivesnes, near the tip of the German salient, to north of Albert, continued through the night. Aside from the capture of two small villages by the Germans, the honors at the close of the fifteenth day of the battle rest with the Allies.

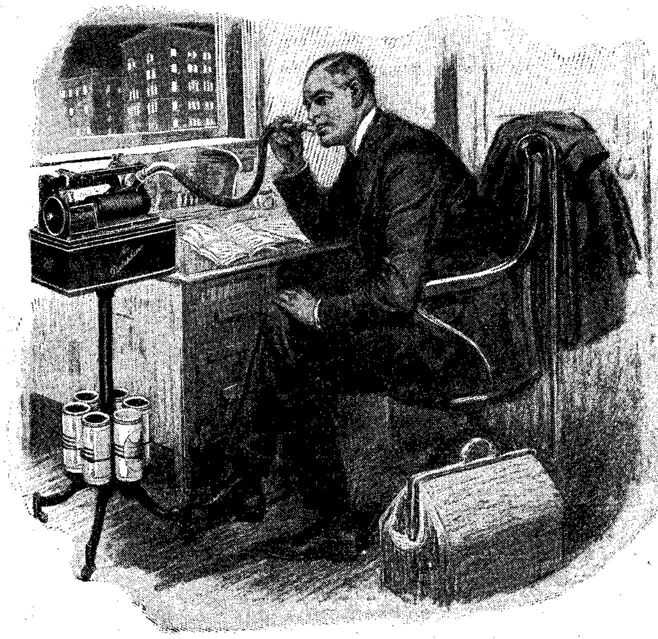
The German report says there were only local engagements on both sides of the Somme, but notes increased artillery activity near Verdun. The Germans claim 51,218 prisoners, taken between March 21 and 29, and assert that the total up to the present time is 90,000 prisoners and 1,300 guns. These figures are scouted by the Allies as impossible.

Paris reports that the French, by vigorous counter-attacks, have improved their positions at several points, notably at Mailly-Raineval and Cantingny. They recaptured the greater part of Epinette Woods, but were compelled to withdraw from positions to the west of Castel, which is west of Moreuil.

Large masses of troops were hurled against the British front between the Luce and the Somme, and north as far as Bucquoy and Moyenneville, a few miles south of Arras. The only German gain was the village of Dernancourt, a few miles from Albert. The Germans are said to have employed 240,000 men.

April 6.—A London dispatch states that the Germans, failing to break through the Allies' battle-line between Ayette and the Somme, shift their attack to east of Noyon, and after fierce fighting succeed in getting a foothold at Abbécourt and Barisis, but their losses are reported to be enormous.

The French official report states that the



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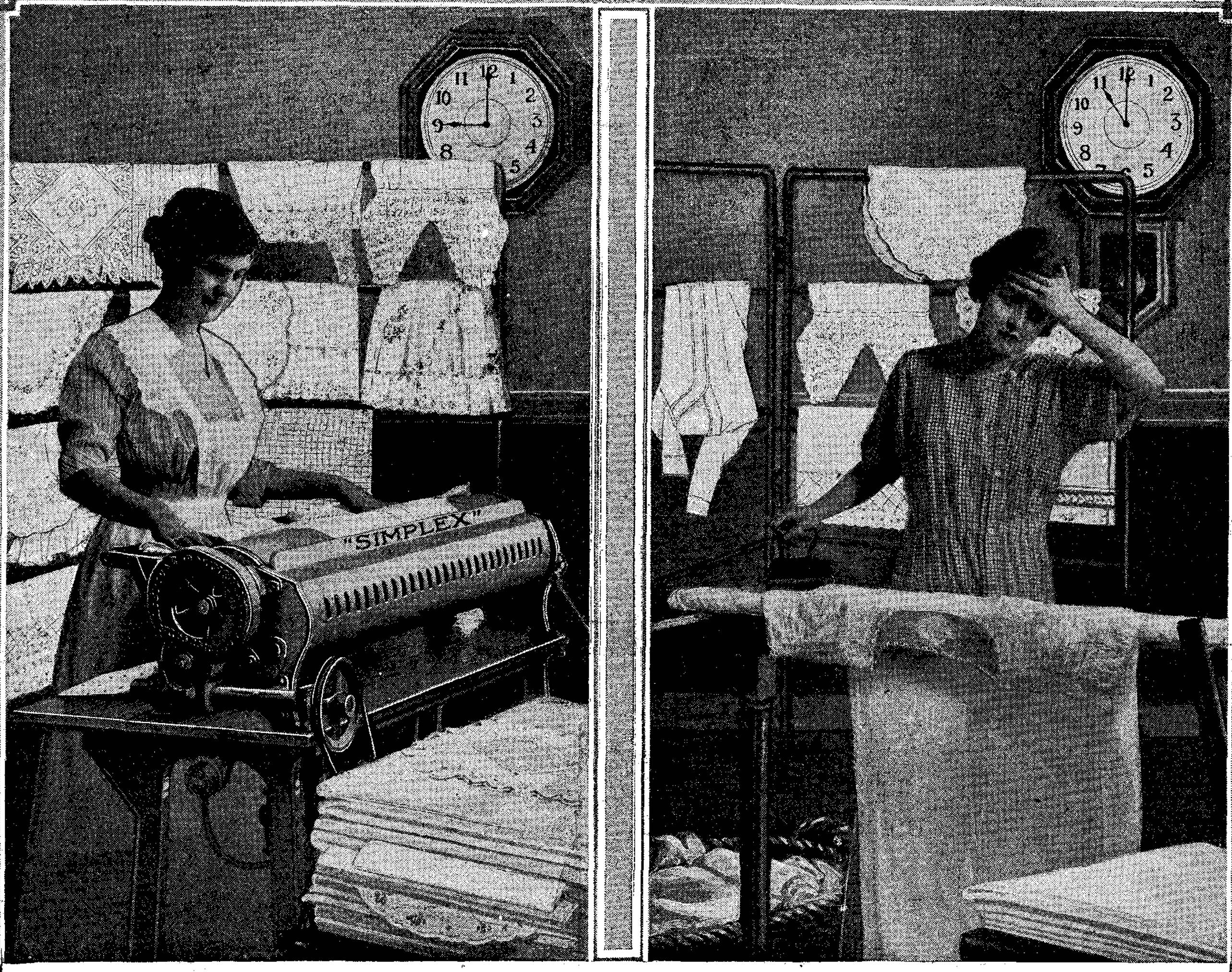

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enemy's attack between Mesnil-St. Georges and Monchel failed completely, and concentrations of troops in the wood south of Hangard were dispersed. In the Noyon sector the Germans, after a heavy bombardment, attempt to regain lost ground north of Mount Renaud, but are repulsed. After inflicting heavy losses on the enemy on the Abbécourt front the French forces retire to prepared positions in conformity with orders.

The British night report states that the action of the day was confined to local fighting north of Albert without change in the situation. At least ten German divisions are reported to have taken part in the unsuccessful attacks north of the Somme.

The German official report states that the British and French positions near Amigny were penetrated, and that the French attacks on wide sectors between Moreuil and Montdidier broke down with heavy loss to the French.

April 7.—According to London dispatches Berlin reports additional successes for the German forces south of the Oise in the effort to break through the French line.

The French night report states that the enemy attack near Hangard is checked, and the troops concentrated at points on the front north of Montdidier are covered by artillery-fire. A strong German attack on the Meuse northeast of Hill 344 was repulsed, the enemy suffering serious loss. West of Noyon a German detachment that had gained a footing in the advanced French trenches was ejected. Reims was violently bombarded in the night.

The British official report states that the number of prisoners captured was increased to 140 in fighting south of the Somme and several machine guns were taken. The enemy suffered serious losses in unsuccessful counter-attacks. Enemy attempts against the British position at Bucquoy were repulsed.

The German official report states that the bombardment of Reims is continued in reprisal for the bombardment of German dugouts. Violent artillery-duels are reported followed by strong British and French assaults, which are said to have been repulsed on the Ancre and the Avre. French divisions brought from other fronts storm the western bank of the Avre, but are broken down after heavy losses in desperate hand-to-hand fighting, it is claimed. The suburbs of Chauny and French and British positions near Amigny are taken by the forces under General Boehn. Prisoners numbering 1,400 are reported.

April 8.—London reports violent activity on the entire front of more than fifty miles, with a concentration by the enemy near Coucy Wood, where they made some gains.

The French official report states that the enemy pressure continued north of the Ailette River in the region of Coucy Wood. The German advance was hindered by French advanced sections and heavy losses inflicted on the enemy, which was in greatly superior numbers. Active artillery action is reported on the Somme front without infantry movement.

The British official report states that their line was slightly advanced on the south bank of the Somme east of Vaire-sous-Corbie. North of the Somme prisoners and a machine gun were captured near Neuville-Vitasse. Heavy enemy gas shelling is reported and increased artillery action along the entire front during the night, especially in the neighborhood of Bucquoy.

The German report states that the fighting on both sides of the Somme was limited to artillery-duels. Local British attacks in Hangard Wood and French near Grivesnes are repulsed. The number of prisoners is reported increased to 2,000.

An American officer returning to the American Headquarters in France from the northern battle-fields states that so far in their offensive the Germans have lost 300,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

April 9.—London announces that in an attack on an eleven-mile front from Givenchy to La Bassée the Germans drove in the line held by the British and the Portuguese to a depth of four miles at one or two points.

The British official night report states that the enemy, after an intense bombardment and covered by a thick mist, forced his way into the Allies' position in the neighborhood of Neuve Chapelle, Fauquissart, and Cardonnerie Farm, and after heavy fighting throughout the day succeeded in forcing back the Portuguese center and the British on the flanks between Estaires and Bac-St. Maur. The British held their positions on both banks of the Lys at Givenchy and Fleurbaix, where there was heavy fighting. Richebourg-St. Vaast and Laventie have been taken by the enemy. Severe fighting continues on the entire front.

The French report states that there was great artillery activity on both sides without infantry action. Advanced French troops, in conformity with orders, successfully withdraw to prepared positions southwest of the forest of Coucy and south of Coucy-le-Château. German forces, kept constantly under French artillery-fire during the operation, suffer heavy losses. Two German raids northwest of Reims were repulsed. The Germans violently bombard the French positions north of Montdidier. In the region of Hangard French fire prevents the enemy from debouching from his lines.

The German report states that the English and Portuguese positions were penetrated north of La Bassée Canal, and the French troops thrown back across the Oise-Aisne Canal between Coucy-le-Château and Brancourt. The British and French positions in the wood east of Guny and the heights east of Coucy-le-Château are reported captured by storm.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

April 3.—A heavy attack by gas and high-explosive shells is reported on the American troops other than in the Toul sector, continuing through the night of April 2.

April 4.—A dispatch to the Belgian Legation in Washington states that King Albert has conferred upon General Pershing the Belgian Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold.

A dispatch from the Headquarters of the American Army in France states that American forces are now occupying a sector on the Meuse Heights south of Verdun, and that following a heavy bombardment the enemy raided one of the listening-posts. The raiders were successfully checked. Other American sectors were reported quiet.

A Paris dispatch states that fifteen more Americans have been cited by the French Army for gallantry in action, the most conspicuous being Corporal Alfred Helmar, who receives the *Médaille Militaire*.

April 7.—A dispatch from the Headquarters of the American Army in France states that two German raids on sectors of the American position west of Toul were repulsed with enemy losses.

April 9.—The War Department resumes the publication of the casualty lists on advices from Secretary Baker. The latest list contains 447 names, including 18 killed in action, 11 deaths from wounds, 4 deaths from accidents, and 3 from unknown causes. The severely wounded number 103, slightly wounded 241.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

April 3.—The French official report states that on March 31 and April 1, aerial squadrons threw more than 13 tons of projectiles on railways and cantonments at Ham, Chauny, and Noyon. Enemy cantonments near Roye were bombarded and attacked with machine guns from a low elevation.

London reports that British airmen, in intensive fighting on March 2, downed 13 German aircraft and put eight out of control. Eight British machines were reported missing.

April 4.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that the Kaiser has conferred upon Baron von Richthofen, the German aviator, the Order of the Red Eagle with Crown and Swords. He is credited with 75 victories.

A dispatch published in an Amsterdam newspaper states that during the last Allied raid on Coblenz 26 persons were killed and 100 wounded. In the last raid on Treves 60 were killed and hundreds injured. In last week's raid on Cologne a troop-train was struck and many killed and wounded.

The official aviation statement, issued by the British War Office, states that on April 3 nine German airplanes were shot down, three driven down out of control, and one hostile balloon destroyed. Five British airplanes are missing.

April 5.—A Geneva dispatch states that the recent British aerial raid on Cologne caused 248 deaths, half of which were of soldiers who were in a railway-train bound for the Picardy front.

April 7.—A London dispatch states that thirteen German airplanes were brought down by British airmen on April 6, and eleven were disabled. Two others were shot down by anti-aircraft guns. Sixteen British machines were reported missing.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

April 5.—A Berlin dispatch announces that German and Turkish troops northeast of Jericho have driven back British forces that had crossed the Jordan. The British official report several days ago stated that the British troops had withdrawn in the region of Es-Salt after achieving their objectives.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

April 3.—London reports a sudden and marked decrease in the losses to British shipping. The British Admiralty report for the past week follows: Merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, 6; less than 1,600 tons, 7. Fishing-vessels sunk, 5. Arrivals, 2,416; sailings, 2,379.

London reports that the British steamship *Conargo* was torpedoed in the Irish Sea on March 31. The Greek steamship *Salaminia* was sunk by gunfire at about the same time. The *Conargo's* crew got safely away in boats, but two were sunk by gunfire. Fifty men are reported missing from the two steamships.

Rome reports that during the week ending March 30 German submarines sank three Italian steamships of more than 1,500 tons and ten small sailing-vessels.

A delayed dispatch from Tokyo states that Japan will turn over to the United States 450,000 tons of shipping, and that 150,000 tons will be supplied immediately without consideration, except the chartering rates of the Allies.

April 8.—A dispatch from The Hague states that the Belgian relief-ship *Miniztre de Smet de Naeyer* has been sunk in the North Sea. Twelve persons were drowned. It is believed that the vessel struck a mine.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

April 3.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in an address to a delegation of the Vienna City Council, scorns the French and Italian war-aims and states that he has too high an opinion of the President of the United States to believe that he desires to separate Vienna from Berlin, as many have interpreted his speech, but adds that "perhaps President Wilson sees in Austria a more favorable soil for sowing the seeds of a general peace."

April 4.—Erzerum, the principal city of Turkish Armenia, is captured by the Armenians, a dispatch from Moscow states.

April 6.—The bombardment of Paris by long-range guns is resumed in the morning and continues all day. Three persons were wounded.

April 7.—In an official statement issued at Constantinople by the Turkish War Office it is stated that the Turkish troops are advancing over a wide area in the Caucasus, practically all of Turkish Armenia having been cleared of Russians.

Paris reports that the bombardment of the city by the German long-range guns continues. There were no casualties. The report that one of these guns exploded is said to have been confirmed from absolutely reliable sources.

April 9.—A Paris dispatch states that French aviators discover the German long-range gun mounted at Crépy-en-Laonnois, and that the bombing of the spot by airmen and the French artillery is making the handling of the big weapon difficult.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

April 3.—An Amsterdam dispatch states that the White Guards are bombarding Tammerfors, Finland, and that Russian reenforcements have reached Finland, taking up a position on the Karelian front.

A Stockholm dispatch states that the White Guards have captured the eastern part of Tammerfors, despite desperate resistance, capturing 1,000 prisoners. Swedish correspondents report horrible atrocities practised by the Red Guards. Officers and many of the men of the White Guards carry capsules of poison for use in the event of their capture.

The force landed at Hangö, Finland, according to a Berlin statement, comprises 40,000 men, 300 guns, and 2,000 machine guns.

April 5.—An official War-Office statement from Berlin announces that the German forces in the Ukraine have taken the Poltava-Constantinograd Railway, twenty-eight cars loaded with French rifles and ammunition, and more than a million artillery shells. Ekaterinoslav, an important commercial and industrial center on the Dneiper River, 250 miles northeast of Odessa, is also said to have been captured.

Japanese armed forces have been landed at Vladivostok, according to news communicated to the State Department at Washington by the American Consul, Secretary Lansing states.

April 7.—A dispatch from Moscow states that Kharkof, the capital of the province of that name, has been declared to be in a state of siege. German forces are approaching. The Bolshevik Government issues a proclamation declaring that the soldiers of the first revolutionary detachment at Orel are traitors, and directing that they be kept under arrest.

April 8.—Reports received by the State Department in Washington state that the landing of armed Japanese and British forces in Vladivostok is purely for police duty to protect life and property.

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

April 3—After a meeting of the War-Council at Washington it is announced that every available vessel, even to food ships, will be utilized in rushing troops to France.

The special board of investigation into the status of airplane production finds that the air program is from three to four months behind, and that the chief reason for the delay has been the many changes in specifications. The first requirements of the Army will be met successfully, it is reported, and the second requirement will be in France by July. The Liberty Motor is declared to be a success.

"Spies should be court-martialed, lined up, and their citizenship ended by bullets," former President Taft declares in a speech before the Chamber of Commerce at Muskogee, Okla.

The Senate passes the new Liberty Loan Bill, authorizing more war-bonds, additional loans to the Allies of $1,500,000,000, and an increase of Treasury indebtedness certificates from $4,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000.

April 4.—President Wilson signs the bill authorizing the Third Liberty Loan, the House having accepted minor amendments of the Senate. The amount is $3,000,000,000, with the right to accept oversubscriptions.

To speed up the ship-building program, the War-Industries Board issues orders to steel mills and fabricating plants to make 100 per cent. deliveries on all orders from the Emergency Fleet Corporation for steel ship-plants.

Dr. Isaac Straus, a chemist and publicist who came to New York in 1914 with Dr. Dernburg; Dr. C. O. Bertling, a friend of Dr. Muck, and nineteen other enemy aliens are to be sent to the internment-camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Lieutenants R. F. Ives, of Chicago, Carl E. Ekstrand, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Russell H. Dwiggins, of Waynetown, Ind., are killed in aviation accidents at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas.

Rodman Law, a brother of Ruth Law, attached to the Fifth Aero Squadron, jumps from an airplane at San Antonio, Texas., when at a height of 2,500 feet, and lands safely with a parachute.

Washington announces that nine billion dollars is the approximate cost to the United States for one year of war, half of which has gone to her allies in loans.

April 5.—Dr. Carl Muck, former leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose case has been under consideration by the Department of Justice in Washington, is ordered interned as an enemy alien.

All the woolen-mills in the country are ordered to hold their looms in readiness for service for the Government from now until July 1 to insure an adequate supply of cloth for uniforms.

April 6.—Before a large and enthusiastic audience in Baltimore, President Wilson declares that the nation stands united for a war to victory and the use of force to the utmost.

Mobilization orders for the first contingent of the New National Army, calling for 150,000 men instead of 90,000, are sent out by the War Department to the adjutant-generals in all States. The men will report at the training-camps during the five days beginning April 26.

A dispatch from Boston states that Dr. Muck starts in custody of Federal deputy marshals for Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he is to be interned.

April 8.—Brig.-Gen. C. C. Williams is ordered to Washington to relieve Brig.-Gen. Charles B. Wheeler, who will go to France as ordnance officer with General Pershing.

April 9.—It is announced that $35,000,000 has been subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan by the United States Steel Corporation. Of this amount $25,000,000 will go into the corporation's treasury while $10,000,000 will be offered to its employees on the instalment plan.

The statement made by George Creel in his speech before the National Conference of American Lecturers, in which he stated that "he was proud that his country had never made any preparation for war," results in a storm of protest in Congress. Senator Penrose leads the attack on the Chairman of the Bureau of Public Information and removal is suggested.

FOREIGN

April 9.—A London dispatch states that leave to introduce the Government's man-power bill, which provides for conscription in Ireland, is carried in the House of Commons by a vote of 299 to 80. Irish Nationalists protest that the bill can never be put into effect. The Dublin Corporation warns the Government against disastrous revolts if any attempt is made to enforce conscription in Ireland.

A Paris dispatch states that Bolo Pasha, who was yesterday reprieved, is said to have made sensational disclosures concerning German propaganda in France.

DOMESTIC

April 3.—Zero temperature is reported at several points in Montana and snow has been falling for three days at Billings.

Finding that Swift & Company violated Food Administration regulations, the Federal Food Board recommends that the company be forbidden to distribute eggs through its New York branch for thirty days, and that the company contribute to the Red Cross its excess charges to the public, amounting to $6,000.

A dispatch from Milwaukee states that incomplete returns indicate that Irvine L. Lenroot, Republican, has been elected to the United States Senate by a majority over Joesph E. Davies, the Democratic candidate, of more than 10,000. Victor L. Berger, Socialist, ran approximately 35,000 behind Davies.

April 7.—The Post-office Department at Washington announces that the New York-Philadelphia-Washington aerial mail-service will start not later than May 15.

April 9.—Washington dispatches state that a slight earthquake shock is felt.

No, She Didn't Tell.—With a stormy look on his face, the master of the house waylaid the servant in the kitchen.

"Look here," he began, angrily, "how dare you tell my wife what time I came home this morning after I told you not to?"

The Irish girl eyed him steadily.

"Shure an' Oi didn't," she replied calmly. "She asked me pwhat toime yez came in, an' Oi only towld hir that Oi was too busy gettin' the breakfast ready to look at the clock."—*Tit-Bits.*

You're smoke-set for keeps if you pick P. A. for your pal!

You're going to blow off your smokeappetite to the realest bit of tobacco satisfaction you ever stumbled against quick as you and Prince Albert hook up! Bet-your-bottom-dollar *on that!*

For, *quality* lets you in on the full joys of P. A. without putting your taste or tongue into training! P. A. *quality* gets the flavor, fragrance, coolness *right there instantly!* And, you catch it—*and hang on to it* because it heaves into the discard every kick you ever made against a jimmy pipe.

P. A. *quality* is a smoking-smash-all-by-itself—but realize that behind it is Prince Albert's patented process *that cuts out bite and parch!* You can puff at a traffic-trot or speed-at-sixty—P. A. won't bite—it can't bite!

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the national joy smoke

just makes smoking what you always wished it might be—*a constant 24-hour delight!* Because, no matter how much of the gladgoods you get away with per day, you're keen for more! And, every time you fire-up you do some mental figuring that proves P. A. "tastes just a little better than that last whack!" *And, so on!*

You're in for a spell-of-sport that'll knock into a cocked hat the classiest smokesession you ever ordered through a smokeshop! For, Prince Albert's quality will show *you* smokekinks that have made men everywhere, and in all walks of life talk Prince Albert and *smoke* Prince Albert!

P. A. certainly will do a pretty clever job for you, *all right!* Quit plaguing yourself!

Prince Albert awaits your call everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins and handsome full pound and full half-pound tin humidors; and, that classy, full pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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Eight to twelve dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

Ask for The Florsheim Shoe—see the Styles of the Times. Booklet of Military scenes on request.

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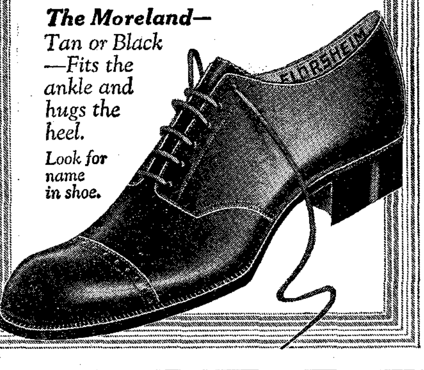
Chicago, U. S. A.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Secretary of the Navy Daniels:

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HEALTH
FOR THE
SOLDIER AND SAILOR

By PROF. IRVING FISHER *of Yale University, Chairman Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute (which includes the Surgeons-General of the Army and Navy) and* EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D., *Medical Director, Life Extension Institute.*

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Deep Breathing
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As a gift to a friend or relative in the Army or Navy this little book will prove of far-reaching value in preserving the health and even life itself. *All royalties on this book go into the philanthropic work of the Life Extension Institute.*

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

WHAT EACH ONE OF US, ACCORDING TO INCOMES, SHOULD CONTRIBUTE TO THE COST OF THE WAR

WHAT the real share of each American citizen would be in the cost of the war, provided the burden of it were apportioned equitably according to incomes, is a question which many persons, including economic specialists, have been weighing seriously since we became participants in the great conflict. One of the attempts made to answer the question in detail and specifically has just been issued in pamphlet form by the Bankers Trust Company as a compilation made by its statistical department. The compilation, is given herewith, with a table based on certain estimates as to costs. During the first year the expenditures of our Government are taken as having been something over 9½ billion dollars, or more than fourteen times the average expenditures of the seven years previous to the war. Nearly one-half these expenditures are represented by advances to our Allies. For the second year of the war our expenditures are estimated at about 15 billion dollars. Assuming that customs and excise taxes will produce 1½ billions, this would leave about 13½ billions to be raised from bond sales and income taxes. The purpose of the compilation is to "determine how this burden of 13½ billion dollars shall be prorated among the people of the United States."

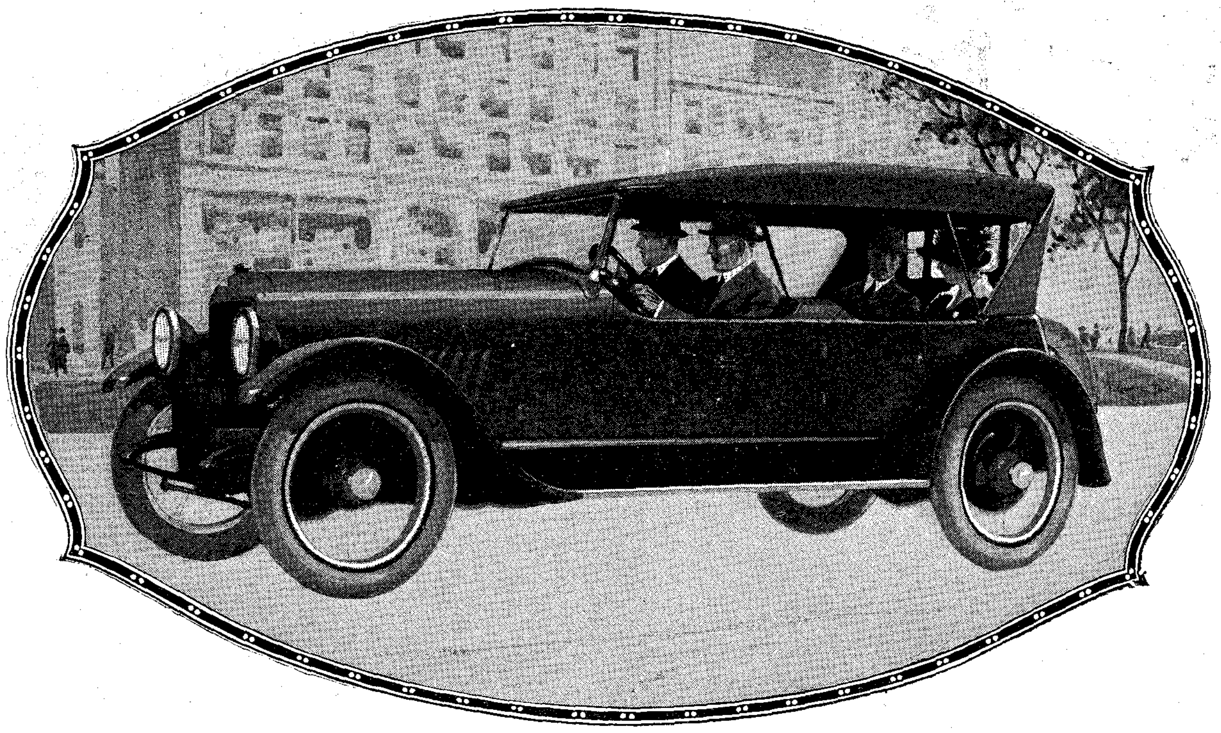
For a full understanding of the following table, the writer of the text in the pamphlet points out interesting facts in the conditions that confront us. While it is estimated that the savings of the nation, available for reinvestment in various forms, "will amount to something like 18 billion dollars during the coming year," it is thought that at least 8 billion dollars out of this amount "must be permitted to remain invested in the form of increased working capital, or must be used to provide for capital expenditures essential to the health and welfare of the people of the country." This would leave about 10 billion dollars which could be counted upon

Column I Family Income Group	II Average Family Income	III Percentage Contributable by Each Family	IV Amount Contributable by Each Family	V Number of Families in Each Group	VI Total Income of Families in Each Group	VII Total Contributable by Families in Each Group
Under $850*.....				7,288,000*	$4,703,217,000	$102,773,000
$780 — 910.....	$850	9.60	$82	3,590,000	3,051,500,000	294,380,000
911 — 1,040	1,000	9.90	99	3,525,000	3,525,000,000	348,975,000
1,041 — 1,170.....	1,100	10.30	113	2,737,000	3,010,700,000	309,281,000
1,171 — 1,300.....	1,250	10.80	135	2,262,000	2,827,500,000	305,370,000
1,301 — 1,430.....	1,350	11.20	151	1,826,000	2,465,100,000	275,726,000
1,431 — 1,560.....	1,500	11.70	175	1,602,000	2,403,000,000	280,350,000
1,561 — 1,690.....	1,600	12.20	195	1,228,000	1,964,800,000	239,460,000
1,691 — 1,820.....	1,750	12 60	220	710,000	1,242,500,000	156,200,000
1,821 — 1,950.....	1,900	13.20	251	475,000	902,500,000	119,225,000
1,951 — 2,080.....	2,000	13.50	270	385,000	770,000,000	103,950,000
2,081 — 2,210.....	2,150	14.00	301	306,000	675,900,000	92,106,000
2,211 — 2,340.....	2,275	14.50	330	243,000	552,825,000	80,190,000
2,341 — 2,470.....	2,400	15.00	360	189,000	453,600,000	68,040,000
2,471 — 2,600.....	2,550	15.40	393	142,000	362,100,000	55,806,000
2,601 — 2,860.....	2,750	16.10	443	200,000	550,000,000	88,600,000
2,861 — 3,000.....	3,000	16.90	507	167,000	501,000,000	84,669,000
3,001 — 4,000.....	3,500	18.80	658	85,000	297,500,000	55,930,000
4,001 — 5,000.....	4,500	22.40	1,008	72,000	324,000,000	72,576,000
5,001 — 6,000.....	5,500	25 80	1,419	52,000	286,000,000	73,788,000
6,001 — 7,000.....	6,500	29.40	1,911	36,500	237,250,000	69,751,000
7,001 — 8,000.....	7,500	32.80	2,460	26,500	198,750 000	65,190,000
8,001 — 9,000.....	8,500	36.40	3,094	20,000	170,000,000	61,880,000
9,001 — 10,000.....	9,500	40.00	3,800	15,500	147,250,000	58,900,000
10,001 — 15,000.....	12,500	42.00	5,250	45,309	566,362,000	237,872,000
15,001 — 20,000.....	17,500	45.00	7,870	22,618	395,815,000	178,003,000
20,001 — 25,000.....	22,500	46.50	10,460	12 953	291,442 000	135 488 000
25 001 — 30 000.....	27,500	48.00	13,200	8,055	221,512,000	106,326,000
30,001 — 40,000.....	35,000	51.00	17,850	10,068	352,380,000	179,713,000
40,001 — 50,000.....	45,000	55.50	25,000	5,611	252,495 000	140,275,000
50,001 — 60,000.....	55,000	59.10	32,500	3,621	199,155,000	117,682,000
60,001 — 70,000.....	65,000	61.50	40,000	2,548	165,620,000	101,920,000
70,001 — 80,000.....	75,000	64.00	48,000	1,787	134,025,000	85,776,000
80,001 — 90,000.....	85,000	64.70	55,000	1,422	120,870,000	78,210,000
90,001 — 100,000.....	95,000	66.30	63,000	1,074	102,030,000	67,662,000
100,001 — 150,000.....	123,000	69.10	85,000	2,900	356,700,000	246,500,000
150,001 — 200,000.....	174,000	71.50	124,400	1,284	223,416,000	159,729,000
200,001 — 250,000.....	225,000	72 20	162,500	726	163,350,000	117,975,000
250,001 — 300,000.....	277,000	73.00	202,210	427	118,279,000	86,343,000
300,001 — 400,000.....	345,000	73.70	254,400	469	161,805,000	119,313,000
400,001 — 500,000.....	448,000	74.50	333,700	245	109,760,000	81,756,000
500,001 —1,000,000.....	683,000	75.20	513,800	376	256,770,000	193,188,000
1,000,001 —1,500,000.....	1,106,000	76 00	840,500	97	107,282,000	81,528,000
1,500,001 —2,000,000	1,701,000	76.70	1,305,500	42	71,442,000	54,831,000
2,000,001 —3,000,000.....	2,459,000	77.50	1,905,700	34	83,606,000	64,793,000
3,000,001 —4,000,000.....	3,459,000	78 20	2,706,600	14	48,426,000	37,892,000
4,000,001 —5,000,000.....	4,514,000	79 00	3,566,000	9	40,626,000	32,094,000
5,000,001 and over......	10,284,000	79.70	8,201,500	10	102,840,000	82,015,000
Reported non-taxable incomes not apportioned in reports—50% estimated contributable.....				....	2,000,000,000	1,000,000,000
FAMILY GROUPS and individuals—their estimated total incomes and ability to contribute.....				27,304,199	$38,250,000,000	$7,250,000,000
CORPORATIONS and other business enterprises—their estimated total incomes and ability to contribute after dividend distributions.....					11,750,000,000	2,750,000,000
Total estimated national income and amount realizable therefrom.....					$50,000,000,000	$10,000,000,000
BANKS—the share of the burden which they probably must carry. This is not the estimated peak-load, but a conservative estimate of the average minimum burden.....						3,500,000,000
Estimated receipts from direct taxation and bond sales.....						$13,500,000,000
Estimated receipts from indirect taxes, such as customs, excise taxes, stamp taxes, including sundry receipts.						1,500,000,000
COST of Second Year of the War, estimated.....						$15,000,000,000

*This group is largely composed of individuals.

HOW TO USE THE TABLE: Find your income in Column I. Multiply this by the "percentage contributable,"—Column III. The result is the total amount which you should contribute during a year. Deduct the amount which you pay in taxes—the remainder is *the amount of Liberty Bonds which you should buy from income during a year.*

Illustration: $5,000 income	Less tax, say	$80	$10,000 income.	Less tax, say	$675
$5,000 × 22.4% = $1,120	Bonds to be bought	$1,040	$10,000 × 40% = $4,000	Bonds to be bought	$3,325



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If we are to win the Great War, we must introduce this doctrine into every phase of our daily life. As a nation, we must learn to challenge each tick of the clock and insist that it register Action.

In this connection, please remember that the automobile is one of the most efficient Time and Labor saving devices that has ever been developed. It has become the pace-maker of modern progress and to eliminate it would mean to turn back the calendar a quarter of a century.

In every profession and every field of business you will find the motor car performing its work with economy and dispatch.

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From a purely utilitarian standpoint the automobile is as necessary, and quite as dependable, as the telephone. It is standard field equipment of every aggressive American business man and to employ it is not merely good judgment, but a *patriotic duty* as well.

So, by all means, get a motor-car—for yourself and Uncle Sam. Any car is better than a slow, overcrowded "trolley," but common sense will dictate the wisdom of buying a good one while you are about it.

Take up the matter in the same careful way that you select mechanical equipment for your office or factory. Look for enduring *quality* rather than mere price. Buy a manufacturer's reputation rather than four wheels and a painted body.

If you make your selection on this basis, we are quite content to abide by the result. If you search for motor car quality you *must* find the Paige.

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as available to the Government for the conduct of the war. Of this amount it is assumed by the writer that about 2¾ billion dollars will be contributed by corporations and about 7¼ billion dollars by individuals. The remaining 3½ billions required by the Government, therefore, "will have to be provided through the form of loans from the banks." The purpose of the pamphlet is equitably to apportion the burden of the 7¼ billion dollars that will have to be provided by individuals. With this object in view, the statisticians of the trust company made a careful study of the income-tax returns for 1915–1916, and of statistics in regard to the distribution of wealth and income among families. It was on the basis of these statistics that the foregoing was prepared. It is believed that the table "indicates with a close approximation to accuracy how much of a given income any one should contribute to the expenses of the Government in order to carry his fair share of the financial burden of the war." Following are other points brought out in the pamphlet:

"The study brings out the very interesting fact, that, while a few rich families have incomes aggregating a large amount, yet approximately 75 per cent. of the income of the 27 million odd families into which the people of the United States are grouped is received by families having incomes of less than $2,500 a year, while 85 per cent. of the total income is received by families having incomes of $9,500 or less. The 27 million families have incomes ranging from under $850 to incomes ranging over $5,000,000. A person or family with the smaller income would be called upon to contribute $82 or less—or, say, about 10 per cent. of his income. From this amount the percentage rises, until the man having the larger income finds that his share would be in the neighborhood of 80 per cent. of his income. By reference to the table it is possible for any one having an income ranging between these two amounts to determine quickly the amount which, theoretically, he should be prepared to turn over to the Government, either in the form of taxes, or in purchasing Liberty Bonds.

"The response to previous loans has shown great loyalty and enthusiasm, but we are settling down now to the long grind, and entering a time when sober calculation is the part of wisdom. The first reaction to a study of the table is that the charge against incomes is too heavy to be borne. Further study and reflection bring one to the definite conclusion that, on the average, something like this must be done if the Government is to be provided with the means to push the war to an early and successful termination. In the words of President Cleveland, 'It is a condition and not a theory which confronts us.' Shall we not have the courage to do our share?

"There are several things which it is important to keep in mind. In the first place, the calculations, except for incomes below $850, are based on family incomes. This seems fair, because most of us live in families and perforce think and act in terms of family income and outgo. It goes without saying, however, that an individual without family responsibilities can contribute proportionately more from a given income than the head of a family can contribute, or than a given family group having the same income can contribute.

"Then, again, it should be borne in mind that the calculations are based on living conditions as they are found in one of our great Eastern cities, where rents are high and nearly all articles of food are necessarily enhanced in price by heavy transportation and distribution charges. Therefore, if the reader is a resident of one of the smaller cities or of a rural community favorably located to obtain the necessaries of life at a lower cost, he will find that he can, without doubt, make considerably larger savings out of a given income than the table would indicate.

"It should be borne in mind that this is a table of averages. Necessarily, the amounts given as contributable will not fit the exact amount which each family group should contribute, but on the average the proportionate amount must be contributed if the necessities of the Government are to be met. While a few rich families have incomes aggregating a large amount, yet approximately 75 per cent. of the family income is received by those having incomes of less than $2,500 a year, while 85 per cent. of the total income is received by families having incomes of $9,500 or less."

THE CHANGES OF FIVE YEARS IN OUR FOREIGN TRADE

Within five years our exports to foreign countries "have considerably more than doubled," says *Bradstreet's*, and our imports in the same period have increased nearly 65 per cent. That paper, in an effort to depict the marked up and down—mostly up—movements of exports and imports, presents in a table the values in millions of dollars of both exports and imports of leading products by calendar years from 1913—the year preceding the breaking out of the Great War—down to and including 1917, in so far as detailed records for them have become available:

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—FIVE FIGURES OMITTED

	Calendar Years				
Exports	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*
Agricul. impl'm'ts.	$33.5	$21.2	$13.6	$21.6	$53.4
Aluminum	14.6	15.4	3.7	1.5	1.0
Animals—Horses	33.0	62.7	94.8	17.5	4.2
Mules	13.7	28.0	23.8	1.7	.8
Autos and parts	119.8	120.7	111.6	34.1	33.3
Brass	239.8	315.6	54.8	6.8	7.9
Breadstuffs, total	631.6	471.9	527.9	310.2	203.4
Barley	26.2	19.7	19.3	11.2	7.9
Corn	72.9	46.9	38.5	12.2	26.5
Corn-meal	10.0	1.7	2.0	1.2	1.3
Oats	71.2	53.0	59.2	19.0	2.1
Rice	12.4	5.4	2.8	2.1	.9
Rye	25.8	18.7	15.3	7.8	1.4
Wheat	245.6	226.7	282.6	187.2	95.1
Wheat-flour	138.4	86.5	96.2	62.4	56.9
Cars and carriages.	173.0	167.0	145.7	46.4	58.5
Coal, including bunker	142.2	95.8	86.4	78.5	92.4
Copper	355.1	230.7	125.1	117.2	144.9
Cotton raw	575.3	545.2	417.0	343.9	575.5
Cotton, manf	158.8	129.3	95.8	50.1	55.5
Drugs and dyes	193.2	165.3	80.2	29.1	26.8
Electric mach	55.5	40.2	24.3	20.1	28.2
Explosives	633.7	715.6	188.9	10.0	5.5
Fibers and manfrs.	31.2	25.3	16.4	10.5	11.3
Fish	21.9	19.2	18.2	11.2	11.3
Fruits	33.6	36.1	36.9	28.9	32.9
Furs and skins	14.6	13.5	4.7	11.5	17.3
Glassware	12.9	14.5	9.1	3.5	4.1
Iron and steel, tot.	1,244.0	871.3	391.0	200.0	294.0
Barbed wire	19.6	31.2	13.9	4.6	4.3
Engines	93.1	46.0	23.4	12.6	22.1
Firearms	97.0	42.1	12.1	5.1	3.9
Machinery	287.6	227.2	134.8	91.8	127.9
Pig iron	12.9	15.3	3.7	1.6	4.0
Rails, steel	23.9	20.4	12.1	5.1	14.0
Sheets and plates	105.2	34.5	18.4	12.4	21.0
Steel bars	75.0	56.8	21.1	6.4	9.3
Steel billets	161.0	90.0	14.1	1.1	2.2
Tin-plates	41.9	21.3	11.5	4.3	4.6
Lead	17.9	17.1	11.8	5.5	2.4
Leather and mfrs.	122.2	159.7	156.1	67.9	60.0
Meat and milk	437.2	315.6	279.6	141.5	160.6
Bacon	122.7	87.1	69.8	25.6	27.9
Beef, fresh	31.4	22.3	33.6	3.9	.8
Hams	55.3	45.3	37.3	20.8	24.2
Lard	75.3	56.0	48.3	48.6	60.1
Milk	51.3	18.0	5.9	1.9	1.4
Naval stores	14.4	16.3	11.7	13.8	22.2
Nickel	8.9	12.9	10.1	9.5	9.7
Oil-cake	15.9	33.2	31.4	22.0	27.5
Oils, minerals	230.0	201.7	142.9	139.9	149.3
Oils, vegetable	24.3	25.0	30.1	16.9	21.0
Paints and colors	16.9	13.5	9.4	6.9	7.3
Paper	46.5	39.6	22.3	20.1	21.2
Paraffin	17.9	14.8	12.5	6.4	8.2
Photo goods	13.7	16.7	11.3	7.5	9.0
Rubber, mfrs. of	34.8	33.9	24.4	12.2	13.7
Sp., w., & liquors	11.9	24.1	3.7	3.1	4.2
Sugar, refined	64.4	90.7	42.7	18.2	1.9
Tobacco—Leaf	45.5	62.6	52.1	43.9	52.9
Manufactured	16.4	10.7	6.2	6.9	6.7
Vegetables	23.8	18.6	12.8	8.7	6.8
Wood and mfrs	71.4	59.8	55.2	74.9	114.8
Wool mfrs	17.1	37.4	42.6	12.5	4.6
Zinc and spelter	45.7	54.9	27.5	8.7	1.1
Total, all expts.	$6,167.0	$5,422.0	$3,493.0	$2,071.0	$2,448.0

	Calendar Years				
Imports	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*
Animals—Cattle	$18.2	$10.6	$18.6	$19.7	$14.7
Articles returned	25.1	18.1	15.9	16.6	17.5
Art works	17.9	21.7	16.5	22.1	35.1

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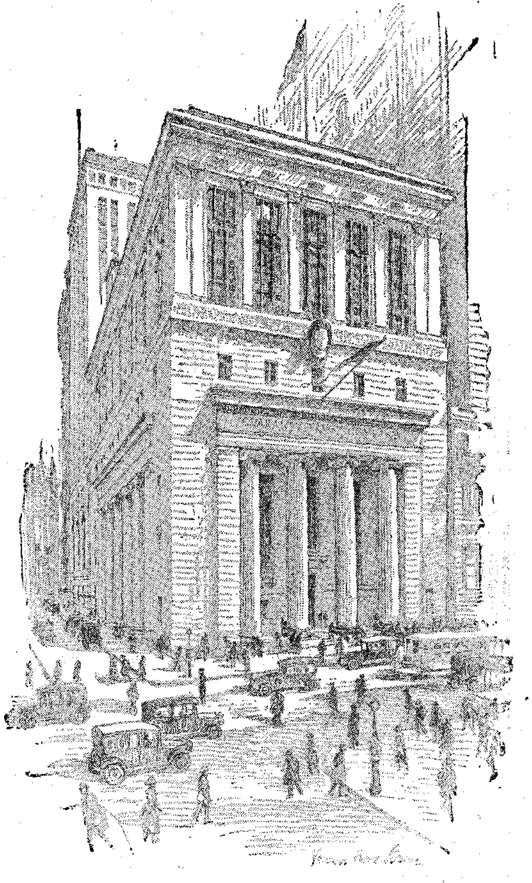

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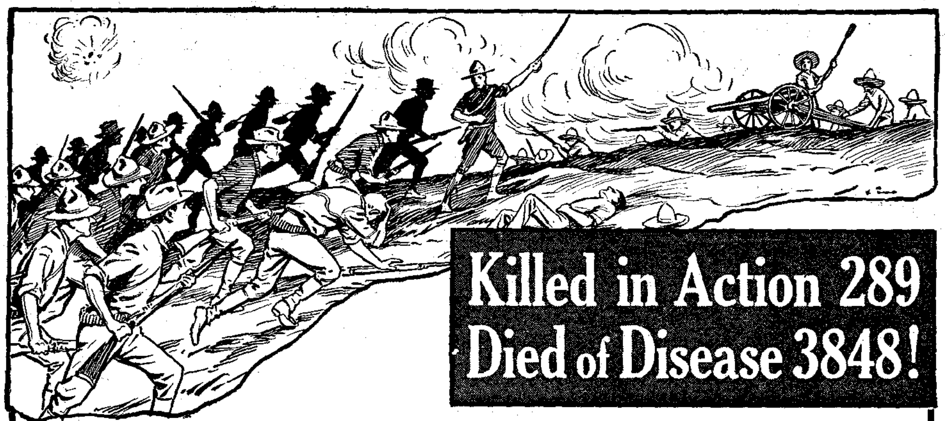

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	Calendar Years				
Imports	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*
Breadstuffs—Wheat	$67.8	$10.7	$4.1	$1.5	$1.0
Other	29.8	15.6	18.1	29.1	25.0
Chemicals, drugs and dyes	144.2	125.8	83.1	81.6	95.6
Cocoa	41.4	33.9	31.3	19.1	19.7
Coffee	122.6	118.8	113.8	104.8	104.7
Copper—Crude	96.1	61.1	18.3	12.1	13.6
Manufactured	102.9	65.4	30.6	27.8	44.3
Cotton—Raw	41.8	37.0	25.9	23.0	19.5
Manufactured	53.8	53.7	42.1	60.3	65.4
Earthenware	6.4	5.8	6.7	9.5	10.6
Fertilizers	5.8	5.5	8.8	21.9	23.4
Glassware	1.9	2.4	2.9	6.9	7.2
Fibers—Unmfrd	95.8	65.5	44.8	49.1	50.7
Manufactured	85.7	73.3	59.5	74.5	80.3
Fish	23.4	20.5	16.9	19.1	17.6
Fruits and nuts	63.9	52.5	40.4	49.8	48.8
Furs, undrest	26.2	17.3	11.7	7.5	14.1
Hides and skins	209.7	172.6	127.4	112.3	105.9
India rubber	239.4	164.5	115.4	74.6	84.9
Iron and steel	25.8	28.1	20.4	28.6	33.6
Lead	9.5	3.8	3.6	1.9	2.9
Leather and mfrs.	27.0	22.6	16.3	25.2	19.7
Manganese	10.2	8.7	2.6	2.0	2.0
Meat & dairy prd.	27.5	22.0	29.3	51.6	19.8
Nickel	9.6	9.9	7.6	5.0	6.4
Oils—Mineral	20.6	13.9	10.6	11.5	13.0
Vegetable	71.4	43.2	24.9	28.5	32.4
Paper, mfrs. of	41.7	28.2	24.5	27.6	24.4
Precious stones	40.9	51.6	26.5	19.8	46.6
Seeds	40.0	35.1	27.6	21.5	17.1
Silk—Unmfrd	189.7	149.8	94.8	92.6	92.8
Mfrs. of	39.7	37.1	25.1	29.9	31.8
Spices	10.4	9.2	6.4	5.3	5.5
Spirits, wines, etc.	17.8	18.7	12.2	16.6	20.9
Sugar	222.5	227.6	179.2	127.2	97.2
Tea	25.7	19.4	19.6	17.8	16.4
Tin	63.6	51.8	38.7	32.9	46.9
Tobacco—Leaf	33.5	26.8	21.0	34.8	31.3
Manufactures	7.3	5.7	4.4	4.7	6.1
Vegetables	32.9	14.0	9.9	11.9	12.7
Wood and mfrs.	98.6	77.1	59.8	63.2	60.6
Wool—Raw	171.6	125.5	95.0	58.3	28.8
Manufactures	23.3	16.5	17.3	44.1	17.3
Total, all impts.	$2,952.4	$2,391,6	$1,778.5	$1,789.3	$1,792.6

Some of these movements, mainly as results of the war, were extremely striking. Exports, as a whole, gained 158 per cent. in value, and shipments of iron and steel, and manufactures thereof, totaled $1,244,000,000, or slightly over one-fifth of the whole. Explosives and breadstuffs came near second place, with $633,700,000 and $631,600,000, respectively, or over one-tenth each of the grand total. Raw cotton, with $575,300,000, was fourth in the list, tho, if raw and manufactured cotton were lumped together, they, totaling $734,100,000 as they do, would make over one-ninth of all the exports. The writer says these four groups, with meats and dairy products ($437,200,000), made up "a little more than one-half of all exports." Other important exports in order of importance were copper, $355,000,000; mineral oils, $253,000,000; brass, $239,800,000; chemicals, drugs, and dyes, $193,000,000, and cars and carriages, $173,000,000. Further facts presented are these:

"That vast changes have occurred over the five-year period goes without saying. For instance, altho exports of explosives in 1917 were below those of 1916, the increase from $5,500,000 to $633,700,000 in five years is a marvelous exhibit; but so also is the gain from $4,000,000 to $97,000,000 in firearms, and likewise the increases in brass, copper, steel billets, refined sugar, zinc, and a variety of other exports. Quite a few products declined in importance as exports over the years, examples of these being agricultural implements, furs and skins, naval stores, oil-cake, leaf tobacco, and wool and its manufactures. Some exports, as, for instance, wheat and wheat-flour, horses, explosives, automobiles, leather and its manufactures, refined sugar, tobacco, manufactures of wool, and zinc, saw their highest points reached before 1917. Cotton, curiously enough, saw peak-points in value of exports reached in 1913 and again in 1917, the vastly higher price in 1917 evidently accounting for the large total in the latter year in the face of a heavily reduced export in quantity.

"The feature of the import exhibit is the prominence of takings of raw materials for manufacture, such, for instance, as India rubber, $239,000,000; hides and skins, $209,000,000; copper, $198,000,000; raw silk, $189,000,000; raw wool, $171,000,000; chemicals, $144,000,000; raw fibers, $95,-

800,000; vegetable oils, $71,400,000; tin, $63,600,000, and wood, $98,600,000. These ten products make over half the entire imports. Food products imported include such items as sugar, $222,500,000; coffee, $122,600,000; breadstuffs, $97,000,000; cocoa, $41,000,000; fish, $23,000,000; fruits and nuts, $63,900,000; meats, $27,500,000; tea, $25,700,000, and vegetables, $32,900,000, or a total of nearly one-fourth of all imports. The large breadstuffs imports included $67,800,000 of wheat, most of this from Canada, and the greatest takings from an outside source in the country's history. These heavy takings, by the way, compare with a total import of only $1,000,000 in 1913. In imports, as in exports, large gains over the five-year period are numerous."

Another article on this subject has recently been issued by the National City Bank of New York. Our foreign trade in the seven months ending January 1, 1918, is compared with that for the seven months ending January 1, 1914. The comparison shows that our imports from Europe fell in that period 50 per cent. while those from other parts of the world increased 150 per cent., and that the percentage of gain in our exports to the non-European world was actually greater than in the exports to Europe. The total exports from the United States to Europe in the seven months ending with January, 1918, were $2,205,000,000, against $977,000,000 in the corresponding period ending with January, 1914, or an increase of 126 per cent.; while exports to the non-European world in the seven months ending with January, 1918, were $1,243,000,000 against $545,000,000 in the corresponding period ending with January, 1914, or an increase of 128 per cent. Thus the gain in exports, comparing the latest official figures with those of a corresponding period immediately preceding the war, was a 126 per cent. increase to Europe and a 128 per cent. increase to the remainder of the world. Following are other passages from this article:

"All of the non-European world, recognizing the difficulties of the access to Europe, has apparently turned to the United States. Our own imports from Asia have increased from $163,000,000 in the seven months ending with January, 1914, to $462,000,000 in the seven months ending with January, 1918, while the exports to Asia (excluding those for Europe sent by way of Asiatic Russia) have increased from $73,000,000 in the seven months ending with January, 1914, to $229,000,000 in the corresponding period in 1918. From South America the imports for the same respective periods advanced from $119,000,000 to $318,000,000, and the exports to South America increased from $81,000,000 to $199,000,000. From our neighboring countries and islands of North America the imports increased from $230,000,000 to $491,000,000 and the exports to them advanced from $325,000,000 in the 1914 period to $701,000,000 in the 1918 period. From Oceania imports increased from $20,000,000 to $71,000,000, and the exports thereto increased from $48,000,000 to $77,000,000. From Africa the imports increased from $8,000,000 to $38,000,000 and the exports to Africa advanced from $17,000,000 to $36,000,000. From Europe the imports fell from $527,000,000 in the seven months ending with January, 1914, to $255,000,000 in the seven months ending with January, 1918, while the exports to Europe in the same period (including those sent by way of Asiatic Russia) increased from $977,000,000 to $2,205,000,000.

"The share which the United States is now handling of the trade of the non-European world is much greater than before the war. Normally, in the prewar period, we supplied less than 15 per cent. of the imports of South America; in 1917,

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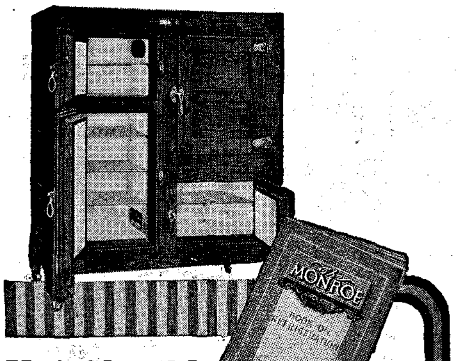

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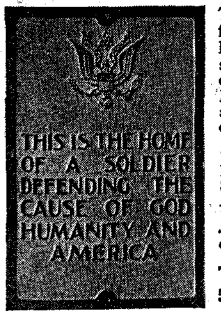
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we supplied about 45 per cent. of her imports. In the case of Asia we supplied before the war about 6 per cent. of the imports and in 1917 about 15 per cent. Of the imports of North America, exclusive of the United States, we supplied in 1913 about 60 per cent. and in 1917 over 80 per cent. Of the imports of Europe we supplied before the war about 12 per cent. and in 1917 we supplied about 30 per cent. of the imports of that continent exclusive of the Central Powers.

"Most of this great gain in the exports of the United States occurs in manufactures and most of the gain in imports occurs in manufacturing material. Manufactures form about 80 per cent. of the total exports to the non-European world, while the European demands for manufactures for the battle-field have greatly increased the percentage which manufactures form of the exports to that continent. The total value of manufactures exported in the seven months ending with January, 1918, was $2,133,000,000 against $650,000,000 in the *corresponding* period preceding the war, an increase of 228 per cent. in manufactures exported, while foodstuffs showed an increase of about 146 per cent. and raw material a decline of about 1 per cent."

THE DECLINE IN BUILDING OPERATIONS

Reports will soon be printed in *Bradstreet's* of building operations in March, under war-conditions, but meanwhile there comes to hand a striking report from the Borough of Manhattan, New York City. It shows a sharp decline. In fact, the estimated cost of new construction in Manhattan during March was only $545,700, against $5,206,500 for the corresponding month in 1917. The figures for 1918 were the lowest for a similar period in several years. No plans were filed for office buildings. Among the seventeen other plans filed during the month were ten for stables and garages, at an estimated cost of $172,900, one for a tenement at $290,000, and one for a dwelling at $40,000.

Alterations of existing buildings continued to show more activity, altho the estimated cost of repairs for March, 1918, namely, $828,270, was considerably below that of March, 1917, when 331 buildings were repaired at an estimated cost of $1,212,255. One noticeable feature in the matter of alterations, pointed out by *The Wall Street Journal*, was the number of such in tenement-houses, stores, office buildings and workshops, "due in a large measure to the activity of the building inspectors in enforcing the laws regulating this class of buildings." For the first three months of the year the total estimated cost of fifty-one new buildings, for which plans were filed, was $3,924,100, compared with 104 buildings at the estimated cost of $17,277,800 in 1917. Total estimated cost of alterations for the same period in 1918, affecting 623 buildings, amounted to $2,005,016, as against 834 buildings with an approximate cost of $3,628,459 for the corresponding period in 1917.

AS TO THE GERMAN SUPPLY OF COPPER

It is still a problem with the Entente where the Germans get their copper for war-purposes. In 1917 their own output was estimated as not to exceed 150,000,000 pounds, against 2,392,000,000 produced in this country. For war-purposes the Allies have used in this war about 3,000,000,000 pounds, against Germany's possible 1,000,000,000 of new metal, "besides a huge supply from scrap." At least, that is an estimate that has reached *The Wall Street Journal*, which says further of this interesting subject:

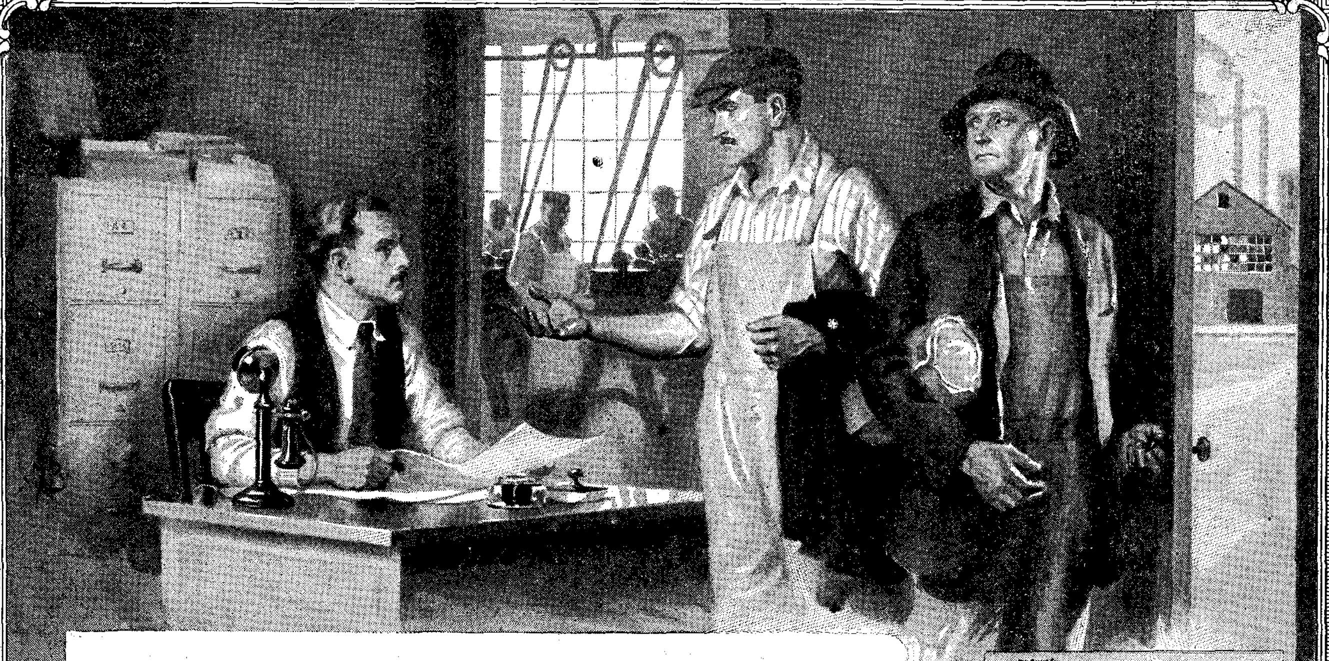
"Present annual rate of war-absorption of copper by the United States and Allies is understood to be from 67 to 75 per cent. of the American production, or about 1,700,000,000 pounds. Allowing 125,000,000 for the war-absorption of new metal by Germany, its ratio, opposed to the war-stock of the western countries, was less than 8 per cent. Less disparity is shown, however, in the total amount of war-copper used by the enemy during the four years of 1914–1917.

"England, France, and Italy, in 1910–1913, produced altogether 131,304,400 pounds. For 1914–1917 the output would have been 170,695,000 pounds, at 30 per cent. increase, comparing with a corresponding increase of 37 per cent. in United States production. In 1917 England's output had become nominal, and Italy's unimportant. United States exports for 1914–1917 were, to these three countries, 2,487,416,000, and to Canada, 139,889,000 pounds. Similar exports from all other countries are estimated at 305,000,000 pounds. These exports, added to the estimated production of the Allies, would make a total gross supply of 3,103,000,000 pounds. If 80 per cent. of this, or 2,482,400,000 pounds, entered war-uses and were added to the 600,000,000 pounds currently believed to approximate the 1917 war-consumption by the United States Government, the four years' absorption of war-metal by the United States and Allies would possibly aggregate about 3,000,000,000 pounds.

"Combined production of Germany and Austria-Hungary for 1910–1913 was 372,062,000 pounds. At the United States rate of increase of 37 per cent. the Teutonic output for 1914–1917 would have been 509,725,000 pounds. In 1914 United States copper exports to Germany were 176,699,000, and to the Netherlands 126,000,000 pounds. German imports from all other neutrals are estimated at 45,600,000 pounds. Ignoring minor deductions due to consumption by the Netherlands, and to seizures by England during the early days of the blockade, German production and imports, would, on the above basis, total 858,025,000 pounds. Assuming that 85 per cent. of the total was used for war, the quantity thus consumed was 728,821,000 pounds.

"It was recently shown that at the close of 1913 Germany's ten years' accumulation of copper in preparation for actual war probably did not exceed 200,000,000 pounds, if it be assumed that normal domestic consumption increased at the rate shown by the United States, and that the ordinary maintenance of the Teutonic armament required an amount of metal exactly equal to the apparent military consumption of England and France. Including this estimate of 200,000,000 pounds, total German consumption of war-copper for 1914–1917, exclusive of the supply obtained from scrap-metal, would total 928,821,000 pounds. In other words, prior to 1918, Germany's apparent war-absorption of first-hand copper was, in round numbers, possibly 1,000,000,000 pounds, as against a possible 3,000,000,000 for the United States and Allies.

"The increment which Germany's war-copper derived from scrap-metal can not be estimated. It is relevant, however, that total Teutonic normal domestic consumption for ten years preceding 1914, allowing a rate of increase equal to that of the United States, as was recently pointed out, would have amounted to 2,720,853,000 pounds. It has been stated that in ordinary times public-service companies are responsible for two-thirds of the consumption of copper. Germany is said to have collected copper roofs, bells, statuary, utensils, door-knobs, and other forms of scrap, but it may be doubted that extensive wired plants were dismantled, or that electric equipment was demolished. The above assumptions would imply that the gross supply of metal, exclusive of that



Why They Quit

TWO workmen are leaving. Walking out of the door, because they didn't like their jobs, or their hours, or their foreman, or their pay—or something.

Two places to fill. Two new men to break in. Finding them and hiring them takes someone's time. Production cost is increased by the "slow-up" incidental to the shift.

And if the condition that led to the departure of the old employees isn't ascertained, made known, and remedied—as far as possible—what assurance is there that two new men will not also lay down their tools in a few days?

Today's advancing labor costs must be endured, but the loss incident to unnecessary labor turn-over can be cured. The saving effected will go a long way toward meeting the payment of higher wages.

There's just one effective way in which labor turn-over can be decreased—the keeping of accurate charted reports showing not only the changes which take place each month in each department, but the reason underlying the departure of each workman who quits or is discharged.

Forms for just this purpose are shown here. These forms, and others invaluable in determining and adjusting the expense of labor turn-over, are to be found in the special portfolio entitled, "Vital Statistics of Your Business," prepared not only to help business men in their printing problems, but in every detail of office and workshop routine.

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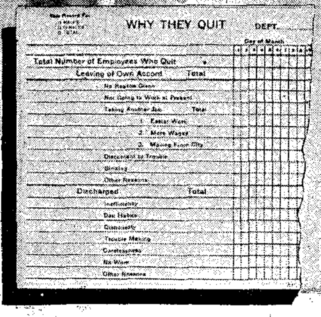


WHY THEY QUIT DEPT.

Day of Month

Total Number of Employees Who Quit

Leaving of Own Accord Total

No Reason Given

Not Going to Work at Present

Taking Another Job Total

1. Easier Work

2. More Wages

3. Moving From City

Discontent or Trouble

Sickness

Other Reasons

Discharged Total

Inefficiency

Bad Habits

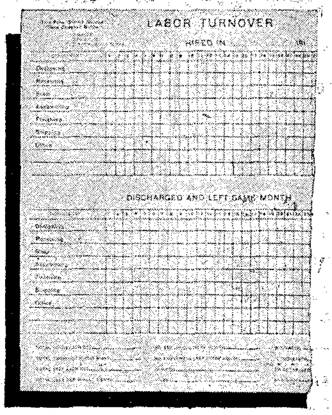
Dishonesty

Trouble Making

Carelessness

No Work

Other Reasons



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It is as essential right now for the people of the United States to build up capital as it is to mobilize our military and industrial resources. Government loans will come thick and fast and the American public should be prepared to take them up as a patriotic service.

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This big new book is helping thousands to find themselves financially. It will help YOU. It does not contain the ideas of one man alone but is a composite of the experiences of hundreds of men and women who have succeeded by their own efforts. *It is at once an inspiration,* and a practical help to every saver and investor, a safe and sure guide book of the road to financial independence. It teaches a lesson very valuable at any time, but indispensable now as we face a future of unknown possibilities. Waste is unpardonable to-day. Read "The Book of Thrift" and learn how to avoid it and save as a patriotic duty and a personal privilege. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.00 net; by mail $1.12.

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used for power and light, which had been absorbed in domestic channels for ten years prior to the war, might approximate 1,000,000,000 pounds. If this entire amount of metal (only) were resmelted for war-use, the total supply, thus augmented, would still figure 1,000,000,000 pounds, or 33 per cent. less than that of the Allies. A more difficult question from the ememy's standpoint would seem to be 'Where will Germany get her future supply of war-copper?'"

HOW THE SOUTH MUST HELP TO FEED US ALL

It is contended by a writer in *The Manufacturers' Record* that "without the foodstuffs furnished by the South this year there would be starvation in the North and West and starvation in Europe." Last year's corn yield, it says, "was only a little larger than the crop of 1912, and the quality of much of that produced in the West is so inferior that its feeding value is much less than the crop of five years ago, and the whole West now faces the danger of a famine of corn suitable for seeding." Moreover, "a very large proportion of the Western corn crop was damaged by early frosts and could be utilized only if consumed at once." This condition made "a tremendous shortage in the supply of seed corn so that it will be a difficult, if not an impossible, task under these conditions for the West to produce as large a corn crop as it did last year, tho the country needs to produce at least 1,000,000,000 bushels more." It is the South alone that "can save the situation," for the West can not. The writer continues:

"Not only can the South increase its corn acreage to a great extent if given the cooperation of the Government and of the bankers, but it can get this corn into market a month or two earlier than Western corn will be available, and this month or two may mean a difference between success or failure in the war, between the feeding or the starvation of our country and the Allies at a most critical period next fall.

"It is incumbent upon the Government to urge upon the North and the West that they should no longer be as dependent as at present upon food-supplies from other sections. There are many abandoned farms in New England which should be put into cultivation. There are many in New York State which could be made to produce larger supplies of food. California, Illinois, and Indiana and other Western States should be urged by the National Government to cease to be a burden upon other States in the matter of foodstuffs.

"The South is saving the situation. It is annually shipping more than $200,000,000 worth of vegetables, such as potatoes and cabbage and onions and fruits and other things, which are absolutely essential, into the North and West, requiring the use of more than 200,000 cars to haul the stuff. It also supplies $350,000,000 worth of food and feedstuffs from cottonseed. The South is also producing on its farms the cotton which runs all the mills of the entire country. It is supplying $100,000,000 worth of peanuts, which are becoming of enormous food and oil value, and it supplies all of the cane-sugar raised in the United States.

"These things are largely shipped to other sections, when, according to the doctrines proclaimed from Washington, it is an imposition upon the nation for any section to buy foodstuffs from other sections; but ignoring entirely the lack of wisdom displayed in much of the matter sent out from Washington about the production of foodstuffs by the South for its own needs, it must be borne in mind that the South must provide foodstuffs for the needs of other sections and the Allies, or else the day will be lost and destruction overtake us."

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS and "A Constant Reader."—The pronunciation of the name of General Ferdinand *Foch* is *fosh* (*o* as in *go*), not as the English word *folk.*

"E. A. H.," W. Orange, N. J.—"(1) Should *has* or *have* be used in the following: 'Your letter of November 16, together with Form 197, with reference to the illness of Mr. Smith *has* or *have* been received'? (2) Which is correct: 'The contents of your letter *has* been carefully noted' or 'The contents of your letter *have* been carefully noted'?"

(1) When two nouns are joined by "together with" or any word other than "and," the verb should be in the singular. (2) "Contents" is a plural form, and therefore requires a plural verb.

"R. S. H.," Portland, Ore.—"Please tell me the authorities for and against the following usage: 'The book *lays* on the table.'"

The sentence is incorrect. *Lay* (in the present tense), being transitive, is always followed by an object; *lie,* being intransitive, never has an object.

"A. C. W.," Waynesboro, Pa.—"Why do we almost always say '*Under* the circumstances' instead of 'in,' which the 'circum' seems to demand?"

Mere situation is expressed by "*in* the circumstances," action affected is performed "*under* the circumstances."

"E. E. H.," San Diego, Cal.—"Kindly give the correct pronunciation of *Anadyomene,* and tell me who she was."

Anadyomene is pronounced *an″a-dai-am′i-nī*—*a* as in *fat, a* as in *final, ai* as in *aisle, a* as in *final, i* as in *habit, ī* as in *police.* The name is one of the surnames of Aphrodite and refers to her as rising out of the sea in allusion to her birth from sea-foam. We owe to Apelles, a Greek painter of the fourth century B.C., the popularizing of the story, for he produced a famous painting, "Aphrodite Anadyomene," showing the goddess "rising up out of the sea" (Anadyomene), and drying her hair with her hands. The beauty of this painting caused its removal by Augustus from Cos to Rome, but by the time of Nero most of the picture had become effaced and it was replaced by the work of another artist. *Aphrodite* was the Greek goddess of love, fruitfulness, beauty, vegetation, of the sea, of war, and of the underworld. According to the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, "she is fabled to have been born of the foam of the sea, and was the ideal of female charm and grace. She is identified with the Phenician *Astarte* and the Roman *Venus.*" See that work for further data.

"W. T. W.," Morganfield, Ky.—"Which is correct: 'Think of *me* doing it,' or 'Think of *my* doing it'?"

The correct form is "Think of *my* doing so." Dr. Fernald, in his "Working Grammar of the English Language," says: "A participle used as a noun frequently requires a possessive (noun or pronoun) as a modifier; as, *His* (my *friend's*) coming was a surprize; I anticipated *his* (my *friend's*) coming with pleasure. In the first sentence, evidently it was not '*he*' or 'my *friend*' that was a surprize, but the '*coming*' of the person referred to; hence the possessive is required—'*His* coming,' 'my *friend's* coming.' In the second sentence the meaning is not 'I anticipated *him*' or 'anticipated my *friend,*' but 'I anticipated the *coming*' of the person referred to; hence the possessive is here also required." See Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," act iii, sc. 2.

And ever may your highness yoke together
My doing well with *my* well saying!

"H. M. C.," Emporia, Kan.—"(1) What is the correct salutation to use in writing to a firm, attention of some individual? Would it be correct to omit the salutation entirely? (2) What is the correct salutation to use when addressing a firm composed of two unmarried ladies?"

(1) In addressing a firm, attention of some individual, the proper thing to do is to address the firm using the customary salutation and subordinating the individual entirely. (2) The

Yours truly
Jack Canuck

"Jack Canuck"—the man who buys over 2 million dollars of United States products per day.

During the year ending June 30, 1917, Canada bought more than 787 million dollars' worth of United States products. Only two countries in the world—England and France—bought more.

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The Newspapers of Canada

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You should take immediate steps to advertise in the Canadian Newspapers.

Write to the Newspapers listed below. Ask them to tell you in detail why you should advertise in their pages—*and why you should advertise* NOW! *Any newspaper (or its representatives in New York or Chicago) in the list below, will be pleased to receive and answer fully, your inquiries regarding the actual and potential market for your goods among their readers.*

City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication
Halifax	53,000	HERALD & MAIL	Toronto	525,000	GLOBE MAIL & EMPIRE NEWS STAR	Regina	26,105	LEADER
St. John	55,000	STANDARD TELEGRAPH & TIMES	London	60,000	ADVERTISER FREE PRESS	Saskatoon	21,054	PHOENIX STAR
Quebec	100,000	TELEGRAPH	Winnipeg	175,000	FREE PRESS TELEGRAM TRIBUNE	Calgary	56,302	ALBERTAN HERALD
Montreal	650,000	GAZETTE STAR				Edmonton	53,794	BULLETIN JOURNAL
Ottawa	101,795	CITIZEN JOURNAL DAILIES(M&E)				Vancouver	97,995	SUN
						Victoria	45,000	COLONIST

NOTE—This advertisement is one of a series of twelve, all of which contain valuable information and data on Canada under war conditions. They have been prepared in portfolio form. Any of the newspapers named above will send you a portfolio free upon application. Write for it.

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If it's a Belber trunk, bag or suitcase, you may be certain of style, beauty, service and satisfaction.
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A sturdy, well made suit case in small cross grain effect. Has sewed-on, heavy corners, sewed-on loops, heavy strap all around, reinforced by two strong bolts and side hasp lock. Durable linene lining and equipped with BELBER FIT-ALL to hold your own toilet articles.

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correct salutation to use in addressing a firm composed of two unmarried ladies is "Mesdames."

"E. D.," Edgewater Park, N. J.—"Please inform me what the expression 'Pork Barrel' means, and how the expression originated."

Pork Barrel connotes a political corruption fund and has been associated for many years with the rivers and harbors bills of different periods. The use of the term in this sense dates from the Tilden campaign in 1876, and its origin may perhaps be traced to the farmer's barrel in which pork is salted down, that is, stored and saved up, for use on a future occasion.

"M. K. G.," Madisonville, Ky.—"Kindly explain the two first lines of the last verse of Burns's song, 'Auld Lang Syne,' as follows:

'And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine.'"

The LEXICOGRAPHER gives you the explanation given by Burns himself. He tells the following story: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass.* In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion, I can not tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rime. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rime as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar craft than myself."

From the foregoing, you can deduct the full meaning of the verse cited below, and which must be taken in connection with the last two lines so that the full sense may be appreciated. The interpretation is that his lassie will be her own pint stoup to serve him with a cup of kindness, and that he will be his to serve her in the same way—

"And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc."

Travel and Resort Directory

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